THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Thomas Beer—Mary Roberts Rinehart—James Warner Bellah—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan
Ben Ames Williams—Booth Tarkington—John E. Hazzard and Robert Gordon Anderson

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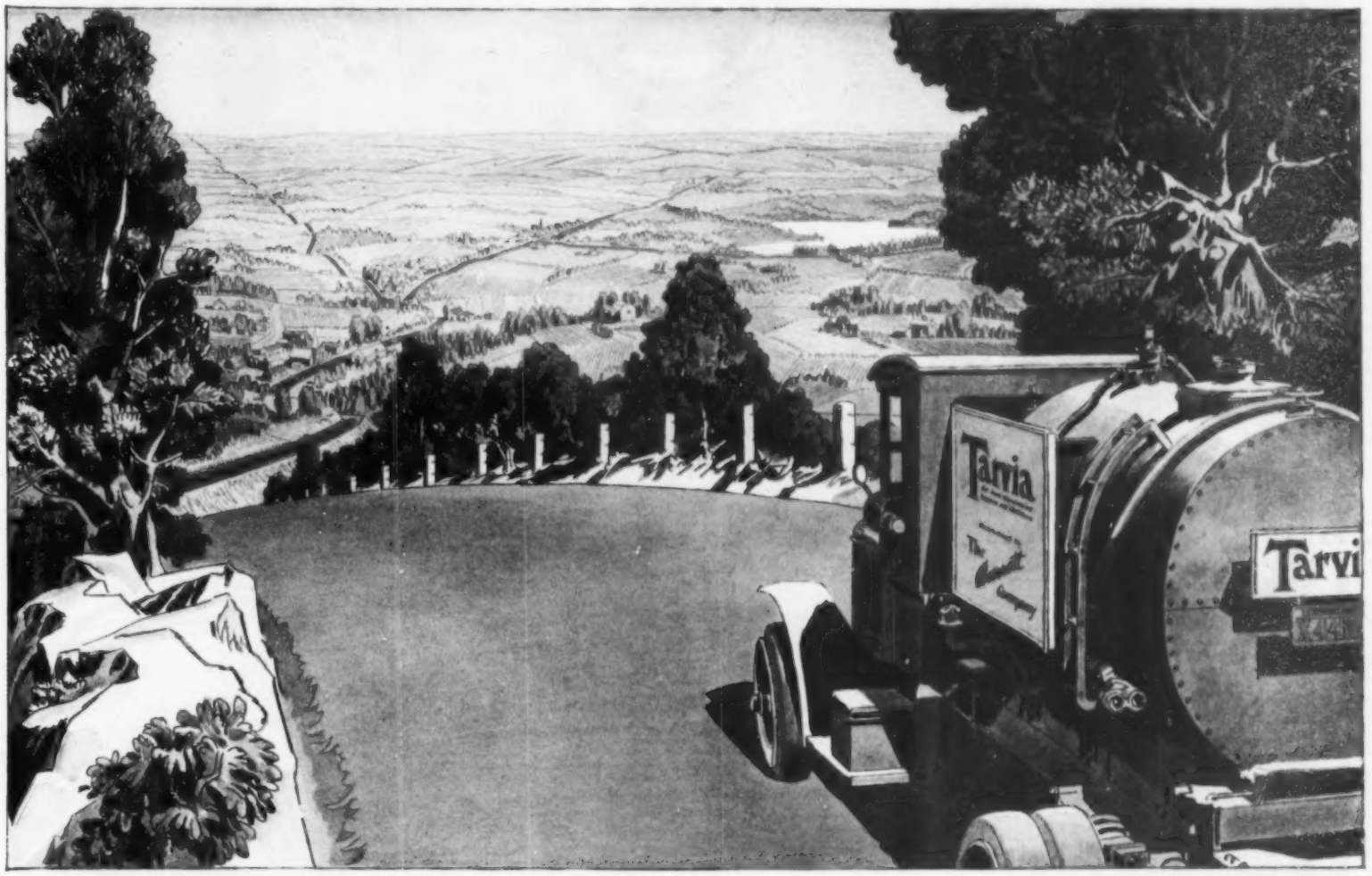

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Frederick S. Bigelow, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
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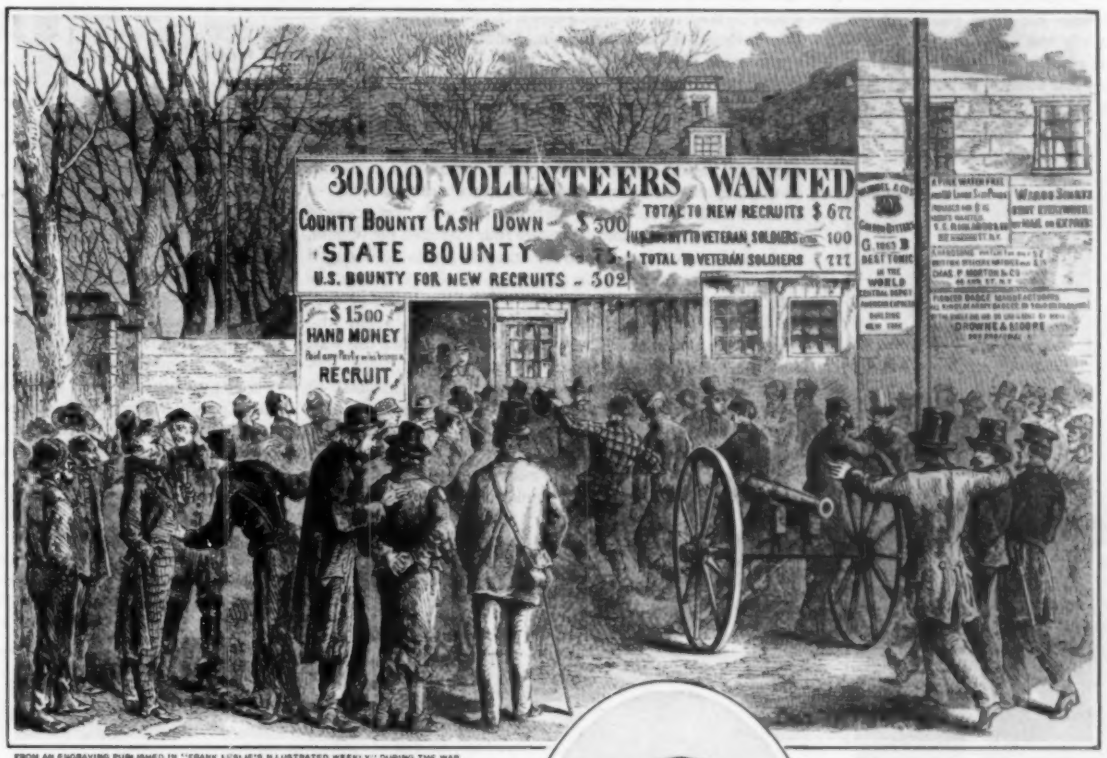
MR. HANNA—By THOMAS BEER

THE YEAR 1865

A DARK man who smelled of brandy came up through a bright theater in Washington and shot Abraham Lincoln from behind. He then leaped nine feet down to the stage and, for a moment, was a clear apparition to people seated above the President, as he shifted a dagger to his right hand, brandished it and vanished. His pistol's explosion was not heard at all by many in the cheap gallery. When Mrs. Lincoln's shrieks began they thought at first that Mr. Lincoln had been stabbed, and an old preacher named Hugh Jones rose, shouting in Welsh, "He that took up the sword has perished by the sword!" He was half mad since the death of a third son in battle and now he mumbled revengeful verses from Ezekiel and the song of Deborah while his scared daughter pulled him down the stairs through a commencing panic. In the cool street he lurched against her, silent. He lived six months, but did not speak again.



FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED IN "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY" DURING THE WAR

A Recruiting Office in New York City Hall Park

Even while men were thrusting Charles Taft, in his blue surgeon's dress, over the torn flag and gilded rail into the President's box it was shouted in the theater that this disappearing shadow was John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Booth's last appearance in melodrama had impressed him heartily. He paused to slash a musician who met him behind the scenes, and stunned the ignorant lad holding his horse for him in the alley with a blow of the dagger's hilt. On the morning of April 15, 1865, the mob's hot logic responded to his performance with some melodrama in return. Mr. Lincoln was scarcely dead when a crowd of hundreds swelled into the white lobby of the Burnet House at Cincinnati, hunting Junius Brutus Booth, and the innocent tragedian lay hidden in a friend's room for days until he could be smuggled out of town. Toward noon a pretty girl on Broadway in New York was mistaken for Roberta Norwood by a gang of street boys, who penned her against the rails of Trinity churchyard, bawling, "Actress! Actress!" Policemen and a young naval officer, a Mr. Dewey, rescued her after a real fight. All afternoon a committee of the pious rode through Pittsburgh trying to get signatures on a petition against theaters in the state of Pennsylvania. That night the mayor of Boston posted guards before the playhouses of his city and, in Cleveland, a negro boy who polished brass at the Academy of Music was set on by some patriots and cruelly hammered.

Mr. John Ellsler, lessee of the Academy, had taken his famous company down to Columbus for an engagement. He was a reticent, rather stately actor. He had lifted the whole condition of the theater in the Middle West by his refusal to employ the celebrated drunken stars of the period, who entertained audiences by clinging to scenery and chairs while they mouthed their lines, and often mistook footlights for an exit. Mr. Ellsler's company was a model of conduct. No scandal emerged from it and none touched it. Gentlemen lounged in between the acts to chat with the clever manager, and to be presented to whatever notable player was being supported by Ellsler's troupe, to Edwin Booth or Miss Western or Mr. Couldock. Ralph Waldo Emerson had stood in the wings, one night in 1859, watching the Mephistopheles of a farcical ballet shooting up through a trap in a puff of red fire. But Mr. Ellsler now saw a more ferocious display of diabolics. His stunned players got the news of Booth's identification at noon of April fifteenth. They simply did not believe it. Why, it could not be Wilkie Booth! Just a while ago and the mail box at the Academy was jammed with notes on the most scented paper, addressed to J. Wilkes Booth, Esquire, by ladies fascinated as he stalked in pale robes close to the boxes in The Marble Heart; for he made up his lack of height by displaying his authentic beauty to the populace at short range. It could not be Wilkie Booth. He was too gay and kind and gentle. Mrs. Ellsler wept and little Clara Morris, the hungry child who played everything from the page in Romeo and Juliet to Hamlet's mother, was still weeping on Sunday afternoon, when one of Mr. Ellsler's civilian friends found the miserable company going through a rehearsal at the theater to keep their nerves together. They were a city besieged. When Mr. Thomas Beer walked into the gray place, Mr. Ellsler darted at him, begging for news. Was Booth taken? What was being said in the streets? Was the profession to be suppressed? All these people packed around the burly young lawyer from the town of Bucyrus and heaved questions at him. It was a real peril, now forgotten. At the great mass meeting before the capitol in Columbus some wise man asked the mob's compassion for the humiliated players yonder in the theater. A long growl came and the crowd swayed until someone started a thin cheer, and the dangerous moment passed. "And verily," says Clara Morris in her memoirs, "we were grateful!" Ellsler still had nothing to be grateful for. He handed his friend a telegram from the mayor of Cleveland, warning him that it might not be safe to bring back the company to the Academy of Music next week. His restraint gave out. He raved, pitching long Shaksperian sentences at the empty maroon chairs of the orchestra. This was the end of the profession! They would be vagabonds again, preyed on by moral pamphleteers and sour pastors!

Col. John J. McCook

But he would not give up, by heaven! He would take his people back to Cleveland and open the Academy next Tuesday as he had advertised. Let the Clevelanders lynch him in the streets!

Mr. Beer saw nothing comic in this state of mind, and reported it grimly in his old age. A terrific emotional machinery had been licensed in America since 1859, and the cool lawyer once had been its victim when he objected to some words of a vindictive orator who was damning the President for offering to buy the slaves in Kentucky.

He lived among people ready to go mad at any time, and he now saw no reason to laugh at John Ellsler's fears. But, as it happened, the mob's mood did not last. For some days actors were insulted in restaurants and on the street. When Ellsler's company opened the Academy at Cleveland, next Tuesday, the papers reported a full house and a warm welcome home. A very old gentleman recalls some mild hisses in the gallery as the curtain rose. The emotional machine was now aimed elsewhere: Mr. Lincoln's body was parading the United States. Carpenters, on Wednesday, began to lay the floor of a funeral pavilion on the Square near the Perry monument, and Juliet Araminta Smith probably saw the last demonstration against actors that same night.

The Smith family left no trace on social history in Cleveland. Some venerable gentlewomen may recollect a meek, pretty little Mrs. Smith who made children's clothes in the spring of 1865. She brought Juliet Araminta and Orion to Cleveland in January, on account of economic conditions in middle Illinois. Her father frankly told ner that he couldn't keep Nate Smith's offspring in food and copper-toed shoes, even if Nate had been drafted into the Army. It was too bad, but the farm would not maintain the Smiths as well as grandfather Orion Holt's nine younger sons and daughters.

So Mrs. Smith wrote to Cousin Jennie, who sewed in Cleveland, and Cousin Jennie promised plenty of work. The Smiths resided, obscurely but agreeably, in one room of a boarding house. And after young Orion Smith, who was almost eleven, got his job at two dollars a week in Hanna & Co.'s warehouse, they lived luxuriously and often had oysters for supper.

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FROM "MARCUS ALONZO HANNA," COURTESY OF THE MACMILLAN CO.

Mark Hanna at Eighteen

The oysters established Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna in the mind of Juliet Araminta, who was nine, as a benevolent jinni. She became addicted to oysters and always went with Orion to the fishmonger's shop to revere the salesman who counted oysters into the tin pail. As Mr. Marcus Hanna had given Orion his job because Orion was a soldier's son, her warm and confiding nature told Juliet that Mr. Hanna should be thanked. His benevolence rained oysters on her. She accordingly penetrated the warehouse on River Street and presented herself to Mr. Mark. He made the kindly mistake of giving Juliet a heart-shaped lump of maple sugar out of the tin box on his desk. After that he was seldom without Juliet. She helped him to escort his firm's customers through the premises in River Street. She dirtied her pantalettes on the dock of Hanna & Co. She ran diligently with notes addressed to "Angostura & Bitters, Gin Avenue," or to "Doe & Roe, Mud Street," and came tearfully back to tell Mr. Mark that policemen assured her there were no such firms and no such streets. Mr. Mark, refreshed by an hour of loneliness, fed her more maple sugar and pulled her hair. But it was certain in Juliet Araminta's mind that he loved her. He called her Sawdust and told her that the Government would mint her yellow curls to redeem Mr. Lincoln's greenbacks when the war was over. He slew a monstrous rat that threatened her on the docks, with one blow of his walking stick. He even, once, drove her home behind his black horse, Howard, with Orion clinging, awed, on the rear of the buggy. And it was no good for Orion to keep saying that a Mrs. Marcus Hanna already existed. Juliet Araminta knew better. She was Mr. Mark's beloved and he was hers, and when the war was over they would be married. Walking down to the station between Orion and her timid mother on the evening of April twenty-fifth, she wished that Mr. Mark could see her in the full dignity of her best new dress, as she was sure that she looked perfection.

FROM "THE SENATOR—A THRENODY," BY REV. H. C. MC COOK

Mark Hanna When He Was Fourteen

She probably did, for she was very pretty at the age of nine, and her mother had composed a costume from a plate in the French fashion magazine. The costume survives—a tunic of stiff red silk nobly embroidered with vast roses of hard white cord. Under this were four starched petticoats, a shirt of some kind, a pair of cambric pantaloons edged with pink lace and a girdle of canvas. Under that was the rosy substance of Juliet Araminta in a condition of rapture. Somebody had killed the odious Mr. Lincoln who drafted papa into the Army, and that had ended the war, and she was going down to meet papa at the station. Private Nathan Smith was discharged from hospital at Georgetown on April 22, 1865, after two and a half years of service, with three fingers gone from his left hand, three other scars, and no prospects. However, he was still only twenty-eight years old—boys married young in the '50's. He arrived cheerfully in the smoke of the raw station and seemed even taller than ordinary to Juliet Araminta, as he was thin and pallid. The family made a commonplace group in the month of April, 1865: A tired woman crying on a tired man's breast, and two children hopping about in their best clothes.

Private Smith had to be fed at once, after fifteen hours on a train without even a sandwich. The family wandered into what must have been a rather low eating house near the station, as she recalls that it was lighted only by oil lamps and that her mother told her not to look at some ladies keeping late hours in a corner. There was sawdust on the floor near the bar, and when the trouble began this sawdust flew everywhere. Juliet's father thrust her against the wall behind him and she put her hands tightly on her eyes. It was going to be worse than the draft riots at home, when the marshals rode through the crowd, and men had their heads laid open by blows of the rawhide whips. There was the same dull, thick sound of the men's voices and—clearly remembered, this—the wail of the old fellow, protesting, "I am not an actor! I am an elocutionist, gentlemen! I am not an actor!" He said it over and over. A waiter ran yelling into the street. Women shrieked, of course, and Private Smith roared uselessly, his left arm still in bandages. But when more voices came into her hearing Juliet Araminta knew that everything was all right, and took her hands from her eyes. He had come in time! Warned by love's mystic echoes, he had, of course, flown through the night to aid her. It was not that the waiter had brought in anybody he could find on the street. It was love.

He was standing inside the door, bawling orders at the crowd, just as if the angry men were stevedores on the dock of Hanna & Co. Juliet peeped around her father's blue legs and admired him. His silk hat was probably tilted back and sideways on his round head. His whiskers swept in auburn beauty from ear to ear under his pink, shaved chin with its wide dimple. His large brown eyes sparkled and turned yellow as he shouted. In one fragile, long hand he kept his cigar alight by little twitches of his delicate fingers. Behind him a naval officer and some civilians were mere and meaningless shadows. She recalls nothing of the process by which Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna quieted the men who'd been willing to mob an old fellow because he sounded like an actor. It is not unlikely that some people in the bar were afraid of Robert Hanna's nephew, who was married to Daniel Rhodes' daughter.

An eminent citizen in those days had certain habits of command, and Mr. Mark had, at his back, the prestige of a great wholesale grocery and shipping business. The steamboats of the firm ranged the Lakes. Every roustabout on the docks knew young Mark Hanna by sight, and knew that he was not afraid to pitch a tipsy stevedore off the deck of the Northern Light into the river. The men shied from him. Somebody dusted off the victim of applied emotionalism and got him through the doors. Mr. Mark tossed a dollar on the bar, being a sound diplomat, and was

(Continued on Page 64)

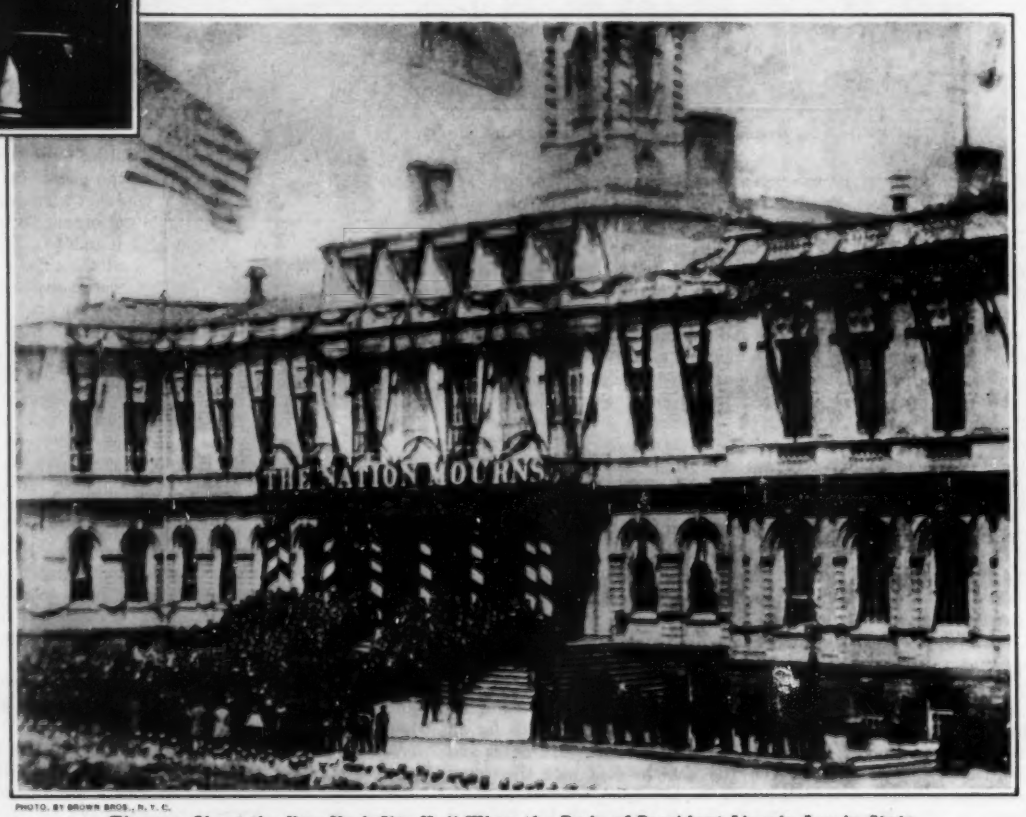


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Throngs About the New York City Hall When the Body of President Lincoln Lay in State

THE DIPPER

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ONLY last night I was looking at the sky, and the sight of the Dipper brought back to me forcibly the events of last summer. I went to my desk, and there I got out the one or two small objects which I had retained as reminders of the affair—a small piece of black cloth, cut, as we later discovered, from one of the extra curtains of Tish's car, and having two small round holes in it; the notes made on the sixth, seventh and eighth of August, a box of marshmallows, which were now dried and hard; and a pair of long spurs which we found discarded by the cabin when all was over.

So tonight, while Tish is at prayer meeting and Aggie has retired to her couch, I propose to make a permanent record of the experience, in the hope that, given chronologically, Charlie Sands will see that no Christian woman, such as his dear Aunt Tish undoubtedly is, could have done otherwise than as she did.

As a matter of fact, a portion of the responsibility is actually his. It was he who, on her birthday in the spring, presented Tish with the book on the art of fishing which was the beginning of it all.

"Stream fishing, my beloved aunt," he said with emphasis. "Nice quiet creeks and rivers. It may seem a trifle flat after a certain affair which I recall, but the idea is that you catch the fish, and not vice versa."

By this he referred to the summer before, when we had taken a cottage on the Maine coast and were wont to take a boat and there do a little quiet fishing for codfish, tying our lines to the seats and knitting or reading until a certain agitation showed that something was on the hook.

Unfortunately, on the day in question, our anchor had caught in the blowhole of a whale, and for some time it looked as though we were bound for the mid-Atlantic, if not for the British Isles. I remember our passing through a fishing fleet at a terrific pace, and that one man called to us to let go.

"If you do get him, what'll you do with him?" he said.

I forget our dear Tish's reply, but I do know that we finally collided with a large revenue boat, and that while it freed us a sailor leaned over the edge and accused us of trying to sink them.

Save that Aggie suffered severely from *mal de mer* during the experience, there were no untoward results, and I have simply recounted the affair to explain Charlie Sands' speech.

The fact is that for some time Tish had been growing restless, and all of us had noticed it. To turn her mind to fishing, then, seemed to offer a safe outlet for those energies which with Tish are prone to translate themselves into action.

For three or four days, therefore, we were very hopeful. Then, one Thursday afternoon, on her day out, Hannah came in to see us. She has lived with Tish so long that she knows her every mood, and there was a certain wildness in her eye that set Aggie to sneezing at once.

"She's off again, Miss Lizzie," she said.

"What do you mean, Hannah?"

"She's getting ready for something. She bought a fishing pole—one that comes to pieces—and she's been practicing with it out the apartment window for days. She's dropped two worms that I know of into Mrs. Perkins' charlotte russe that she'd set on the window sill below, and she's flung an onion into the Robinsons' baby buggy down in the courtyard, when the baby was in it."

"An onion?" I said faintly.

"Yes'm. That's in Mr. Charlie's book on fishing. I read it last night after she was in bed. It says you can catch fish on all sorts of things. It's the way you throw them in the water that matters. The man that wrote it's caught 'em on onions and radishes and ears of corn."

"He's lying," Aggie said sternly. "Even if I saw a fish eating an ear of corn, I wouldn't believe him."

"Liver, too," said Hannah in a hollow voice. "She put some liver on the hook yesterday morning and the janitor's cat got it. They had to get a veterinary."

We comforted the poor soul as best we might, but when she was gone Aggie had a nervous chill. She was certain that something was going to happen and that we would find ourselves in trouble again.

"She has been doing so well, Lizzie," she said. "Only the other day Mr. Ostermaier spoke about her Sunday-school class and the things she knits for the Old Ladies' Home."

And with that poor Aggie began to cry. She said she was not frightened; that she was thinking of Mr. Wiggins, and how before he fell off that dreadful roof he had liked to dig a can of worms and cut a pole and go fishing; and no nonsense about radishes and ears of corn and killing people's cats, and so on, and her hay fever just coming on.

That was on Thursday. On Friday, Tish herself came around. Save that her bonnet was slightly over one ear, she was her usual calm and well-poised self, and she lost no time in coming to the point.

"For some years," she said, "I have felt that we have not done justice to our great national parks. They are our parks. They belong to us, to the people. Year by year thousands of us visit them, gazing on their natural beauties, studying their flora and fauna, and learning something of their great mountains."

Here Aggie, who remembered a trip to Glacier Park some years ago, interrupted her.

"Mountains!" she said bitterly. "Don't you talk mountains to me, Tish Carberry. The next time I propose to drop a set of teeth three thousand feet I'll go up in a balloon and throw them out."

"In proposing the Yellowstone," Tish went on, ignoring her, "I have two reasons. First, there is beauty without danger, and also there is fishing. We are no longer young, and it is as well to prepare for the days to come when the active life may be beyond us. A great mind specialist has said that he never fears for those who like to fish. Aggie, of course, will always belong to those of whom it was said: 'A primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more.'"

"Yellow primrose!" said Aggie furiously. "Yellow goldenrod, you mean. And ragweed, Tish Carberry. And you know what they do to me."

"There are also animals," Tish said. "Indeed, I gather that the animals are a great attraction. Kindness has tamed them, and in many cases they will eat out of the human hand."

"Eat a piece out of the human hand, you mean!" said Aggie. "What kind of animals are they?"

"Mostly bears, I believe," Tish told her kindly. "Of course, there are others." But the thought was almost too much for Aggie. She has a great fear of animals, and especially of bears, and into the bargain she has always suffered from hay fever following any visit to the Zoo, maintaining that their fur had a peculiar irritant quality. Nor was she consoled by the fact that we were to motor across the continent, camping where Tish might fish, and carrying our outfit in a small cart which trailed behind.

"She'll fish and we'll work," she said most unfairly. "And I'm through with sleeping on the ground. The next time I get into bed with a snake ——"

"It was a toad," I reminded her.

"Well, it felt like a snake."

Of course she went in the end, although she was depressed throughout the preparations, buying her knickerbockers, cap and flannel shirts without enthusiasm, and insisting on taking an air mattress. As, however, during revolver practice on the road a few days out, Tish

We Spent the Remainder of the Day in Grooming Mr. Armstrong. Fortunately Tish Found a Pair of Clippers in Her Odds-and-Ends Box and Was Able to Give Him an Excellent Western Haircut

unfortunately put a bullet through it, its usefulness was early over.

But in spite of her apprehension, the trip itself was almost without incident. Some one or two small things occurred, naturally. Thus, Tish always drives her car with sureness, but at a high rate of speed, and once we were almost apprehended. Had she not, by a skillful turn of the wheel, forced the motorcycle policeman into a ditch full of water, we would undoubtedly have found ourselves in difficulty. And again, entering a cornfield in search of bait one early morning, she practically collided with the farmer who owned the field.

I must say he was most unpleasant and threatened to have her arrested. But when she explained that she only wanted one ear of corn to fish with, he gave her a strange look and backed away.

"Well, all the queer fish aren't in the water," he said. "All right, ma'am, it's yours. But take my advice; I'm a fisherman myself. Put some butter and salt on it, and you want to look for a fish with a good set of teeth."

He waited until Tish had adjusted her hook and dropped it into the hole, and when a moment or two later she drew in a large bass he sat down on the bank and held his head in his hands.

"And me feedin' corn to hogs!" he groaned. "Man and boy for fifty years feedin' corn to hogs!"

When we broke camp and moved on he was still there.

We reached the park without incident, and at once left the main roads for back lanes, where, as Tish so rightly said, we could be alone with Nature. Looking back, it is as though we had been led to this course; for had we not done so we would never have met Mr. Armstrong and this account would never have been written.

"I Got on the Roof and She Gave Me This List"

Never shall I forget that first meeting. It happened in this fashion: The roads had grown rougher, and we had been having trouble with the trailer, which was inclined to slip and bounce. Indeed, on turning a corner one day, it skidded around and struck a man in a light buggy. Fortunately he was not injured by his fall, but after that, on such roads, Tish requested Aggie to sit on the trailer and thus steady it. It was at such a time that the meeting occurred.

We were moving along quietly, when we saw a cowboy sitting by the road on his horse. From a distance he was indeed a gorgeous picture, wearing orange-colored chaps of some long fur, a purple shirt, a green neckerchief and an enormous Stetson hat. It was only later that we perceived a certain incongruity in his costume. At the time all we noticed was that he held in his hand the loop of a lasso, and that as we passed he suddenly flung it at the car. A moment later we heard a terrible cry from Aggie, and Tish at once put on the brakes. There was our poor friend, sitting upright in the road with a noose around her neck and the most shocked expression I have ever seen on a human face.

The cowboy had not moved. He appeared stunned, but after a moment or two he got slowly off his horse and took off his hat.

"Sorry," he said. "Awfully sorry. I didn't know the lady was there."

"You threw that rope at me," Aggie said angrily. "Don't stand there and say you didn't. I saw you."

"I was practicing."

"Practicing! Why don't you get a cow to practice on? That's your business, isn't it?"

"Not by a damn sight," he said, with sudden violence. "I'm a—but it's a long story, ladies. A long sad story. Why should I bother you with my troubles? You can get a ranger about half a mile from here and have me locked up. As a matter of fact, I wish you would. A nice quiet cell somewhere sounds all right to me."

Well, when we had a good look at him, he was certainly a queer figure, for all his fancy clothes. He was a pale young man with nose glasses; not bad-looking but, as Tish said later, all wrong. He had the belt of his chaps somewhere up around his armpits, and along with the regulation bag of smoking tobacco in the breast pocket of his shirt, he had a fountain pen clamped to it. His hat was creased wrong and sat up on top of his head, and when he tried to get on his horse again he started from the off side.

"That's wrong," Tish called to him.

"Is it?" he said humbly. "Thanks. Thanks very much. Maybe that's the reason I've had so much trouble with him."

Well, as he got on he scraped the creature's back with his spur—he had the longest spurs I have ever seen—and the last we saw of him he had picked himself up, and the horse was a quarter of a mile away and still going.

II

OF THE Yellowstone I need not speak. Who has not seen, in magazines and railroad folders, the pictures of its scenic beauties?

We camped near a basin where there were a number of boiling springs, and here we did our washing. It was a fine sight to see the garments boiled and emerging in a state of snowy whiteness. We erected our clothesline in a grove near by, and as the garments were sucked down out of sight we waited until they emerged and then hooked them out.

I regret to say, however, that a pair of my own undergarments did not reappear. As they had been made by hand, I was deeply regretful. Later, however, they came back. A very nice young ranger was showing the pool to some girls from a boarding school, and threw in a rather soiled handkerchief so they could see it sucked down and returned to him clean.

We were sitting near by when this happened.

"Now am I telling you a fairy tale?" he demanded. "There it is! Let's see what's happened to it?"

Well, what had happened was plenty, for when he hooked it out it was my lost undergarment. I never saw a man so upset.

Thus a week passed by. We moved from lake to stream and vice versa, but we had not seen the cowboy again, although we often spoke of him. Aggie was particularly interested, scenting a romance, but Tish was busy with her fishing. She caught several trout on radishes and even, one day when we ran short, an excellent one on a dill pickle. Pine cones, however, perhaps because of their lack of color, were not successful.

When she came home in the evening we made it a point to have an excellent meal ready and to have the camp in perfect order. And on just such an evening, as we were sitting down to dinner, we found the cowboy again. I was taking some hot biscuits out of the oven when we heard a sound, and he emerged into the firelight. He looked even queerer than before, and he was dragging behind him about six feet of vine that had caught in one of his spurs.

Just as he came close he put one foot on the vine and nearly fell.

"Damn!" he said. "Two or three damns and a hell! Why in the name of the great god Pan anybody chooses to wear these things ——"

"Then why wear them?" Tish said coldly. "As for your language, you owe us an apology, young man."

"I'm sorry," he said. "The truth is, I'm not quite myself. I've been living on beans for a week, and if I keep on I'll need to be roped to the ground or I'll blow away with the first gale."

Well, as supper was ready we asked him to eat with us, and I never saw a man eat like that. He ate sixteen biscuits, and at the end he seemed much stronger. Not that he cheered perceptibly. What Aggie called a blue-and-yellow melancholy was perceptible throughout, and he had a queer habit, too, of looking over his shoulder. Every time he took a biscuit he would glance about and then pop it into his mouth, all at once.

As Tish said later, he looked haunted.

He was quieter when the meal was over. He took out a package of papers and a bag of tobacco, and started to roll a cigarette. Then he muttered something, looked around again and, having put the stuff away, reached down into his boot and took out a box of ready-made cigarettes. When he had lighted one he drew a long breath and looked at us.

"You look like sensible women," he said, "and truthful ones. Tell me, do I look like anything you ever saw before? Like a cowboy, for example, or like a strong brutal he man?"

"From a distance ——" Tish began tactfully, but he only groaned.

"Precisely," he said. "From a distance. But I don't fool anybody, do I?" He looked down bitterly at himself. "It's no use. I've been going around like this for two weeks, but it doesn't get any better. Take these chaps. I don't need protection in front, I need it from the rear; but suppose I do the sensible thing and turn them around! Take these spurs. I'm not used to them, ladies. When I try to hold on to my horse with my legs—and God knows it's the only way I can—I dig him in the ribs and he runs off with me." He sighed. "I've been run off with six times today. Great Scott, what's that?"

We had all heard a rustling in the bushes, but it ceased and he looked relieved. Tish was regarding him intently.

"Are we to understand that you are wearing this costume as a disguise?"

He grunted and shifted his position.

"I can't seem to learn to sit on the ground," he said, "and as to sitting on my heel, which I'm supposed to do, how can any human being sit on a six-inch spur? No, not a disguise, exactly. The truth is ——"

But he did not finish. A black bear at that moment came out of the bushes and went toward him. He fairly turned white.

"I'm sorry, ladies," he said. "I've been trying to lose this creature for four days. If you have any candy or sugar it will keep her quiet. I've given her all I have."

Aggie had screamed and now started to sneeze, but Tish, with her usual efficiency, at once found some lump sugar.

While the bear ate it the young man regarded her with hostile eyes.

"It's a queer world," he said. "I've bought that bear, heart and soul, for four pounds of marshmallows and two jars of honey. But people are different; women especially. Four pounds of marshmallows and two jars of honey! A man can offer a girl all he's got, and she'll want something different."

"Then you are not a cowboy by profession?" Tish asked.

"Cowboy! Ladies, I'll be honest. Since I was ten years old the only acquaintance I've had with a beef steer has been on the plate, not the hoof.

"I'm an Easterner," he went on. "In the bond business. High-grade bonds offering good returns. We specialize in chain stores. There is no question that the chain store is the future development of the retail business. A bond is income plus security. Also —— I'm sorry, ladies! It's the habit of years. Well, about a year ago I became engaged, but a month or so ago the engagement was broken. She came West in June, and she wrote me a letter. She said she had been thinking things over, and I am not the type. The type!" He groaned again and, taking off his enormous hat, held his head in his hands. "What she wants, it appears, is a man who is a man; somebody from the open spaces. A man who loves the wild, can conquer a horse and roll his own cigarettes! Somebody who wears fur pants and likes beans, by heck! I'd like to feed her on a bean diet for a week! As a matter of fact, she hates beans. Beans and bears. I'd like to give her Susie for four days. She'd be fed up as I am."

"Susie?"

"Susie's the bear," he said somberly. "I named her Susie. It was all I could think of. You see, her name is Suzanne."

He got up then and gave a hitch to his chaps.

"I don't get the hang of the things," he said mournfully. "If I put my spurs on first in the morning, I can't get 'em on at all. I've tried sleeping in them, but when a man's been accustomed all his life to taking off his pants at night ——"

Here Aggie sneezed, and he got up.

"Well, I guess I'll be going," he said.

He thanked us for our hospitality and started off. He had a camp near by, he said. At the edge of the clearing, however, he stopped and looked back.

"You wouldn't like to keep Susie for a while, I suppose?" he said. "She's an interesting bear. You wouldn't believe it, but she stole a bottle of whisky from a tourist's car last Tuesday and brought it back for me to open."

Tish stiffened somewhat.

"And you opened it?"

"Of course I did," he said. "Don't all these he men drink whisky?"

Tish was thoughtful after he had gone.

"It is a pitiful case," she said. "Here is a young man whose character is being entirely undermined by some idiot of a girl. He drinks, he swears, he is accessory to a theft. Yet in the past I feel sure that his life has been blameless." *(Continued on Page 81)*

While it Was Standing, Waving its Paws and Growling, Tish Took the Top Off the Pepper Box and Flung Several Handfuls of Pepper Toward It

THE SEVEN SOUND YEARS

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IN ONE of the research laboratories at Washington they will show you an instrument so incredibly sensitive to light that it will record the gleam of one candle flame two hundred miles away. Such are the tools of precision and cunning, plus a tool of his mind called mathematics, with which man measures and weighs the universe. But how will he measure himself, or those projections of himself which are the forms and dynamics of his special economic universe?

Upon the natural world he has imposed one of his own. It is a new environment, still incomplete and changing, such as never existed before, either here or elsewhere. For measuring this world of his own and weighing its phenomena he has invented neither a tool of precision nor an exact science. He has been too busy creating it. That is one reason. Another reason is that it seems really easier to measure God's works than to measure his own. In Nature there is stability—completion perhaps—but man's performance is in a state of flux. All the phenomena of this artificial world are increasing and changing. Change in the universe, if any, is so remote and slow that we take no account of it.

Looking in that direction we see mechanism running true. Through ages of time it was so also that human life in the natural environment was repetitive and ran true. There was change, but so slowly taking place as to be imperceptible in the life of a generation; even in the life of a race. Change was not an individual experience. It belonged to myth and legend. The Greeks believed that everything that could possibly happen had already happened many times before. Change, therefore, was an illusion of time and place.

But in our experience change is a condition of life. It is change not from a thing that has happened before to another thing that has also happened before; it is change in an original sense, without history or reminiscence, so that habits, customs, manners and all the vital sequences are altered beyond recognition.

People Can Have All They Produce, Provided Only We Get the Economic Machinery So That it Works

Supported as a Souvenir

IN A CONFERENCE on the nature and meaning of change in our current life, the head of a great railroad system, thinking of more than he could express in abstractions, began suddenly to tell of going back to the New England farm on which he was born. He was one of a large family that had lived a self-contained existence there. They raised sheep and made their own garments. He himself had been taught to knit. Everything came from that farm. It was a simple, naïve life in rhythm with Nature, hard in many ways and yet filled with wonderful compensations; and this, only one generation ago, was the general life. The farm is still there. He keeps it as an heirloom and hires a man to live on it. The man he hires to live on it has a telephone, electric lights, a radio, plumbing, an electric milking machine and an automobile. None of these things existed when the railroad president was born. Now nobody will live on the farm without them. Nothing has happened to that hard, unforgiving little farm. The sun shines on it as before; it will produce as much as ever. It would again support a family of eleven if any family of eleven were willing to live that kind of life. But there is no such family. That life is gone. Therefore, of course, the farm does not pay. It has to be supported as a souvenir.

Change in this aspect is familiar. The contrasts are within living memory. It seems to be a change in habits and ways of living, from the availability of new things, new comforts, new forms of satisfaction and entertainment. Yet this is the obvious, superficial aspect only. Things are but the features of change. The nature of it is deeper. The telephone, the radio, the automobile—these are marvelous as things. That marvel would be not at all less if only the very rich could enjoy them. What does it mean that everybody may enjoy them? Almost they no sooner appear than they become a part of everyday use and satisfaction, down to the New England farm.

Much more significant really than the wonder of things in themselves is the extraordinary availability of them. Here there is change in the aims and motives of human society. Things of comfort, service, refinement and pleasure hitherto reserved to the few at the expense of the many shall be extended to all by horizontal opportunity, with one paramount social anxiety—which is to lift what we call the standard of common living. You might have that idea as a vision. Idea may be a cause, it may be even the primary cause, and yet there must also be the means. By what means has this reality been brought to pass? Here is change at the base. The means by which we live and increase our material satisfactions are newly existing in the world. They were never here before.

Formerly all wealth was created by man power—which is to say, by human energy applied directly to the soil and to the raw materials of mineral, metal and fiber. In that condition of life the sum of wealth was limited. There was never enough of anything. People were fixed in toil by caste or slavery or economic tyranny. Now wealth is produced by machine power. The use of human energy more and more is merely to release this power, to control and mind machines.

The New Power of Surplus

THE cumulative consequences of this change are the economic problems of our time. Here suddenly is a strange civilization. It is outwardly distinguished from any civilization before by new forms, new instruments of power, new objects of desire, new kinds of satisfaction. Inwardly it differs from any previous condition of man in the fundamental fact that the quantity of wealth for the first time is limitless. The power of machines is unlimited; the ratio of their power to the amount of human energy required to control and mind them may be raised inversely to any degree; therefore, the actuality of material wealth is unlimited. Of all things that satisfy human wants—food even, since machine power has appeared in agriculture—there is a potential surplus. If the machines we already have were released to their full power the markets would be glutted with unsalable goods. Notwithstanding this fact, machines go on steadily growing in size and power for what we are pleased to call competitive reasons. Machine power tending to increase much faster than population, the potentiality of surplus increases at the same rate. And surplus for any reason, in a world where never before had there been enough, is a fact so strange that we know not how to deal with it. We have treated it generally as an enigma, sometimes, most absurdly, as a calamity.

This is the point at which the communist says: "Since this power of surplus exists, life at last is perfectible. Produce the surplus and hand it around among those who have not yet all they want."

The wish within this puerility is to enjoy the labor of others with no effort of one's own. It differs not ethically from the exploiting motive that held human labor so long in a servile status, doomed to bare sustenance, and is even less intelligent. Exploitation did work. Simply to produce a surplus and hand it around would not work at all. The whole modern scheme would break down, since it rests upon the necessity, as upon a law, that who consumes shall at the same time produce an equivalent. To produce the equivalent is made progressively easier as the productivity of the individual is increased by extensions of power and method; all the same, that equivalent must be produced, else the vital rhythms of production and exchange to which we are all alike in bond will break.

Nevertheless, what to do with this new power of surplus has been and still is, the most intricate enigma of our time.

The old problem of production, which was how to produce enough, has been completely solved. Of the multiple of production of standard things by machine power there is no present physical limit whatever. The problem is suddenly upside down. It is how to dispose of the product, how to get people to consume it. Demand increases with population, of course, but that is not enough, since the power of production increases much faster. Therefore, the demand per unit of population must rise. It follows that we must go on in every way raising the scale of common living in order to multiply individual wants. This means that we live by an ascending curve of satisfactions, each day more and more, and what that means is that change is a constant factor.

Customs, habits, ways of living may easily change more in the next half century than they have changed in the past

fifty years. Before you ask how, stop to think of such things as motor cars, radios, flying machines and electrical utilities that did not exist fifty years ago, and then reflect that the resources of science are cumulative. Heat radiators are new. They have just come into universal use, replacing stoves that had followed fireplaces, all in one generation. Yet the head of a great radiator corporation says that in a few years more we won't have radiators. He has seen scientists in the research laboratory of another corporation heating the interior of a glass house with rays. In a university laboratory an obscure worker in science has discovered how to produce a super-sound wave, inaudible to the ear, which destroys life at a distance or causes water to rage in a glass.

Man is moved as by a passion to seize and tame new forces. If you ask him why, he can only answer, "Why not?" It is the only sense of true direction he has. And it is certain that this artificial world in which we live is still far from its final reality. It is still becoming.

So you see what the rational problem is and what its difficulties are. To find and formulate the laws that inhabit this spontaneous, uncontrolled phenomenon of machine civilization in order that we may intelligently manage them, and to measure the forces already acting—that, although it has yet to be done, is not enough. Change itself must be included; for change is continuous. Definitions will have to be altered—the definition of stability for one. When a modern industrialist is heard to say that the only stability he can imagine is change, he may be thought to utter a paradox. Yet there is reason in it. Stability in the sense of fixed relationships, or meaning a static condition of human society, is now giving way to the conception of stability in progressive change. This is not merely a new way of living; it is a new way of thinking.

Under the sponsorship of a committee of which Mr. Hoover was chairman, there are soon to be published the results of an original attempt to view the American economic scene as a whole, to treat it as a universe of cause and effect, to measure its phenomena, to relate the forces that produce them, and, most important of all, to assess the consequences of change. The title upon the work will be Survey of Recent Economic Changes. Its history is this: At a critical time in the postwar deflation period of 1920–21 the President called together a number of men representing business, finance and economic theory to consider a crisis in employment. That was known as the Harding Unemployment Conference. The crisis passed, and was hastened in its passing by certain emergency measures conceived in conference; what remained was the thought that from purposeful research and fact finding, and then such a meeting of minds on national problems, much permanent good might be accomplished. Thus a general committee was left standing, and out of this emerged a special committee under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young to make a survey of the facts and produce a study on Business Cycles and Unemployment. That was a very important work. The thought grew.

Prosperity Without a Boom

ON THE suggestion of Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, another special committee was created to survey the economic field as a whole, with a base of research and fact finding wider than ever had been imagined before. He himself became chairman of the committee and personally animated its undertakings. The other members were Walter F. Brown, Renick W. Dunlap, William Green, Julius Klein, John Lawrence, Max Mason, Adolph C. Miller, Lewis E. Pierson, John J. Raskob, A. W. Shaw, Louis J. Taber, Daniel Willard, George McFadden, Clarence M. Woolley, Owen D. Young and Edward Eyre Hunt.

The agency for fact finding was the National Bureau of Economic Research, a private organization; coöperating with it were the Social Science Research Council, the Bureau of Railway Economics, the Personnel Research Foundation, the Institute of Economics, the American Engineering Council, and various government bureaus. The necessary funds were supplied by the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. The result is the work now referred to, entitled Survey of Recent Economic Changes.

The period to be surveyed was limited only by the word "recent." However, as the fact finding went on, attention began to fix itself on a very definite period—namely, the seven years indicated as 1922–1928—because of all the periods in our economic history there had never been one like this. What distinguished it from any other was a kind of orderly progress in the state of average well-being. The volume of production was prodigiously expanded, but for once, in fact for the first time, the power of consumption did not fail or lag. That is to say, the standard of living advanced fast enough to absorb the new production. Thus a condition of equilibrium. Prices all that time—commodity prices—were practically stationary. Raw materials and agricultural products advanced, manufactured products declined, but in no case violently, and the wholesale price index representing all commodities together very slightly declined. Seven years of enormous industrial activity with no ecstasy of boom, no gloom of reaction in the curtain—at least, not yet. People were beginning to ask if the evil of cycles in business, peaks of excitement and sloughs of despond alternating, had disappeared. If so, why?

This might well be named the period of the seven sound years. Never before had we experienced prosperity in that shape of symmetry. Never before had the mechanism of production and exchange made a sound like this. And it was all the more remarkable because at the same time industry itself was by no means happy as a whole. Great divisions of it, such as coal and cotton textiles, were without profit. Others were obliged to make themselves over. Never was competition so intense and merciless in method and mechanization; never, perhaps, were more heartbreaking charges made to profit and loss on account of obsolescence.

Pangs of Readjustment

BUSINESS was also in pangs of readjustment to meet altered ways of living, new conditions of demand and distribution. Not only the wholesale and jobbing trades but the small merchant trade also suffered heavily from the extension of chain-store merchandising, and from the competition, besides, of the mail-order houses as they began to open retail stores to solve a problem of their own, created largely by the automobile and good roads. It would not be fanciful to say that in no other time had

(Continued on Page 117)

THE ENDURANCE FLIGHT

CINDERELLA BY REQUEST

"And Quick," He Remarked. He Strode to the Door. "Come Out Here," He Directed. "The Both of You. You First, Nell. Now, Young Fellow"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SAM pulled up his horse. "This good enough?" he asked; and it was good enough. Behind us the solid earth slanted upward in a great billow, to break in a steep, tumbling comb. We stood at the break of this great comb, and at our feet the ground fell away precipitously. Mile on mile to the westward there extended a welter and torment of buttes and pinnacles, ragged heights and deep-carved canyons, wooded ridges and desert valleys which lay like pools of purple light between the ranges. The eye lost itself in the infinite confusion here. It was as though the world, tortured by wind and water, had suffered a vast convulsion; and across this tremendous caldron in which the very earth seemed to boil, the colors changed and shimmered as cloud shadows drifted leisurely.

We sat our horses for a moment silently, but a keen wind gashed our cheeks. A little way along the comb a clump of dwarfed and twisted trees around a half-submerged bowlder offered some protection, and Sam turned that way. We loosed the horses to nibble at the sparse grass and took shelter there, secure from the wind, yet able still to feast our eyes. My glance wandered greedily, studying the splashing brush strokes of color in the colossal picture here revealed.

Sam pointed out landmarks. "That peak's down in New Mexico," he said. "And that's Gunsight Pass—the notch in the range yonder. Crooked Canyon is that deep shadow over there."

"How far?" I asked, and he said seventy miles. I looked for something nearer, easier to comprehend. Almost below us there rose a cluster of little pointed hills, two or three hundred feet high, of sand and gravel, and as symmetrically formed as though each had been dumped from a gigantic hopper. Atop one of these eminences a saddled horse stood at gaze, and a man—no larger than an ant at this distance—sat on the ground beside the animal. Some rider of the range, I thought, pausing here to feast his eyes as we did; and I pointed him out to Sam.

"Sheep herder," Sam replied.

He has always a literal common sense about him; and his words made me laugh and somehow broke the spell the place had laid upon me. He shifted his position, stretching his long legs; and I noticed, protruding from the pocket on the leg of his chaps, the butt of a small revolver. At least, the butt was small, and so must the weapon be, for that pocket was clearly and visibly a shallow one; no more than a leather patch upon the leather chaps.

I remarked: "What's that in your pocket, Sam? Never noticed that before."

Sam looked down and grinned. "Oh, just a little pop-gun," he replied, and laid his hand on the protruding butt.

The cylinder appeared, and then the barrel; it seemed to me that yard after yard of barrel came out of that tiny pocket. The thing was a cannon, no less; and the disproportioned grip only made its other dimensions seem the more tremendous.

Sam drew it out and I protested: "My gorry! But where does it all come from, Sam?"

"Must be a hole in that pocket somewhere," he confessed with a grin. I took this Big Bertha from his hand, and my arm sagged under the weight of the colossal thing. It was heavy enough to brain a man—or a bull, if you hit him fair—and I asked Sam curiously:

"Where in the world did you get it? And why?"

"Wilbur Nutter gave it to me," Sam explained.

Now I knew Wilbur Nutter. He had ridden up to the fishing camp three or four days before from his ranch thirty miles to the southward, and I had found him a cheerfully amusing youngster. His antecedents were Boston, and we discovered mutual acquaintances. In Wilbur's Eastern origin I suspected now the explanation of this trench mortar which Sam chose to carry on his leg.

"Easterner's idea of a gun, eh?" I suggested. "I can understand his lugging it out here into the wild and woolly. But why do you tote such a cannon, Sam?"

Sam chuckled. "Well, it's a good shooting gun, at that," he insisted. "But Wilbur didn't fetch it out here." He shifted his position. "You know," he remarked, "I guess I'll have to tell you about Wilbur. It might interest you."

"Go ahead," I agreed. "If it doesn't I can look at the view."

Sam retrieved the gun and hefted it in his hand. "I put this grip on," he explained. "The one it had was broken when Wilbur gave it to me." Then he grinned, as though at amusing memories, and he thrust the weapon out of sight again in that deceptive pocket and lighted a cigarette. The wind sliced past like the blade of a plane not six inches above our heads, but where we sat was sheltered, and the sun was warm.

Sam was horse boss and manager, at the period of the episode he now related, at the Steeves ranch, which lay

somewhat to the south of us, in the lower ranges. Dave and Mrs. Steeves had come west twenty years before, for the sake of her health, and found the country to their liking and so abode here. Their ranch was not a business proposition, but Steeves could afford it, and Mrs. Steeves liked it, and Sam approved of them. He served them as a sort of general factotum for a while, and it was in that capacity that he fell in with Wilbur Nutter.

The Nutters and the Steeveses had been friends and neighbors in Boston years before, and Dave and Mrs. Steeves had long urged these old friends to come for a month or so at the ranch. But as is so apt to be the case with such general invitations, when Mrs. Nutter wrote that they had at last decided to come and would arrive on the third of July for three weeks or a month, the time was inconvenient, and Mrs. Nutter's letter threw Mrs. Steeves into a mild consternation. Mrs. Nutter wore a reputation as a careful housewife, and Mrs. Steeves desired to do her husband credit in these new surroundings. But help was hard to come by.

In her extremity she told her despair to Sam.

"You can't understand, Sam," she confessed frankly. "Unless you know Mrs. Nutter. Of course Carmen is a good cook, but one Mexican woman in the kitchen is not enough, I can tell you that. Sam, what am I going to do?"

Dave Steeves, his chair tilted back against the house wall, his spurs hooked over the veranda rail, chuckled at his wife's distress.

"Let her do the housework herself, Ada," he suggested, "if she's so particular. Or write them not to come."

Sam grinned, and Mrs. Steeves protested: "Don't pay any attention to him, Sam. And don't ever talk that way to your wife, after you're married. Just remember right now that men don't understand about these things and aren't qualified to express an opinion. Sam, what am I going to do?"

"You being so unqualified, and all," Steeves amended, with a grin. "Give her your worthless advice, Sam."

Sam said he would try to think of something. The time was short, but he thought fast; and when on the appointed day Steeves started off upon the forty-five-mile drive to the railroad where he would pick up his guests, Sam was ready with his expedient.

"You can maybe get Nellie Fillinger," he told Mrs. Steeves. "She's old Wash Fillinger's stepdaughter. She's the only unattached thing in the shape of a woman around here that I know."

"Carmen can cook," Mrs. Steeves pointed out. "So anyone will do who is reasonably clean and willing."

"Well, Nellie's all right, I guess, if she'll come," Sam explained. "You know where Wash lives."

"It's a hovel," Mrs. Steeves protested doubtfully. "If she's used to his standards of housekeeping I'm afraid ——"

But Sam said there was no one else within fifty miles; and in the end they rode down to Wash Fillinger's abode, four or five miles below the ranch.

It was in fact a hovel; a small adobe house which seemed to be sinking into the ground. As they approached the place, Mrs. Steeves' lip instinctively curled and her nose pinched together as though defensively. A dog, scurvy and lank, came scrambling out to snarl in a dispirited fashion about the feet of their horses. On a clothesline made of ill-matched bits of rope a few torn garments hung, dragging so low as almost to touch the ground. Hens stalked here and there with a ridiculous, high-stepping dignity, as though they, too, disapproved the surroundings. The limits of the yard were suggested by tottering fragments of fence, and in front of the door there was a gate, made ridiculous by the circumstance that the fence panels on either side were long since gone. The very house itself seemed to be disintegrating, and there was a leprous scab on one corner where the adobe plaster had broken away.

The house was somewhat removed from the road. The canyon just here widened into a flat full of prairie dogs, and the creek followed one of the canyon walls. The road was cut into the slope, above ordinary flood level; and the Fillinger estate stood two hundred yards away across the flat, backed against an aspen grove. Sam and Mrs. Steeves turned their horses off the road and picked their way among the houses of the prairie dogs; and as they approached the shanty a woman came to the door to peer in their direction.

"That's Ma Fillinger," Sam explained. "Wash will be somewhere around."

"Call Nellie," Mrs. Steeves whispered. "She's the one we want to see."

But Sam shook his head. "Have to talk to Wash," he explained. "Wash runs things here. The women do what he tells them to. Nellie'll do whatever he says."

Mrs. Steeves had no time to voice her lively indignation at this situation, for the woman in the door, after surveying them, spoke to someone inside, and a man appeared, brushing her out of the way, striding at a shambling walk across the yard to the ridiculous gate, where he confronted them. He was a small man, but a wiry one; his chaps, ragged and stained and sadly worn, dragged upon the ground. His spurs were huge. His old hat had shaped itself into unique and outlandish curves. His unbuttoned vest was badly worn at the pockets where his fingers had dipped so many times; and there was a cartridge belt sagging on his hips, and in a holster against his thigh an enormous revolver hung.

Upon this man there dwelt, Mrs. Steeves observed, an immense complacency; an insolence and an authority not easily to be denied. Just now he leaned his outspread elbows on the gate, he crossed his arms under his chest, he crooked one leg around the other and supported the weight of this leg upon one pointed toe while his rowel whirled on the lifted heel.

And he looked up at them with a cocked and truculent eye.

"Yes, ma'am," he assured her, "you'll have to talk to me."

He had, then, overheard. Mrs. Steeves was by this discomfited, so she permitted Sam to do the talking; but the results were inconclusive. Nellie, it appeared, had done the washing that morning and then gone off on her horse; she would be back by and by; she must decide for herself.

"You tell her," Mrs. Steeves urged the man at last. "If she'd like to come and help us, send her up to the ranch."

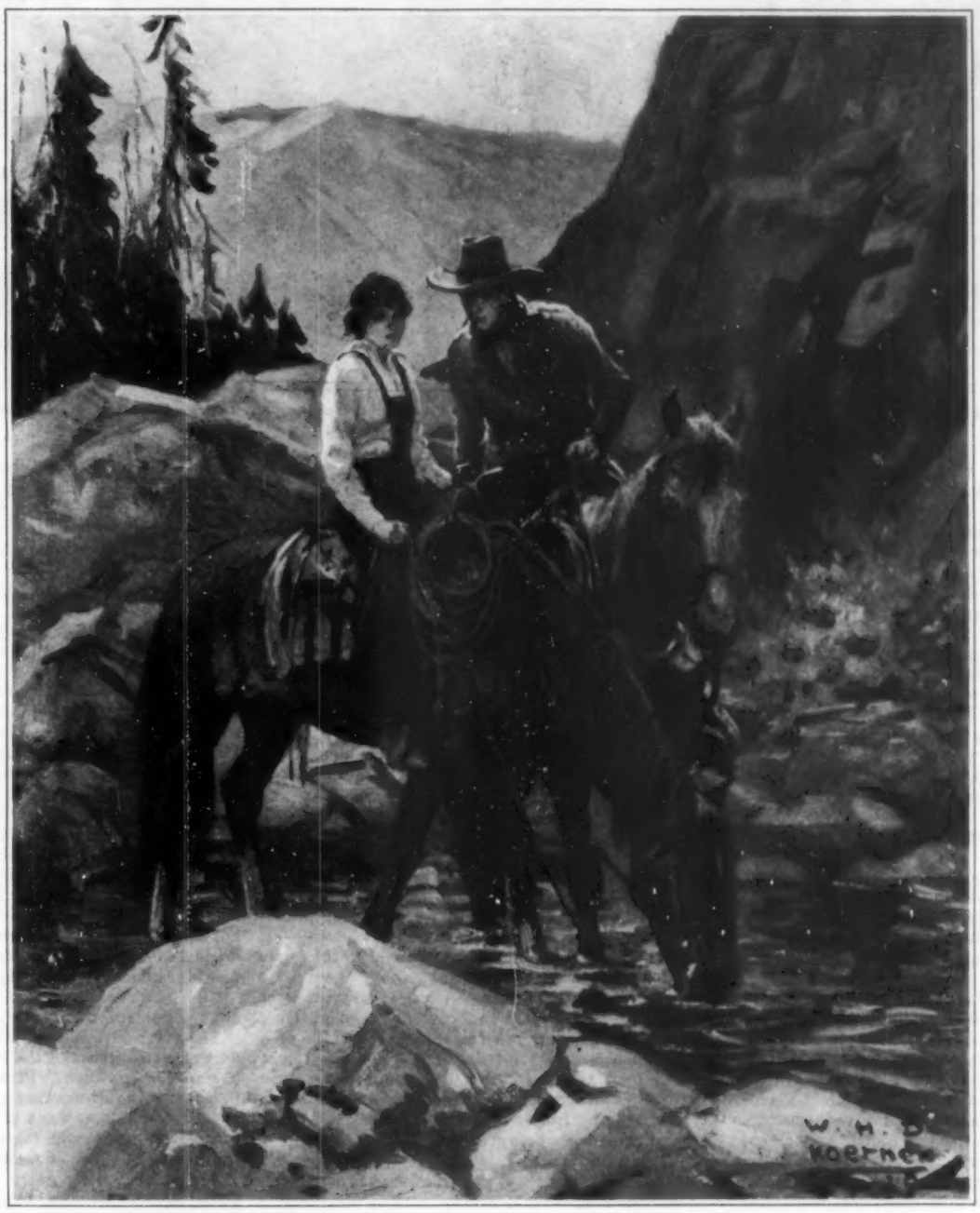
But Wash bent on her that cocked and ironic eye. "Ma'am," he replied, "if you want Nellie, you'll have to talk to the gal herself. She's a lazy wench; may take persuading."

"I'll pay her well, and it's only for a month," Mrs. Steeves pleaded, for not only was her need great but this man frightened her. She saw the quick flame of greed in his eyes at her word; but as though it pleased him to make her wait his pleasure here, he repeated:

"I'd not go to say a word about it to her. If you want her, stay and speak your own piece to the gal."

So, perforce, she waited. Women will go through fire for their children or to secure a servant when guests are coming. She and Sam sat their horses for a while, and Nellie did not come; they dismounted and took shelter under the near-by aspens, and Nellie did not come. Mrs. Steeves whispered her complaints, at once distressed and furious; and Sam gravely told her this patience was necessary. And hours later, as it seemed to her, Dave and the car, with the Nutters and their luggage safe aboard, appeared on the road at the other side of the flat; and Dave

(Continued on Page 121)



While the Horses Stood to Their Fetlocks in the Tumbling Stream, He Turned to Her, a Smiling Question in His Eyes

AMATEURS ARE GENTLEMEN

Well, What Was the Use? Hombrun Wouldn't be a Golfer in a Million Years. No Sense in Spoiling His Day by Criticism. Besides, Hombrun Was a Pretty Nice Old Duck and Smith's Employer

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

STEVENSON SMITH won an intercollegiate golf tournament his last year in school. The few golf-wise men who watched him shoot a 72 in the final round over a none too good course called him "a natural." He was, but also he had practiced mornings from daylight until seven o'clock, when he was due at the university cafeteria for work as a counterman.

That June the intercollegiate golf champion, having been granted the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business and Public Administration, set out for the city where his parents had died two years before in a flu epidemic. He planned to get a job with a bright future and play golf Sunday afternoons on some pay-as-you-play course. The only connection that he could make before his money ran out was that of timekeeper for a street-construction company.

If he worked hard he might within two or three years be promoted to pay-roll clerk. But he had Saturday afternoons off usually, and in summer five o'clock quitting time allowed for fourteen holes on the municipal course, if he was lucky in catching the right street car.

The third week in June, Stevenson Smith, playing with pick-up clubs and repainted ball, tied the municipal-course record of 68.

His medal score for the next three Sunday afternoons made Archie Ritchie, the professional, jealous. But Archie, discovering that this tall, broad-shouldered youngster was not after his job, allowed his admiration of a great golfer to overcome personal feeling.

"Of course, the kid's an amateur," Archie told Roscoe Barnes, a pro friend who was making twelve thousand a year at the Marling Terrace Country Club, "but he's got the build of a money shooter. Fine wrists and shoulders and swell temperament. Lay him a stymie and he grins, and he's got a blue-gray color to his eyes I like. Something in the bean, see? What say we have a round with him some Sunday, Ros?"

After that round—Smith won enough to buy himself a new caddy bag—Roscoe Barnes said: "Come over to our club, kid, and have a talk with Hurley Stewart, our secretary. . . . Of course, you're an amateur?"

"Yes. . . . What do you want me to talk to Mr. Stewart about?"

"We're making a drive for members."

"Oh, I couldn't join. Couldn't afford it."

Cryptically: "You talk to Hurley, kid."

Hurley Stewart, an urbane gentleman who appreciated the advertising value of potential champions, explained it to Stevenson Smith as follows:

"This club likes to encourage promising young golfers, Mr. Smith. We have—er—endowment memberships which automatically cover entrance fees and dues. Of course, you're an amateur, Mr. Smith, and we expect you to maintain that standing."

"Certainly. I have never thought of turning professional."

"Fine! That's the spirit. You're a credit to the game. Now, if you'll sign this application blank ——"

It struck the boy as rather peculiar—this rigmarole of membership applications and receipts acknowledging payment of dues, entrance fee and the purchase of a thousand-dollar bond. But the Marling Terrace course tempted him, and the chance of saving public-course greens fees halted certain questions he was minded to ask. In the magic of Hurley Stewart's presence Stevenson Smith became a member in good standing of this somewhat exclusive country club.

"By the way," said Stewart, "where do you work?"

Smith told him.

"Get any time for practice?"

Smith explained that.

"I shoot a round every afternoon. Drop by for you in my boat, eh?"

That saved carfare and six holes at least, every day. The boy, blushing, thanked Mr. Stewart.

In July, Stevenson Smith won the club tournament, defeating a man who had been club champion four years running, 3 up and 2 to play. They gave him a cup which cost a hundred and fifty dollars. He found himself wishing, as he laid it away wrapped in an old suit of underwear next to the intercollegiate trophy in the bottom of his trunk, that he had the money it cost. He needed a new suit of clothes and a better set of irons.

Other club members had begun to grow chummy with him in the locker room. Duffers asked his advice about their game, and low-handicap men secretly studied his style.

It was taken for granted that he would win the Municipal Amateur Championship in August. He didn't; an in-and-outer from the Fair Oaks Club burned up the course in the finals, and two bad holes lost for Smith. But the next week he carried off the District Open against a pro who had been Western Open champion twice, and a pretty hot field of other pros and amateurs. Roscoe Barnes, his original sponsor at the Marling Terrace Club, looking over Smith's card of birdies and eagles, pronounced the dictum:

"Kid, you're a better medal player than a match shooter, and few amateurs are. You're going up into fast company."

The newspapers had taken him up by this time. Sports writers hailed him as "the kid phenom of the Marling Terrace Country Club." Photographers who snapped him in action got heart-warming pictures of grace and surety. His pivot on the tee was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. But those picture takers who insisted that he pose for them got indifferent results. He looked like an awkward, embarrassed country kid squinting in the sun. Rotogravure editors liked to pair him up with Miss Glenna Collett in layouts, and women country-club chatterers called him "the Lindbergh type."

At this stage in his career Stevenson Smith met Wesley J. Hombrun, or rather, Wesley J. Hombrun forced himself upon young Smith. Hombrun was the prize duffer of the Marling Terrace Club. He had been trying to break 100 for fifteen years; no one ever knew just what he played the eighteen in, because he never told the truth about his score. He was a broad, fat-jowled millionaire who had lost his wife at the start of his success and was devoting the rest of his life to golf.

Hombrun wore plus-fours of the loudest plaids extant; filled the locker room with vociferous and lengthy accounts of each round he played, and was treated with a pitying sufferance by other members. Caddies quarreled for the opportunity of flattering him for tips, and the pro loved him, because he bought every newfangled club that came out.

Hombrun had a vicious habit of horning into crack foursomes, but in his way he was a good sport. He regularly lost from eight to a dozen new balls a round trying to keep up.

To Hombrun, young Stevenson Smith was a godsend. He knew good propositions when he saw them. Cautiously, he had waited during previous triumphs, fearing that Smith would be a flash in the pan. But two days after Smith won the District Open, Hombrun, passing in his car, saw the boy waiting for a street car down the road from the club.

He stopped, grinning, and called: "Give you a lift, my boy?" Smith was glad enough for the ride.

"Well, young man," said Hombrun, "we're all proud of you. We certainly are. I was standing right there, boy, when you sank that sixty-footer for an eagle on Number Four. Some putt! Some putt!" Then, sincerely: "I'd give ten thousand dollars to sink 'em that way."

"Sixty-footers are generally luck, Mr. Hombrun."

"Luck nothing. You're modest, ain't you? Well, I like to see that in a young feller. You're entered in the state tournament, ain't you?"

"No. I'll have to pass that up. Can't get off."

"Get off? Hell's bells! Why not?"

"Boss said no."

"Who's your boss?"

Smith explained politely.

"That ain't any kind of job for a boy like you," said Hombrun. "Been to college, ain't you?"

"I have a degree in business and public administration."

"Good. Say, now—tell you what, you come down to the office in the morning. I can use a clean-cut young feller like you."

Well, why not? Thinking it over that night, the boy believed the lucky break had come. Rich men did get interested in young fellows sometimes, and give them a good chance. Of course, Hombrun's interest was in him as a golfer, but he'd show Hombrun he could be a good business man as well.

It took Smith just three days to discover that Hombrun didn't want to be shown that he was a good business man. On the surface it had looked like an excellent opening. He was to be assistant traffic manager at one of Hombrun's packing plants at a salary of two hundred dollars a month to start. Hombrun had even asked: "That enough for a starter, kid?" He had said it was, since he was making thirty-two-fifty a week as a timekeeper.

There was an office with his name newly lettered on the door. The traffic manager shook hands with him cordially, slapped him on the back and said, "Er—have something for you to do in a few days. After you've got used to the place."

"I can start right now, Mr. Hires."

Hires looked embarrassed. "All right, see what I can scare up this afternoon."

But that afternoon, after he had made an inspection of the plant, Smith found Hombrun waiting for him.

"Ready to lick the socks off'n me, boy?" said Hombrun.

After a few confused, embarrassed sentences, the boy gathered that Hombrun was waiting to take him to the country club.

The fourth afternoon, Stevenson Smith said, "But don't you think I'd better be settling down to work, Mr. Hombrun? I want to earn my salary, you know."

Hombrun laughed out of a wide, fat mouth. "Time enough for that, young feller. I've entered you in the state tournament, and that's your job for the time being. We've never had a state champion out at our club. Come on; if we tee off before two we might get in twenty-seven holes."

That worried him for several days. He made efforts to get Hires to assign him some work sheets to go over; he even offered to check on bills of lading; he volunteered to take a night shift as car checker. He had studied big business and he wanted to learn the game first hand.

He Shook His Head. "No. About the Only Thing I've Done is to Win a Lot of Silver Cups"

Finally, Hires, a hard-bitten lieutenant who knew the Old Man, told him: "The Old Man says you're not to be bothered with business just now. He thinks it'd take your mind off golf."

Well, he thought that out and his reasoning was: "Hombrun is paying me to take orders. If he wants me to play golf instead of work, that's up to him, isn't it?" Besides, after the state tournament they'd promised to let him get into the game at the plant.

So he played golf with Wesley J. Hombrun.

Hombrun, waddling like a bullfrog to the tee, hopelessly fat-bound, would slice one twenty yards into the rough, and bellow: "Now, what'd I do wrong that time, Smith?"

On the first occasion the boy told him the truth: "You lifted your shoulder and your head, Mr. Hombrun. You fell away and didn't carry the club head through the ball. You were jerky with your down swing, and were too wide with your stance. You ——"

Coldly: "I couldn't have done all those things wrong!"

Well, what was the use? Hombrun wouldn't be a golfer in a million years. No sense in spoiling his day by criticism. Besides, Hombrun was a pretty nice old duck and Smith's employer.

So: "What was the matter that time, Smith?"

"Nothing much, sir. That was a very nice drive. A bit off center with the club head, but you're straightening them out okay in the main."

"See some hope for me, do you, Smith?"

"You're doing very well, Mr. Hombrun. You had a five on that last one, didn't you?" This didn't count one missed swing and two foozles in a trap.

"Five's not so bad, eh?"

"Five's good golf—mighty good golf."

Another thing which made it so easy for Stevenson Smith to stay on with Hombrun was his employer's honest and ardent worship. Hombrun sang his praises. Hombrun marveled articulately on tee, fairway and green. Hombrun boasted in the locker room.

"Meet the next state champ, Harry. Sa-ay, this boy is as good as in right now. Yuh know what he shot today? A sixty-nine, with the wind terrible. Yes, sir, a sixty-nine. Why, Harry, he carried the creek on Number Thirteen with his drive. What a sock! Three hunderd and thirteen yards. I paced it. Yes, sir."

Hombrun basked in reflected glory. He repeated Smith's gems of golfing wisdom to members who didn't care to bother the boy with questions.

"I'll ask the boy about you, Jim. I'll have him look over your game. You gotta slice, eh? Well, the boy says leaning into 'em an'—uh—hitting 'em off the left—did he say left?—well, anyway, I'll get him to look you over, Jim."

When the tournament committee met to select the club's representatives, Hombrun offered, as a matter of course, to pay Smith's expenses at the state show.

But Secretary Hurley Stewart had qualms: "There might be some question, Wes. We'll take care of Smith from the general fund. There's been a lot of squawking about professionalism lately, since Tilden got

(Continued on Page 98)

BOOKSTORE BEHAVIOR

As Told to Brenda Ueland

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

A FINE bookstore is a peaceful place. The clerks are remote and gentlemanly, and although you might not suspect it, some of them are formidable scholars. There are no cash registers, no mechanical contrivances that shoot money through the air, no ringing things. When a book is sold we carry it to the rear of the store and we wrap it ourselves and take our time about it. There is space there—two stories of it lined with books. There is a great glass window two stories high, where shafts of sunlight slant down through the golden panes—that is, sometimes on a clear day, in the middle of the afternoon. The place is always quiet; there are never enough people in there to have them milling around in the irascible way they often do in department stores.

And sooner or later most of the cultivated people in the world come there. We get a good look at them. We can tell you how American women read four times as many books as American men; how American men read less than Englishmen. We can tell you how, when husbands and wives come to buy a set of books together, they can never agree. The husband is the one who kicks about the price—alone, he might plunge—and he is the one who crabs the sale. We see all the famous bibliophiles.

For there are some who are born with a peculiar craze for books. You can never tell them from their looks. Some are red-faced sportsmen; some are professors; some are laboring men. A. Edward Newton, one of the foremost book collectors in the country, tells of an eleven-year-old boy who wrote to Miss Belle da Costa Greene, the librarian of the Morgan library, saying: "When I get to be a man I am going to have a library like J. P. Morgan." Miss Greene asked this child to call.

He arrived at the library. He explained that at present he could not buy any books, but that he had already a collection of catalogues and a record of the most important sales of the year. Miss Greene asked him if he wanted to see any particular book, and he said, "Yes, I should like to see the Gutenberg Bible." It was brought to him; whereupon he at once began to count the lines to discover whether the first pages were of the forty or the forty-two line issue.

In and Out of Humor

THE first time a certain Follies girl came in here, with her round eyes, her fringe of curls and Broadway clothes, I did not suspect that she knew more about eighteenth-century books than I shall ever know. I soon found out that she owned—discovered by herself and bought at bargain prices—a remarkable collection of Walpoliana—that is to say, books printed by Horace Walpole in the 1750's at his private press at Strawberry Hill. So the bibliophiles are a varying type.

But the prominent writers have more uniformity. Hergesheimer is one of the few who never ask about their own books—a very rare thing—and somehow I admire him for his self-control; for I suppose a writer's curiosity as to how his books are selling must be overwhelming. Many of them come in and raise hob if their books have not a prominent place on the counter.

There is one—a woman who must have done very well with her novels and the moving-picture rights of them—well, she will come in here and if, say, we have not her most recent novel in stock at the moment—one is always getting sold out of things—she will scold us all for our delinquency.

"I'll write to my publishers!" she threatens, and so we all set up a fake agitation, just to mollify her.

Many authors are at least vexed if you don't know them, but as for this woman, she is more than that. She was particularly so one day because a man who was waiting on her didn't recognize her, and she said so.

"I think it is very stupid of you not to know me!"

"Oh, I do know you," he answered. "I came to work here just so I could see you."

Stage people are not so impressive offstage. English actors are extremely well read; their tastes are scholarly, but they are more uppish than American actors—very supercilious. And you may be surprised to hear it, but we don't like to see clergymen coming in very much, because some of them are not the most considerate. And we don't care for art students, because they like to look everything over and they rarely buy. School-teachers are apt to be insistent, exacting and fussy. Fussy women are terrible, but fussy men are worse, and there are more of them. By "fussy" I mean the sort of person who insists upon your telephoning the post office to ascertain the postage to Mexico and then pays it under protest. But when I go on like this, remember that I am constitutionally bad-tempered myself. And to my sorrow.

For example: One busy day a few years ago a little, bearded, very quiet individual asked me for a book. It was, I remember, one of Masefield's prose tales. I found it for him. He wanted to write in it. Somehow he seemed vague and slightly confused. I indicated the writing table, and as he seemed to hesitate, I gently led him to it and dipped the pen in the ink for him. After he had written in it he asked to have it wrapped for mailing. I took it downstairs and had it wrapped. It was a hectic day and I was short of patience, and somehow this mild-mannered and insistent little man irritated me tremendously. He wrote an address.

"Now, will you please have stamps put on?" he said. This perfectly reasonable request infuriated me.

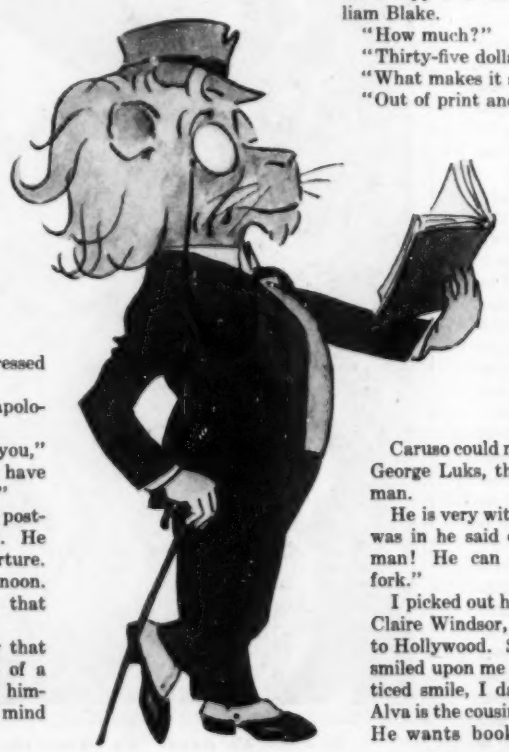
"We could have saved a lot of trouble," I said, "if you had let me send it for you. We do send books, you know"—this with the most elaborate sarcasm. He seemed distressed beyond words.

"I will mail it myself," he said apologetically.

"I'll get it weighed and stamped for you," I said. "It's no trouble. I merely have to walk downstairs and back again!"

I took it downstairs, had the proper postage put on and brought it back to him. He paid me, took the book and his departure. I was vaguely troubled all the afternoon. "Now, why was I so snippy with that man?" I kept saying to myself.

It was not till a day or two later that I came to know, with considerable of a shock, that the man was Masefield himself. This has left a sore spot in my mind ever since.



People want good stories to read. That is why we sell more sets of Stevenson and Kipling than any others.

The late Donn Byrne told a good yarn. If we had had them, we could have sold fifty sets of his last Christmas. He came in the place often—a romantic if there ever was one. He had a beautiful, cultivated Irish voice, was tall and lean, had a great shock of blond hair and very handsome eyes. There was something quick and darting, something of the sword blade about him; although I guess he had a shade of the actor about him, too, because he wasn't born in Armagh at all, but in Brooklyn.

There are always some writers around. Michael Arlen, elaborately dressed, pointed to a stack of books with his cane.

"How is this book going?"

"Fine!"

"Well, I am glad to hear it, because I wrote it."

George Barr McCutcheon did not look like the heroes of his books; he was small and bookish, with pince-nez.

Norman Hapgood likes detective stories—a darn nice fellow. Bruce Barton looks just like his articles.

Books on Approval

I MADE quite a break with Willa Cather once. She came in—a strong and healthy woman with thick, snuggly dressed hair, a fresh complexion and clear, sensible eyes—and began thanking me for saying so many nice things about her book, My Antonia. I had to say I had never read it. It was The Lost Lady that I considered such a gem.

John Hall Wheelock, one of the five best poets in America, is, I believe, the worst-dressed poet in America, and that's saying a good deal. He has a delightful, dry humor, though. Black mustache and black hair.

And one American novelist—very successful—Lord, how we hate him! He wants books on approval, and no matter how trivial the sale, there is always a skirmish and a fuss and a run-in and an altercation with this one. And in the end he finds that we owe him two or three dollars, instead of him owing us.

Helen Wills paces up and down constantly, nervous as a wild animal; I suppose, because of continual training. She is good-looking, though, with big, handsome hands like those of a young laborer, and the bridge of her nose is broad between the eyes like the Young Hermes by Praxiteles.

Lionel Barrymore is interested in art and buys books about it. John Barrymore is always in a hurry. The last time I saw him he rushed in and asked for a copy of Swinburne's book on William Blake.

"How much?"

"Thirty-five dollars."

"What makes it so high?"

"Out of print and hard to get."

"Got to have it."

He threw the money at me and catapulted himself out.

Ethel Barrymore likes stories of prize fights and golf, especially those by Van Loan. She is lovely and has handsome eyes—but heavens, this is not news!

Caruso could not speak English well. George Luks, the painter, is a grand man.

He is very witty. The last time he was in he said of someone: "Clever man! He can eat peas without a fork."

I picked out half a dozen novels for Claire Windsor, to read on the train to Hollywood. She was very nice and smiled upon me very sweetly—a practiced smile, I dare say. The Duke of Alva is the cousin of the King of Spain. He wants books on anthropology.

A Russian prince reads Western stories—trashy ones; but then, they are usually trashy.

These garbled notes haven't conveyed the atmosphere of the place—glorious days of late summer; people coming back to the city from vacations, brief, exciting encounters; a glimpse of this one and that one: Peggy Joyce walking by, Georges Carpentier, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Jack Dempsey. None of these was ever inside, to my knowledge, still I see them going by and usually in a hurry. Because hurry is the twentieth-century neurosis. Everybody is madly rushing. Just think of it, people are eating in drug stores! Sitting three rows deep to get a sandwich! Do you know that there is an ever-increasing number of insane women running around? They come in here. You can tell them by their rapid, incoherent way of speaking. They behave as though they were trying to catch up with something. I think the traffic has something to do with it. Perhaps we are all beginning to scuttle like rabbits because there is always a horn blowing at our rear.

A man rushes in. "I want Serena Blandish!"—and I turn to go for it.

"Haven't you got it? Haven't you got it?" he fairly screams in exasperation.

And there are people with whom everything goes wrong. We have a standing joke about Mrs. X. Just the other day I said, while making out an order for her:

"Here are two books for Mrs. X. Lord knows where they'll go." I wrote out the address with exaggerated pains. She lived in New England. Later, a letter came from a woman in Albany, saying that she had received two books that she had not ordered—Mrs. X's books.

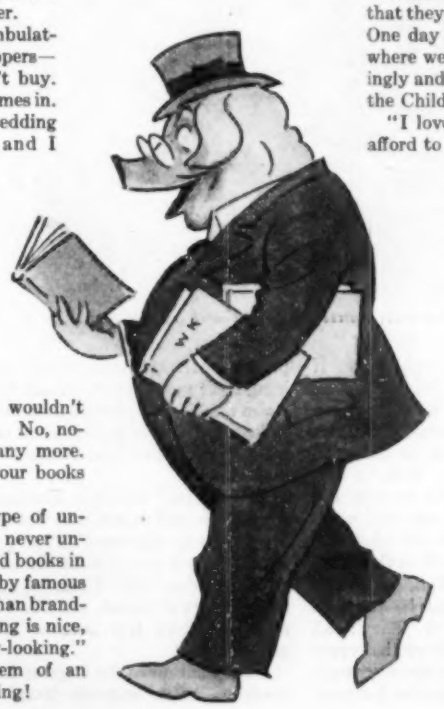
Robert W. Chambers is one of the store's hoodoos. Nearly everything he gets goes to the wrong address. He is a handsome, well-knit man with a hard sleek head, and his energy and bulldog tenacity show in this compact head; for he knows a tremendous lot about almost everything—birds, bugs, American Indians, history and other things. It is sound knowledge too.

Full Purses in Worn Pockets

THERE is a novelist who always finds us a lot of blunderers. Every few days he is entering the place in a towering rage over some mistake; our fault always. But I will bet this man has the same trouble in every store he goes into—packages for him are going all over the city; suits are being made out of the wrong cloth; dentists are pulling out the wrong teeth. My only explanation is that such people are in such a hurry that they frighten clerks into making mistakes. And also it is because, expecting everybody to know them, they bark their names in an indistinct manner.

What time is it? . . . Have you a telephone directory? . . . Where is Cook's? Awhile ago a lady asked me where Cook's was. I hadn't the slightest idea; I told her I would be glad to look it up in the telephone directory. She flounced out and returned in about three minutes.

"You'd like to know, perhaps," she said with withering sarcasm, "that Thomas Cook and Son are located at number so and so!" I didn't know it, and I didn't care either.



We spend hours perambulating the store with shoppers—that is, people who don't buy. A large, unctuous lady comes in.

"I'm looking for a wedding present." Not true, and I know it.

"A set of books?" I suggest.

"Yes, in a new binding. Nothing old or second-hand."

"I have here a beautiful set of Dickens."

"Too much. I wouldn't think of paying that price.

"Kipling? No, they wouldn't care for Kipling. . . . No, nobody reads Thackeray any more. . . . Why, most of your books are secondhand!"

There is a certain type of uncultured person who can never understand that secondhand books in fine editions and bound by famous binders are much better than brand-new ones. "This Fielding is nice, but it is old and shabby-looking." It will be a perfect gem of an eighteenth-century binding!

The other day, after an hour and a half of this sort of thing, another woman came in and did not get what she thought was satisfactory service.

"Isn't there someone here who knows something?" she exploded.

I was standing near and she looked straight at me. I stepped forward with a bow that would have brought Lord Chesterfield to life in admiration, and said, in a manner that would make him die again of envy:

"No, Mrs. ——," somehow I remembered her name—"we are all mental defectives. That's why we're here."

And Continentals are difficult. I had a run-in with a little Belgian who called himself Baron Something-or-Other. We had an argument as to the age of the binding on a set of books. He said it was a new binding, though it obviously was of about seventy-five years ago. I was positive and intimated that he didn't know what he was talking about.

"I am European!" he said with some heat. "I know."

But I crab too much. It is a privilege to wait on most people.

One day in spring a plump, middle-aged Englishwoman came in. She wanted to find a poem. All she knew was that it had a line, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there." She was homesick for England. She hadn't been there for years, and wept, actually, tears of joy when I found her an inexpensive anthology that contained Browning's poem. I'll never forget that woman. She was fairly sick with nostalgia. Her voice was so sad and there was such tender longing in it that I am sure Browning would be a little easier in his grave if he could have heard her.

The editor of a famous Southern newspaper came in. He couldn't have looked more like a Southern gentleman if he had been on the stage: Slim, elegant, formal; kind of withered, you know, but erect and slender; a little bit eccentric in dress—that is, you could imagine he had on a frilled shirt. He asked for a book that we did not have.

"Can't you send to some other bookstore for it?" My blood pressure rose.

"Sir, when you go in to Blank's for a shirt," I said slowly and elaborately, "and they haven't got what you want, you don't ask them to send to Doe and Roe's for it."

He answered: "When I go in to Blank's for a shirt and they do not have what I want, they are only too glad to send to Doe and Roe's for it for me."

"Sir," I said, "I will go myself to look for the book."

I think I was beautifully answered.

When impecunious people want books that they cannot afford, you feel very sorry for them. One day I was showing a girl through the gallery where we keep our rare books. She looked longingly and hungrily at the Lamias, the Queen Mabs, the Childe Harolds.

"I love all these," she said sadly, "but I can't afford to buy such expensive books."

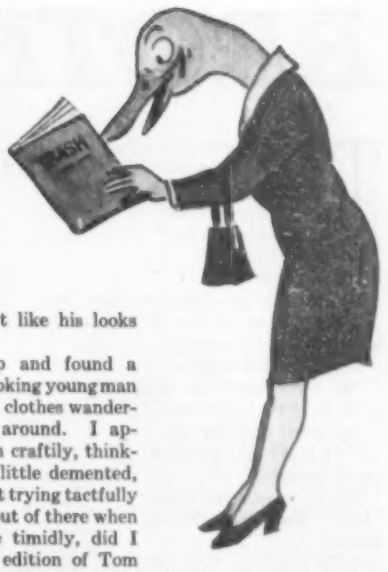
"Here," I said, reaching up in the bookcase and taking down a calf-bound volume, "is something that you want much more than any Shelley or Byron; it is just the thing you have been looking for and it is within your means." I put it in her hand. She opened it and gave a cry of delight.

"Christabel! Coleridge is what I like best of all! But I am sure I can't afford it."

"Yes, you can. This is only seventy-five dollars."

"You must be a magician!"

There was no affectation about this. She was about the happiest person I have ever seen. My heavens, she was like a mother with a baby! She has bought a great deal from me since, but Christabel is her most prized possession. It was a really choice copy, uncut, unwashed, bound by Bedford—all of which excellent qualities I will explain presently. It is now worth more than three times what she paid for it. Every time I see her she refers to my bit of legerdemain.



One day one of the clerks came to me in some excitement. He said, "There is a suspicious-looking bird in the gallery. I don't like his looks at all."

I went up and found a frightened-looking young man in disheveled clothes wandering vaguely around. I approached him craftily, thinking he was a little demented, and I was just trying tactfully to ease him out of there when he asked me timidly, did I have a first edition of Tom Jones. I did. How much was it? Eighteen hundred dollars. He wrote a check for it.

This young man became a good customer, and though he looked so innocently vague, he knew what he was after and he has never failed to get a bargain. The same man bought a Shelley's Cenci from me for $1000. It is worth more than twice that now.

And one day a laborer came in—a gnarled, shabby man. "I want a book of poetry for someone who is nearly blind." I tried to think of something with big print, and went and got down a Baskerville's Milton in two volumes.

The Baskerville Milton is a marvelously beautiful edition printed about 1750. I brought it to this chap. He turned the leaves, admired the large and beautiful type, read a page of Comus to himself with evident pleasure. Then he put his large, rough hand in his pocket, pulled out a hundred dollars and walked out with the book. I wish I knew who he was.

John Baskerville, the man who printed this edition of Milton, was one of those great craftsmen who have done almost as much to make books beautiful and valuable as the authors themselves. Baskerville is a landmark in the history of printing.

The first books printed were made to look as though they had been written with a pen. It was only gradually that type was designed that should no longer imitate handwriting, and the first books had very bad printing; even the Caxtons, though priceless and fascinating, are not beautiful. Then, in the fifty years that followed the famous First Folio of Shakspere—which is really an ugly book—the printer's art made much progress.

Why the Novel?

BUT in the middle of 1700 they began to print very badly again. Just as printing became very bad indeed, John Baskerville, a type founder, a writing master and a tombstone cutter, began to print marvelous books in Birmingham. His editions of Vergil, Milton and his Congreve astonished all the librarians of Europe by their beauty. His types were large, beautiful, simple, lucid, tranquil to the eyes and easy to read. His paper and ink were better than had ever been used before. His printing had a rich purple-black hue, supposed to be made by subjecting each sheet to pressure between heated copper plates. It was one of these very books printed by the great Baskerville that I sold to the laboring man. I think you can see now why it was worth $100.

The front counters are loaded with novels and detective stories. It may interest you to know why the novel that you rush in and buy for two dollars is the shape and size it is.

First, the English novel was several small volumes bound in leather; Richardson and Fielding appeared in this form. Then it was two or three somewhat larger volumes, bound in the flimsiest pasted boards with a paper label. This was followed by the novel in parts.

These parts came out monthly, and there were usually twenty of them, and illustrations had become a feature.

(Continued on Page 152)

BROTHERS IN THE BOND

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE gavel tapped sharply.

"Let all things be done decently and in order."

The gavel tapped again.

"Unfinished business?"

Not a sound.

"New business?"

A tense stirring of forty brogued feet.

"Is there any brother sick or in trouble for whom our help is especially needed?"

Three nervous coughs.

"Is there anything suggested for the good of the order or of the university?"

The gavel crashed.

"We move to the balloting of candidates."

Three voices at once: "Most Excellent Brother Arkon!"

"Order!" Crack. "Brother Holmes."

Brother Holmes rose to his feet and surveyed the assembled multitude in solemn conclave brought together.

"Most Excellent Brother Arkon and fellows—I mean brothers. You all know Mr. Joe Weembles. You've all met him and had him around to the house for dinner last night, and he's a pretty fine fellow, I want to tell you. There's maybe some of you fellows here"—Brother Holmes, warming to his subject, glared angrily about the circle of grinning faces—"who maybe think that they looked just the same when they came to college as they look now, but I want to tell you they didn't. Just because a fellow is maybe a little young or something doesn't mean that he wouldn't be good material. And, furthermore, I want to tell you that Joe—I mean Mr. Weembles—played center on the Priestleyville High School basketball team for two years last year and he'd be mighty good material for us to have; and, brothers, I want to propone the nose—I mean propose the name of Mr. Weembles as a candidate." Mr. Holmes wiped his face nervously and sat down.

At One She Was Reported to be in the Store Having a Lead Shot With Postulants Trubee, Trent and MacIntyre

Three voices: "Say, listen!"

"Order!"

"Most Excellent Brother Arkon!"

"Brother Sloan."

"Sit down."

"You keep your mouth shut, Stubby, he gave me the floor." Brother Sloan looked toward the dais for confirmation. "Most Excellent Brother Arkon and brothers, there being no second to Brother Holmes' proposal, I move that Brother Scribe be instructed to cast one black ballot against the name of Mr. Weembles. We don't want any more coal miners in this crowd."

"Say, where do you get that stuff?"

Seven voices: "Most Excellent Brother Arkon!"

Two voices: "Say—wait a minute."

One voice: "You go to hell!"

Brother Stuart Faulkner: "Most Excellent Brother Arkon."

"Brother Faulkner."

Brother Faulkner stood up and put his hands on his hips. For a moment he surveyed his sworn brothers in silence. "Now then," he said, "let's get everything straight before we start. We've got four pledged men in the delegation so far and we've got to get eight more. If some of you guys would have paid your bills last year, maybe we could have gotten along with only six more. Think that over. Now Mongoose and I pledged these four, and you evidently thought when you put us on the cultivation committee that we could do the job. Well, we can; but we're not going to be bothered by a lot of tripe and gassing. We're going to get eight more men and we're going to get men who'll be a credit to the house—not leftovers. All some of you fellows seem to think is that anybody who comes along is good enough. Well, let me tell you right now that if anybody wants my job he can have it! Now you've got eight names to consider. They're all smooth boys. You've seen 'em all and you know that every one of them walks with his feet in front and knows enough to go in when it rains. Arnsworth and James, for instance, have got roadsters, and Frost is going to buy a car as soon as he gets settled down. We've got hold-offs on those three right now and we can pledge them tonight. Jordan and MacIntyre were first-team men at Exeter last year. Trubee's father is president of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Trust Company and his uncle just bought a seat on the Exchange for five hundred thou. The boys up the street are after him hard to lift their mortgage, but I think we can get him. Trent is young, but he's a bright kid and wears his clothes, and he ought to make a sprinter in time. Formby has three third dates tonight! If we get him it'll be a miracle, but we've got a chance. They're all fine, upstanding Christian gentlemen, and what's more, they'll be a credit to the house, and I want you to give Mongoose and me a clean ballot to go ahead on. Some of you fellows seem to think anyone will do, but let me tell you men a fraternity is a sacred thing and you've all got a sacred trust to live up to. It's been handed down to us from the sacred past, and we've got to live up to it because it's sacred, I can tell you!"

Fingers snapped approval as Mr. Faulkner sat down.

Brother Holmes, very red of face, struggled to rise, but four strong arms held him back.

Brother Mortimer: "Most Excellent Brother Arkon, I move that Brother Scribe be instructed to cast one white ballot for the eight candidates named."

"Second the motion!"

"Hey—wait a minute."

"It is moved and seconded ——"

"Move the council be dissolved."

"Second the motion!"

"You go to hell."

"Aw, he's got pimples all over his face and his ——"

"Brothers, we have come together in loyalty, let us depart in peace."

The gavel crashed.

Ten hands clasped ten other hands in a mystic grip. Ten voices whispered a question in garbled Greek. Ten other voices gave the sacred answer and the brothers filed forth from the sacrosanct portals. Mr. Mongoose Sloan and Mr. Stuart Faulkner hung their gowns in the ritual closet and went down the stairs arm in arm, brows furrowed in thought. They unlocked and opened the entrance doors, but stood for a moment in whispered consultation before stepping out on the veranda.

"I tell you," said Mr. Faulkner. "We might pick up Arnsworth and James, but not before nine anyway, and my date is for eight-thirty."

"Suppose I drop you at the corner and go get them?"

"Good idea," Mr. Faulkner nodded. "And be sure to make it sort of casual, and don't mind what I say to you after the third trip because I'll have to pretend I'm annoyed."

They went down the steps and climbed into Mr. Sloan's roadster. Five minutes later, Mr. Faulkner stepped

briskly out of the shadow of the trees and sauntered up the walk to Judith Knowles' house.

She came through the open doorway and stood for a moment—a delightful little girl in soft white—shadowed against the panel of yellow light behind her, tapping a ridiculously grown-up high heel on the threshold with the restless energy of youth. A flame of gold in her hair, the flare of her insolent little skirt—something—caused Mr. Faulkner for one split second to wish ardently for a large white horse, a lance and one sticky, mucky dragon. Because he was quite grown up he simply straightened his necktie and went on up the walk. She saw him presently and called.

"Hello," he said. "What a life! Do Stuart a big favor, will you?"

"What is it?"

"If the phone rings for me tell 'em I'm not here. They made me cultivation chairman and it's an awful job, I'll tell you. I suppose it's sort of sacred and all that, but it's an awful job, I'll tell you." He leaned over the sill of the open window and put a record on the phonograph. "Picking out men who will be a credit to the house—and so many to choose from"—he sat down beside her—"and having to be careful to get the right ones. You know I think a woman's intuition might come in handy sometimes. I wish you could look some of the boys over that I have in mind."

"I'd love to, Stuart."

He shook his head. "Let's forget it for tonight. I don't want to think any more about it, I can tell you."

Two beams of light cut the shadows at the corner of College and probed along the walks of High Street. They centered on the roadway and bore down toward the Knowles' lawn. There they hesitated and stopped at the curb.

"Never Mind. Stuart'll Fill In. Besides, They're Just Children, More or Less, and You Don't Want to be Bothered With Them"

"Oh, Let Me Put His Button On," Said Judith

"It's Mongoose," moaned Mr. Faulkner. "He's probably got some of them with him. I knew it. They can't leave a man alone."

"Let's have them in."

"Oh—all right."

Mr. Sloan was already coming up the walk, flanked to right and left by two youngish gentlemen.

"Hi, Judith!"

She snapped on the veranda light and went to the head of the steps.

"Hello."

"Mr. Arnsworth and Mr. James—Miss Knowles."

Mr. Faulkner rose from the swing and greeted the two candidates effusively.

"I hope you didn't mind, Stu," said Mr. Sloan, "but I had to speak to you for a moment about that other matter and I couldn't find you anywhere, so I thought I'd try here."

"Dance?" said Mr. Arnsworth to Miss Knowles.

"Why not?" she asked. Mr. James rewound the phonograph and reversed the expiring record. Halfway through he cut in on Mr. Arnsworth and finished the dance himself.

Mr. Faulkner put on a new record and took Miss Knowles unto his own arms for a turn.

"Those are two of them," he whispered. "How do you like them?"

"I think they're awfully nice boys."

Mr. Arnsworth cut in on Mr. Faulkner. Mr. Sloan lit a cigarette. Mr. Faulkner led Mr. James to the far end of the veranda.

"You certainly made a hit with her, Jamesy, old boy."

"Did I?" asked Mr. James in astonishment.

Mr. Faulkner nodded solemnly. "Have a good dinner with the boys up the street?"

"Yes," said Mr. James.

"They're a good crowd." He nudged Mr. James. "She's looking at you; go ahead and cut."

Mr. Arnsworth released Miss Knowles and came to sit by Mr. Faulkner. "She's hot," he whispered.

"Sure is," said Mr. Faulkner. "She's always awfully nice to our crowd." He flicked his cigarette into the bushes behind him. "How do you like us, Bill?"

"Fine."

"Well, I'll tell you something. We like you a lot and that's always a good start, isn't it? I'll tell you something about fraternities. They're all more or less alike, you know, but the big thing to ask yourself before pledging is whether the crowd gets along with itself and whether you can get along with it. That's always the test, isn't it?"

"I guess it is."

Mr. Faulkner laid the hand of fellowship on Mr. Arnsworth's shoulder. "Bill—we'd like to have you with us if you want to come. We never force a man. Some houses will. Maybe you've found that out. With us it's always the man—what he has inside of him."

"Stu"—Mr. Arnsworth gulped—"Stu"—he held out his hand—"that's pretty fine." They clasped hands mightily. "I'll pledge."

"I've never known a man I've given it to more gladly," said Mr. Faulkner as he put the little button in Mr. Arnsworth's lapel. "Judith!" he called. "Come here. I want you to meet a brand-new brother-to-be!"

Mr. Sloan bounced down the veranda, the hand of fellowship outstretched before him. Mr. Faulkner slid past him and took the arm of Mr. James.

"What about it, Jamesy, old boy? You and Bill are friends. The house likes both of you and we'd like to see you come to us together."

Mr. James stared in some puzzlement.

Bill Arnsworth beamed and nodded to him.

"Well ——" said Mr. James.

"Oh, let me put his button on," said Judith.

The sound of laughter, punctuated by hearty back slapping, resounded on the night air; then Mr. Sloan, an arm about each of the new postulants' shoulders, pushed them down the walk and into the car.

"The fellows up at the house will want to see them," he called. "We'll be back."

Mr. Faulkner and Miss Knowles looked at each other.

"I'm glad you liked them. It helped me a lot in my decision," he said.

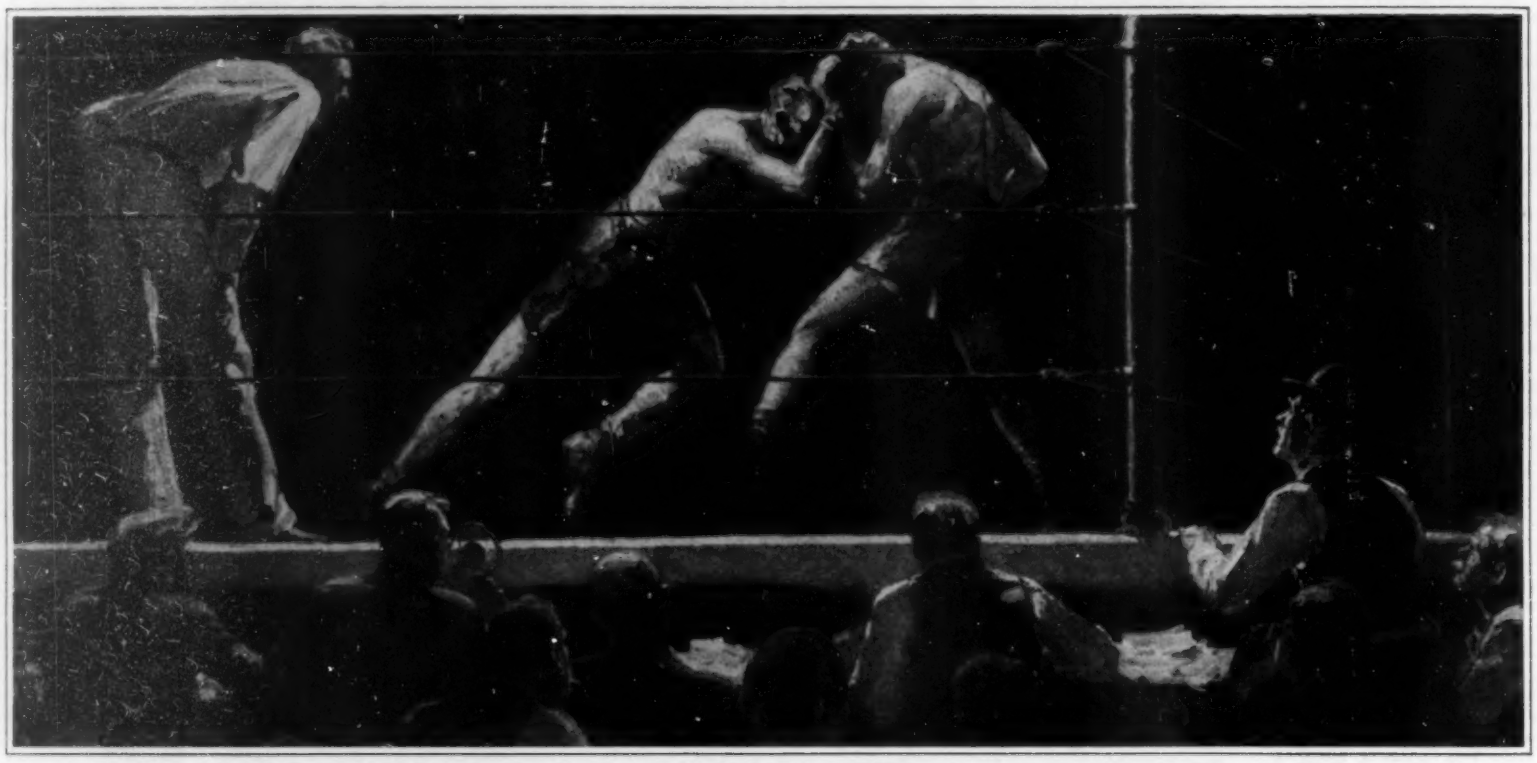
They sat down again in the swing. "Mongoose said he might bring young Frost down so you could tell us what you think about him."

"I'd like to."

Exactly twenty minutes to the second later, Mr. Sloan's car again slid into the curb, and Mr. Sloan again got out and came up the walk, flanked by two other youngish gentlemen—the Messrs. Frost, who would buy a car when he got settled, and Jordan, who had been a first-team man at Exeter.

(Continued on Page 178)

AIREDALE BLOOD



Meggs Rushed Again. They Came Together, Slugging. Take One to Give One, and Take Another to Give Another!

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"LOUSY little dumbster!" Dude McCool said bitterly.

Al Frazier lifted his bruised face and stared sullenly at his irate manager.

"Ain't I had enough happen to me tonight, without you puttin' me in the grease?" he asked.

"You asked for what you got," McCool said. "I told you not to throw any right hands at that bird."

"Yeh!" Frazier said mockingly. "You told me! Pretty soft to sit outside them ropes an' tell it."

"Feel that way?" McCool asked. He took a folded paper from the breast pocket of his coat, ripped it to bits and scattered the fragments on the floor. "That's the old contract, kid," he said. "That's what I think it's worth to me. Get some other sucker to waste his time teachin' you stuff you ain't got sense enough to learn. We're washed."

He took his cap from a hook, settled it carefully on his well-trimmed head, lit a cigarette, pinched out the match and walked deliberately from the dressing room, paying no slightest further attention to the beaten fighter he was leaving.

He shut the door and stood for a moment in the dim-lit, dingy basement, smoking thoughtfully. There was a strong flavor of liniment in the air. Overhead, the clamor and stamping of the fight crowd. Up there the top preliminary was being fought. McCool fingered his tie, arranged his shirt cuffs, and swaggered upstairs to watch the fight. In the ring two welterweights, one a battle-marked, bullet-headed blond known as the Swede; the other, Jack Meggs, a rangy, freckle-faced young fellow with a heavy head of dull red, slightly wavy hair.

As McCool watched they went into a furious mixup in the middle of the ring that wound up in a clinch. The referee parted them. Jack Meggs stepped back, hands hanging at his sides, feet wide apart, and laughed hilariously.

Even where McCool stood in the entrance to the dressing rooms far from the ring he could hear that laugh. The Swede looked at his opponent, puzzled.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"If you knew, you'd get a free laugh," Meggs said. "I charge for these. C'mon and fight, sucker! These people paid to see something."

"You think you're a smart feller," the Swede growled. "I'll give you something to laugh at."

He moved toward Meggs. The latter lifted his hands, ducked a left and clinched again.

"What was he laughing at?" one of the club attendants standing near McCool asked.

"Maybe I don't know," McCool said thoughtfully. "Then again, maybe I do."

He watched the rest of the fight closely. It was a draw. At the end of the next bout he descended once more to the dressing-room corridor, stopped before a door opened a crack, took his cigarette from his lips, flicked away the ash with the end of his little finger nail, and studied the glowing end intently, lips pursed, eyes calculating. After a little he shrugged and knocked on the door.

Jack Meggs, naked from the waist up, was just drawing on his trousers. There was a fresh piece of court plaster over one eyebrow. His lips were puffed.

"Who's handling you?" McCool asked.

"I'm solo here," Meggs said, slipping his arms into his shirt. "Frosty Casper was handlin' me for a while, but he went East three or four weeks ago with Rocky Lewis an' he turned me loose. I don't blame him!"

"Not going so good, huh?"

"Lousy!" Meggs said emphatically, tucking his shirt in around the belt line. "I've had plenty. I just took this thing tonight 'cause I hit town flat. It's a right enough racket for any boy who's got enough stuff to get up there where the sugar's plenty, but it's no good for a mug."

Dude McCool

"Why call yourself names?" McCool asked. "There's plenty'll do that for you."

"I'll do it for myself," Meggs said. "I'll call my own station an' get off when the train stops there. This is it! I'm no sucker. Nobody's ever goin' to get a laugh out o' me walkin' on my heels countin' the stars in a rainstorm."

"You don't like takin' it, huh?"

"I'll take plenty to get plenty," Meggs assured him. "Don't go wrong on the notion that I'm yellow. I'm not. I'm smart, see? I'm just a sore thumb inside them ropes, an' I know it. This pair o' left feet that stood me off tonight! He's thirty-five if he's a day, an' the boys knock him over just to see him roll. Even he draws with me! I know when I'm fed. . . . How'd your boy do?"

McCool drew a small manicure file from his vest pocket and began working deftly at his finger nails. "I gave him to the ashman," he said. "Dumb little tramp! After all I told him, he had to go in there with Wally Goggin and lead with his right!"

"That's murder," Meggs said. "Even I know that much."

"Suicide," McCool corrected him. "I tore up my contract and left it with him for a souvenir."

"Oh, yeh?"

McCool inspected his finger nails critically and slipped the file back into his breast pocket. Then he looked intently at Meggs.

"What were you laughing about up there in the ring tonight?" he asked.

Meggs grinned. "Notice that?" he asked.

McCool nodded. "What was the joke?"

"He got me," Meggs said. "In the belly. I couldn't even get my hands up. All he had to do was poke me with his thumb an' I'd 'a' fell dead. I laughed him out of it."

McCool smiled and nodded. "I figured you," he said. "That was a smart act, kid. You put it over."

Meggs shrugged. "Nothin' else to do," he explained. "My feet were glued. My hands were anchored. For a couple o' seconds I couldn't move any part o' me from my chin down. He stopped long enough to wonder what I was laughin' at, so's when he came on again I could grab him an' stall till the bell."

"I figured you," McCool repeated. "Look, Jack, I'm a smart sucker. I know my stuff. No foolin'! I took a little whirl at this fight racket myself, but I haven't got the hands nor the legs nor the lungs to go along. Get me? Another thing, I got a weakness. I like my liquor and my ladies and I won't train. See? But, boy! What do you weigh, Jack?"

"Hundred an' forty-seven this afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"A few pounds fat at that," McCool said. "You're a natural welter, kid. The weight won't bother you for many a year. You come with me, sucker, and I'll boost you up there where the fruit's ripe."

"Yeh?"

"You got plenty. You don't know what to do with it, that's all. Your left might as well be sawed off at the elbow the way you use it. You're a sucker for body stuff in close. Any wise Ike with a good straight left can stab you cross-eyed, and you don't know how to step around."

"Outside o' that I'm good, huh?"

"Outside o' that you are," McCool agreed. "In the first place, the bugs like to see you go. I don't know why. You're just one of those guys they're for, that's all. Win or lose, you get the hand. You're strong and fast, and you've got guts. You must have something better than bone under your hair or you wouldn't have been smart enough to kid the Swede out of it when he had you speared up there tonight. Will you take just one more whirl at this racket? String with me and do just what I tell you all the time, in the ring and out. Will you?"

Jack Meggs knotted his tie and put on his hat and coat. Then he turned to McCool and stuck out his hand.

"You've got a new tramp," he said.

McCool took the proffered hand and squeezed it hard.

"We'll keep the last three letters of that moniker in the act," he said. "We'll change the first two from t-r to c-h. How's that?"

Jack Meggs started working out in a local gym the following morning under McCool's tutelage. The first course on the training menu was shadow boxing. Meggs danced around for a little time, making passes at the air, while McCool sat on a chair by the wall, hat drawn down, smoking, watching his pupil through narrowed eyes.

"Why make it tough for yourself?" McCool asked suddenly.

Meggs stopped and looked at him puzzled.

"Loosen up," McCool counseled. "Relax. Nothing's going to bite you. Take it easy!"

Meggs continued for a little time as per instructions.

McCool spoke again. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I don't get you," Meggs declared.

"You're stepping around there shooting punches," McCool said. "And there's no sense to it. What's in front of you?"

"Oh," said Meggs. "I see."

"Do you?" said McCool. "Show me!"

Meggs started once more. Even an unpracticed eye could have detected a difference in his movements. He was definitely envisioning an active opponent in front of him, ducking and blocking imaginary punches, and hitting sharply at a mentally placed face and body.

McCool nodded. "At-a-boy," he said approvingly. "Look, now! Left all the time. Nothing but the left. Not that way! Don't let your hand drop. Bring it back with a snap. That's better. There you go stiffening all up again. You're as rigid as a poker. You catch one on the button when you're all tightened up like that, you'll wake up in the dressing room. Loose. Easy. That's better. Now left. Left all the time. Nothing but the left."

Four rounds of this.

"Now take a whirl at the light bag," McCool said. "The left. Nothing but the left."

Two rounds of punching the light bag with his left hand. Then three minutes of abdominal exercises while he lay flat on his back.

"That's it," McCool said, rising.

Meggs sprang to his feet. "Now what?" he asked eagerly.

"Get yourself a shower and get dressed," McCool said. "I'll see you over at Tommy Anderson's about six o'clock."

"Say!" said Meggs. "Why, I haven't hardly got up a sweat yet."

"No?" said McCool. "Don't let that set heavy on your mind. All I ever seen anybody get for sweating was a day's pay."

"You mean I'm through?" Meggs asked, incredulous.

"No," McCool said. "You ain't through. Look, Jack, when you open the door you use your right hand, don't you?"

Meggs nodded.

"That's just one of those things you used to do," McCool said. "You can keep yourself busy from now right on remembering to open doors with your left. When you stir your coffee hold your spoon in your left hand. Use your left hand for all the things you've been doing with your right. Get me?" Meggs nodded. "That's all," McCool said. "See you over at Anderson's."

The next morning McCool ordered five miles on the road. For the afternoon a repetition of the previous day's workout. For two weeks nothing but mornings on the road, and afternoons shadow boxing and bag punching. Always talk of the left, the left, nothing but the left. Then boxing. Jack's eyes brightened when he learned he was to slip on the gloves again and go against a flesh-and-blood antagonist. He looked at McCool, perplexed, when the latter handed him but one glove. It was a glove for the left hand.

"Going to have you shoot with one barrel for a while, Jack," McCool explained.

He produced a bit of cord and slipped a loop around Meggs' right wrist.

"I'll just tie this behind you so you won't go swinging it around for no good purpose," he said, grinning.

Jack looked at the boy with whom he was to spar and scowled. A rangy, battle-marked middleweight.

"What can I do in there with only one hand?" he grumbled.

"That's what I want to find out," McCool explained. "All right, boys. Step to it."

The veteran middleweight, one Gus Lindy, popped Jack almost at will throughout the first round.

"What do you expect me to do in there with just one hand?" Meggs asked McCool irritably, during the first minute intermission.

"Better than you did," McCool informed him.

Somewhat to his own surprise, Meggs found himself doing better the second round. He was moving faster and to better purpose, and slipping punches with a better judgment of time and distance.

"That's better," McCool said at the end of the round. "Not good, but better."

Three rounds of this irritating business of matching two hands with one. Three rounds of the same thing the next day against the same opponent. Two weeks of it in all. Meggs was beginning to hate Gus Lindy. He knew that his sparring partner was doing only what was asked of him. But the daily unequal struggle gave birth to a lusty, illogical grouch.

"When do I get a shot at this bozo with both hands?" he asked McCool irritably.

McCool considered. "Tomorrow," he said.

Meggs grinned. "Oh, boy!" he exclaimed, opening and closing the fingers of his long-fettered right. "That's going to be good."

"Help yourself," McCool said. "You've earned your fun."

When Meggs faced Gus Lindy the next afternoon, he wore a glove on each hand and a smile on his face.

"Look out for yourself, guy!" he said, grimly good-natured. "I've been catching just long enough to want to throw a few."

Gus grinned. "I'm here to shoot at. Let them come."

McCool called time. Meggs moved on Lindy, exuberant, grinning, fiddled a moment, bobbed in and back, rapped him three lightning lefts to the face, feinted with his long-unused right, and then crashed a short left hook to the ribs that brought a grunt from Lindy, and bent him in the middle, arms partially dropped. As his guard came down Meggs let go another vicious left hook, this one smacking flush on the button. Lindy's knees gave and he slumped forward. Meggs stepped in and grabbed him around the body and held him erect.

"All right, kid; easy does it," he said.

There was no answer. Lindy was a dead weight in his arms. Out cold.

McCool stepped in, laughing, and aided Meggs in holding Lindy up. After a few seconds the middleweight stirred, opened his eyes, and regained the feel of his legs. He swayed for a little, grinning foolishly.

"Sorry, Gus," Meggs said. "I've been taking it for so long, I was a little sore. I didn't mean to make it so strong."

Lindy's grin widened. He shook his head to clear it.

"I heard that one buzz," he declared.

McCool laughed and clapped Jack Meggs on the back.

"You been at me to untie your right, kid," he said triumphantly. "What for? I turn it loose and you smack Gus off with your left. Your left—nothing but your left! You didn't touch him with your right!"

Meggs looked curiously at his right hand. "That's a fact," he said, amazed. "What do you know about that?"

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The Girl, Described by Dude McCool as Some Little Tramp From a Musical Show, Was Marjorie Grant

TROUPERS ALL

By John E. Hazzard and Robert Gordon Anderson

With the Old Bread-Line Companies on the Road

A LADY, sweet-faced, gracious, but very serious, faced a boy across the restaurant table. The boy, gangling, with an Adam's apple like a turkey gobbler's, and even more serious, with the grave earnestness of youth, waited for her to speak.

"So you want to go on the stage! Well, what would you like to do—open a door as butler in New York or play a real part on the road?" Then, to try him out: "The road's pretty hard sometimes."

"I think," replied the boy, "I'd like that road part—get the worst over first."

Thirty years later the boy, not so gangling now and much bigger of girth, is sitting, one gray November afternoon, with seventeen troupers, most of whose names you know, and all, experienced though they are, still young in heart.

The whole building shakes. The dust flies in clouds. A thousand musty odors rise. Fifty chorus girls gallop through their steps. Across the hall a composer bangs out a tune. A prima donna sings. In the adjoining room a director arranges the chairs to indicate the position of the props in the scene; then calls: "Everybody on!" From every pigeonhole and nook of all the floors you can hear line or gag, vamp or step, the tramp, tramp, tramp and slither of flying feet. Now, on the top floor, fifty more chorus girls start in, and the whole place shakes like a ship at sea.

Fritzi Scheff

Always Something New in Hotels

IT IS a very old hole, once given over to balls and weddings. Through the door you can still see a banner marked: "Hail to the Bride!" The banner is covered with dust; many of the brides now are dust. Through this hall a thousand stars have sung or danced and laughed their way. There are a number here now, for, contrary to lay opinion, most rehearsals are held, not in the theater proper, except at "dress," but in some such old ark as this, or in a loft. Later we will go to a loft over Erlanger's, where the musicians are now, to fit some of the music in with the lines and action we are going through here—first act of the musical comedy I have written with a friend, Kenneth Webb, and in which I am to play.

PHOTOS. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans"

We are sitting—comics, heavies, tenors, character men, all different types; figures thin as rails or pouched like kangaroos, but all with faces heavily lined and marked from years of play of facial muscles—not on the chairs that indicate the scene, but others, very hard, against the wall, while others of the cast go through their lines. And all very happy and merry in this dingy hall, executing line and gag and piece of business, with such spirit—in fact, interpolating laughs that have nothing to do with the script—that you'd think this was their first experience and their surroundings the most glamorous in the world.

One of us, William Danforth, glorious barytone and well-known star, whistles under his breath, for fear of disturbing our director—eagle-eyed old Oscar Eagle—the old song we used to sing when we went on the road: "Where do we go from here?"

"Menominee, Eagle Hotel!" I yell in his ear.

It isn't true, of course, for no one goes there any more, now that the road is dead; and we are headed for Springfield and a tryout; then Boston and, God willing, Broadway. Still, Danforth starts, gives that famous bass chuckle of his.

"The hotels were always Eagles, weren't they, or Americans and Globes? And always 'New!'"

"The 'New' meant," I unnecessarily explained, "they'd put in a new glass front, brass rail or something."

"I thought," breaks in Blanche—Blanche Ring, who has just walked off an imaginary stage in an imaginary Elizabethan ruff and martingale; really in street costume—"I thought there was an Algonquin in Dayton and a Stratford, for instance, in Chicago."

"Now you're talking of dude hotels in dude cities," we remonstrate. "They were always Eagles or Americans or Globes in the tanks."

"You could cover a lot of ground, too, flying from Eagle to Eagle," Danforth went reminiscently on. "It took those old bread-line companies fifteen thousand miles to travel from New York to San Francisco." Then he added; rather sorrowfully, I thought: "Great old days, Jack and Blanche, my dear! But we'll never see 'em again."

He was right. What the movies have begun, the talkies will finish for the next decade or so, anyway, and perhaps forever. And the excessive costs of transportation and the large number of hands required by union rules are driving the nails in the coffin. The road now, except for an occasional George Tyler or Players production and perennial blooms like Abie's Irish Rose, means Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and possibly Pittsburgh. Springfield, Massachusetts, and Atlantic City sometimes still play the rôle of dog, but Denver and Peoria and Terre Haute do not exist, nor even that stronghold of culture, Indianapolis. Its leading citizen, the last time I saw him at the University Club, complained bitterly that the town scarcely ever saw a good play. And as for St. Louis—well, Wilton Lackaye, the famous Svengali, says: "St. Louis, City of Homes—except on a pass!" He suggests there that the fault lies with the people, but he means no offense; famous wits have to say those things or they wouldn't be wits. And what really is so is that in St. Louis, too, the theater is dead. Great motion-picture houses with rolling organs and imitation Urban sets, with elaborate surrounding bills, have supplanted the old theaters with their aprons, proscenium arches, twisting aisles, tiers of galleries and pink-and-white cherubs flying all over the asbestos. In place of The Old Homestead, Richelieu, The Merry Widow, you have The Seventeen Silversteins, The Gay Garterless Girlies and the inimitable—thank the Lord—Biff and Sock.

Clara Louise Kellogg

The Call of the Road

STILL, that's not so much the point in this article as what made those old troupers see such pleasant pictures rise out of the dust of those flying feet, when often those days were long and tough and hard enough, heaven knows.

But right there you have the difference between the trouper born and the sweet young thing scared by the old beauty, Drama, with her switch off and back teeth out, but still, to those who love her, a beauty. Define that difference and you will know just why a duck takes to his pond, a fish to the sea, the burglar to his safe, the steeplejack to his spire and Lindbergh to the air.

I know I can't explain it anyway, only give a few flashbacks to the road in its heyday, between the 90's and the Great War—of the real life, I mean; not the way they tell it in after-dinner talks.

I came into that life in an odd way, through old Maria's, the original, on Twelfth Street, New York City. Mark Twain used to go there, and Clara Louise Kellogg, the

famous opera star, and many celebrities. And it had a cast-iron stove in the center, Italian flags and King Humbert on the walls, little tables with coarse but clean linen, and a table-d'hôte costing forty—cents, not dollars.

For that forty cents you could get hors d'œuvres, including a herring that really knew Bismarck; *minestrone* soup, or bean with real beans in it; milk-fed chicken or lobster; more mileage in spaghetti than any tire can advertise; a bottle of red ink—a poor claret, but on which you could get actually cock-eyed, I'll tell the world—and Macio, the waiter count, who cursed his way around the room in the best Italian to the music of the *minestrone*. Also, you could smile at or talk to the lady at the next table without any offense, and she'd smile back, and you'd still be a lady and gentleman. When coffee was over, an impromptu toastmaster would be appointed and each guest who could would sing or recite or tell a story. In short, it was a real bit of Bohemia; not phony, like most of the places they inveigle you into today.

Now, I was only an office boy at Mayor Strong's old dry-goods house on Broadway, getting a dollar and a half; later promoted to eight as I improved in my dialect and read Dinkelspiel in the inner office to the junior partners, who called me "the actor manager." I had also made my first appearance, traveling way west to Cranford, New Jersey, to do my stuff at a Royal Arcanum meeting, for two-fifty the evening—again in cents. I had hired a dress suit, but the shirt and collar were mine. The studs I made from some of the mayor's brass paper fasteners. My partner did even better. He worked in an undertaking establishment and for studs used satin-covered coffin tacks. In this rig we also had our pictures taken, getting up at six and getting snapped at eight, so the suits would be back at nine and we wouldn't be charged an extra day.

A Little Boy Far From Home

BUT even office boys were welcome at old Maria's if they had something to contribute, and I now was sure I had. One night I had gone over to the old Star Theater on Thirteenth Street and Broadway to get tickets for Williams and Walker, and my gang had gone into the restaurant ahead of me and sat at the table with a chair turned back. You know how all eyes will unconsciously turn toward a chair turned back—well, the stage was all set for me; and I made the most of my entrance, romping in late, with some fresh remark, very loud, and it got from all in the room the laugh that was music to my ears. And when the last mile of spaghetti had been covered and the toastmaster appointed, he called on me. I gave an impersonation, an imitation of somebody's imitation of the Russell Brothers, and a lady sitting near us sent for me to come to her table.

Now, I had noticed her and figured that she was in some way connected with the stage. I was always doing that, though usually I guessed wrong—dead wrong—picking out, for instance, a man who sang in a reedy tenor as sour as the red ink, for a Metropolitan Opera star. He turned out to be named Rosenburg and was in the rag business.

However, this sweet, gracious lady turned out to be true, and I was sitting opposite her and hearing, as one seldom has the chance, my own lines spoken just as I had written them in my dreams: "Would you like to go on the stage?" She seemed pleased with my answer about getting the worst over first, and gave me a letter of introduction to Walter E. Perkins, a sort of road Corse Payton.

I was there on time; in fact, ahead of it.

"Anybody Mrs. Norris sends," he said, "must be all right. But can you do dialect?"

I could and did—so well, in short, with Louis Mann's telephone story, that the landlady knocked at the door.

"If that Dutch fool's annoyin' ye, Mr. Perkins, I'll have Mike t'row him out."

So that's how you get on the road and the stage, and that being settled—only it isn't, for there isn't any original Maria any more, so you can't get there—but anyway, I started out, way west of Cranford now, with a silver-handled umbrella which my mother gave me. I carted that all over the country until I got to the Rockies, where it rained twelve weeks. When I opened it, there was a sickening hiss—the silk had rotted. So I threw away the ribs and carried the handle.

May Irwin in Her Famous "Bully" Song

Our company was what they called a "bread-line company." In those days they measured salaries in yards. A man who got a hundred dollars got a "yard," a hundred and twenty-five, a "yard and a quarter." Ours were measured in feet and inches. The highest salary was thirty-five dollars, drawn by the character actor who also served as stage manager. The leading juvenile pulled down seventeen-fifty, and I, as Ludwig von Bismarck Schmidt, twenty.

During the year we saw only two one-week stands and one of three days in Salt Lake City. The rest of all those towns we played for a night, often seeing Main Street only in the dark. When I got to Seattle I found in the hotel lobby a dusty map that covered the entire wall. I was absolutely appalled when I studied it.

"Gosh," said I, "have I traveled that far? Am I that far from home?" And I felt a lump in my throat and was a little homesick.

Our routine was, like that of all the old bread-line companies, very regular in its irregularity. After the day's, or rather night's, work was done, we looked at the call—short for call board—to find on it something like this:

Man From Mexico Company
Next stop Keokuk
Company train leaves at 6:06,
arrives 12:11
Hotels: The New Eagle, New Globe,
New American

I can't remember whether that exactly fits Keokuk or not—so many of those towns are blanks in my memory; each stand just another night for us. But that's the way they ran, as Bill Danforth observed at rehearsal; mostly Eagles and Americans, with once in a while a house named after the town, and all of them New, though they'd been standing without a new coat of paint for ninety years.

Sometimes we'd get from the call, or from a stage hand whose wife would be apt to keep one, the name of a good rooming house. And occasionally, when luck would have us booked at a middle-sized town, runners from the hotel would board the train at a station up the line and tell us of the good meals and restful flops provided by their employers, without cracking a smile. These company trains, I remember, left at any old hour. The only requirement seemed to be that the sun should not be up. And the manager always cheated you by about fifteen minutes. That train he said left at 6:06 really left at 6:21. He sort of liked to have you there when the train left.

One Way to Rest

ALTOGETHER we were usually short on sleep, and would snatch all the rest we could on the trains. But we weren't often lucky in getting whole seats to ourselves. We had only a company of thirteen—wherefore perhaps the luck—and it takes forty tickets to secure a separate car. Sometimes we rode on the local, or accommodation, sometimes tourist, and too often in a caboose attached to a freight. A Pullman was something that went by.

My roommate found a way of getting that much-needed sleep. He would take a make-up towel, or one from the hotels, when they furnished any, and, taking off his shoe, wrap the towel around his foot. The flesh-tinted smears of make-up on the towel added a realistic touch; and this horrible-looking object he would stick on the seat opposite, then lean back on his own, closing his eyes with an expression of intense suffering. Sometimes there would be a whole aisleful of sympathetic people standing up.

On arrival at the new stand we first went to the theater to get our forwarded mail and usually to be greeted by this welcome on the wall: "We know our theater is rotten, but how is your show?" On sober second thought there was some sense to that.

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PHOTOG. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Wilton Lackaye as Claudius Nero

Maclyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman"

Mr. Massey and Modernism

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS on a warm afternoon of Mr. Massey's second season at Mary's Neck that he drove over from that interesting Atlantic resort to see me at my own summer place of residence, a few miles up the coast, and became communicative upon the subject of art. Art, it appeared, had broken out rather violently in his family, and the outbreak had culminated in an episode somewhat upsetting to the nerves of the younger of his two pretty daughters, Enid, aged nineteen. I saw that Mr. Massey had a strong inclination to tell me all about it, and I was glad to give him the floor and let him make his narrative a complete one. He spoke in his usual congenial Midland manner—he was from Logansville, Illinois—and it was evidently a relief to him to express himself completely and fearlessly to a fellow Midlander.

Of course the other three members of my family—that is to say, Mrs. Massey and Clarissa and myself—have always known that Enid was the intellectual one. Not that she did so much better than Clarissa in school or in the accomplishments the two were studying, like playing the piano and trying to speak French sometimes, and all that; but she read queerer books than Clarissa did, and bought puzzling-looking magazines and argued a good deal about literature and music and art, and usually got pretty snappy if we didn't agree with her.

It wasn't easy for me to agree with her, because how can you agree with a person if you don't know what she's talking about? But Mrs. Massey and Clarissa would usually seem to comprehend her maybe a little better than I did, so I was the one she most often got peckish with upon those subjects.

She began to get intellectual almost as soon as she quit playing with dolls, and the further along she got into her teens, the more intellectual she was and the less able to be understood by ordinary minds; but last summer there came quite a change. We'd never taken a cottage at a summer resort before, and meeting a whole set of new boys and being in gay and novel surroundings seemed to bring on quite a vacation for her, as it were. She just gave herself up to frivolity and dancing and outdoor sports, and often there'd be solid weeks pass without her having uttered a single intellectual word. It brightened me up a good deal.

This year, when we took the cottage again and came back to Mary's Neck, things had grown familiar to her, of course, and she knew the boys pretty well and, naturally, didn't find them so interesting any more. She said they bored her, especially Eddie Bullfinch, and that was hard on Eddie because she'd been pretty nice to him from time to time during the previous season and he hadn't expected her to alter toward him so completely. It was all the harder on him, I expect, because he's a little younger than she is and he'd evidently got the kind of feeling about her that a boy a little younger does get when he feels those things. In fact, I couldn't help having quite a little sympathy for Eddie Bullfinch, though it's true that my first experiences with him, a year earlier, hadn't caused him to appeal to me very strongly.

Eddie's one of those long, narrow boys that have grown too fast and can't manage their members; he never seems to move in unison, so to speak, and is likely to be destructive to objects of any fragility. But, before last season was over, it got to be quite interesting to me to see actually how much furniture and bric-a-brac he could break, and there was something in the way his light sandy hair was partly slicked back and partly sprung up that kind of fascinated me. I couldn't help taking a liking to him, and the last thing he broke, in September a year ago, just before we left Mary's Neck, gave me quite a qualm. It was a terrible old contraption that had once been a Dorio-grecco racing car, and when he accidentally shot it over the edge of a small cliff, with himself in it, I was honestly glad to hear that he'd only broken his collar bone.

I Was Pretty Thoroughly Embarrassed, and With My Free Hand I Got Out a Handkerchief and Mopped My Forehead; Then I Coughed a While, Trying to Think What to Do

This season Enid didn't seem to want him around at all, and it wasn't long before, one day when I was sitting on the piazza, I heard her parting with him forever in the living room. "I never want to see you again," she told him; "so go on home and don't come back. Any person without intelligence enough to understand Biljor, or who would talk about things of beauty the way you do, gives me a pain! I never want to see you again!"

"Listen!" I heard Eddie saying. "I may be a dumb-bell, but if I've got to read any more things like Biljor or else quit going around with you, I'm ready to quit! Why can't you act like a person?"

"Go home!" she told him. "Go straight home!"

He did it; he flopped out of the house, saying "Biljor!" over and over to himself, and, although he came around again next day and kept on coming just the same, it was easy to see that Enid and he weren't on pleasant terms and that Biljor was a good deal the cause of it. So I asked her what this Biljor was, and she told me it was a "great work," and it turned out to be a book, and I read it and was surprised to find that it had cost her three dollars and a half. I managed to read it clear through, because I wanted to see what she thought was great and because the plot of it was pretty surprising.

Biljor was the hero of it, or anyhow the one that talked the most; his business was raising hogs out in the country somewhere, and he had a daughter named Tilg and a son-in-law married to Tilg, named Crogg, and there was another girl on the farm, named Wussa, and they all worked a great deal around the hogs and seemed to spend most of their time in the pen. Biljor was in love with Wussa, and so was Crogg, and they had a terrible fight over her, and Biljor's daughter got jealous and pushed Wussa into a vat of boiling lard. It didn't kill her, but she suffered a good deal and seemed to like to talk about it and dwell on how disfigured she was; so Biljor and Crogg put Tilg in the vat and kept her down in it with pitchforks until there wasn't anything left. Then they had another fight over Wussa, and Biljor killed Crogg with the meat chopper, and Wussa told Biljor she had always loved him. But now that she was a good deal disfigured, Biljor couldn't seem to like her any more, so he put her in the vat and disposed of her the way he and Crogg had disposed of Tilg; and he put Crogg in there too. Then some neighbors came around there, and he sold them the vat and went on raising pork the same as before. Probably the author couldn't see his way, after that, to fix up a happy ending, so he had Biljor break his leg and fall inside the pen; so he couldn't feed the hogs any more, and as he was too sick to crawl out, they got hungry and ate him.

Some of the language was interesting. For instance, Biljor told Wussa, before she had her misfortune, that his heart was stretched over the stars, and she beat upon it, so he said, like a bone pounding the taut catskins stretched upon a tom-tom. And she told him something equally peculiar and interesting. "I am Starvation!" she said. "I am pangs and slavering! My slavering is like the hot yellow slime on the cobblestones of a Chinese slum!"

Well, of course I knew Enid was advanced in her ideas, and I was afraid she'd get impatient with me if I asked her why she'd paid three dollars and a half for Biljor; so I tried to be tactful and only inquired what pleasure she'd got out of it, because I was just as ordinary-minded about it as Eddie Bullfinch had been.

"Pleasure?" she said. "One doesn't read great poetry for mere pleasure."

This surprised me, mainly because I hadn't caught any idea of its being poetry at all, and I told her I hadn't.

"Certainly it's poetry," she said. "You don't think that mere jingle or rime makes a thing poetry, do you? That's as absurd as thinking one reads for the sake of

pleasure. Biljor is brutal beauty. It's a welling of damnation and the forbidden out of the soil. It's abysmal reality. It's an engulfment of the human in the psychical demonism of the soil, expressed in masculine verse." Enid talks this way when she gets roused on literature or art, and I think I'm quoting her pretty correctly. "It's stark elemental actualism," she said.

"I don't understand you exactly," I told her. "If I get you anywhere at all near right, you mean that there are real people quite a lot like these people in Biljor, and such things happen as are supposed to happen in this book?"

"Certainly," she said. "Biljor is the drama of the souls of people in close contact with the soil—of primitive, elemental people who sweat and labor close to the soil."

"My goodness!" I said. "I've known a good many farm hands and suchlike; I never dreamed they were like that. For instance," I went on, "look yonder." We were sitting on the piazza, and Zebias Flick was grubbing around over the lawn on his hands and knees; he had an old case knife and he was rooting up weeds and dandelions out of the grass. Zebias Flick is the hired man that goes with our cottage when you rent it, and he usually seems to have been in fairly close contact with the soil, if you judge by looking at him. He certainly was in close contact with it when I pointed him out to Enid, and he filled her other conditions, too, because he was laboring and perspiring quite a little. "Do you suppose," I asked Enid—"do you suppose Zebias Flick ever told anybody that his heart was stretched over the stars like taut catskins over a tom-tom?"

She began to look sensitive. "He might have," she told me. "You don't pretend to know what he might say if he were alone with a woman he had a passion for, do you?"

"Well, let's ask him," I said, and I called to him. He heard me, of course; but at first the only sign he gave was to stop working and look at the ground for a while; then he hunted around, still on his hands and knees, till he found a blade of grass that was longer than the one he already had in his mouth. He put the longer one in his mouth and took the shorter one out, got up pretty slowly, scratched his head and the back of his overalls; then he walked over toward us, stopped about ten feet away from the piazza and chewed his piece of grass a while.

"Breeze droppin'," he said. "She's shiftin' to sou'west."

"Zebias," I asked him, "did you ever tell any woman you had a passion for that your heart was stretched across the stars like the taut catskins of a tom-tom, and that she was beating on it like a bone?"

He wasn't looking at us; he was staring out at the Atlantic Ocean, but the grass he was chewing stopped wagging out through his scattered mustache for a minute; then it began to move again. "Mebbe she's shifted a mite west o' sou'west," he said.

Enid got up, and it wasn't hard to see she was pretty cross with me. "I wonder how long," she said over her shoulder as she went into the house—"I wonder how long I've got to live among sparkless, literal-minded people?"

II

OF COURSE she felt a good deal of intellectual loneliness sometimes; anyhow she told her mother she did, and her mother told me. Enid couldn't just abandon herself to water sports, dancing, golf and tennis and frolicking around with the young people the way Clarissa did. But it wasn't long after that when she heard there was an art colony—that's the way it was spoken of—over at Mount Jasper, which was a little summer settlement about fifteen miles back in the country, and she began driving over there almost every afternoon in the runabout I'd given her on her nineteenth birthday. The Jasperites cheered her right up. She got lively again and enthusiastic; they were a part of the newest movements in literature, art and music, she said. "Modernistic" was her word for them, and before long she had one of them over to dinner with us; and it was a little unfortunate that Eddie Bullfinch hung around so long about dinnertime that evening that he had to be asked in to the table too.

The young man from the Jasper art colony was named Carlos Prang, but he wasn't a foreigner; he was from Springfield, Ohio, I found by asking, though he'd lived for the last two or three years in New York. He wasn't bad-looking and he wasn't eccentric-looking, either, and he was dressed like anybody else; he didn't even wear horn-rimmed spectacles, and the only thing noticeable about him—except that he was pretty sallow and had what you might call burning eyes—was that he began smoking cigarettes with his soup. Of course to me his conversation seemed peculiar; but it wasn't any more so than Enid's, and after all, I don't know that the word "peculiar" is exactly the best way to express it. I mean it was mainly about people with names I'd never heard, and I couldn't make out very well what the two of 'em were saying about these people:

For instance, Enid began talking about somebody named Raffini. "Do you feel with Raffini?" she asked this young Carlos Prang.

"Beyond anything," he told her. "Raffini is inevitable. You feel inevitableness with him. It's elemental inevitableness."

"Yes," Enid agreed, "it's stark. And don't you feel groping, too, with Raffini?"

"Immensely," Mr. Prang said. "I put that into my own composition—the one I showed you at the studio, called Subsoil. Didn't you feel it expressed something of that?"

"Immensely," she told him. "I think there's more of that in it than in anything else you've done. It has more Raffini than Raffini himself."

Mrs. Massey was anxious to be polite to Enid's new friend. "Are you a painter, Mr. Prang?" she asked him.

"Well," he said, "I feel for things in color sometimes. At least, I feel for them."

I was going to ask what he felt for them, but Enid was probably afraid I'd say something out of the way, because she spoke up quickly and didn't give me a chance. "He's not only a painter," she explained to us, "he's one of the very most important modernistic sculptors. He composes music and writes the most searching things in a new type of prose that he's invented himself. Everybody in the colony is tremendously proud of Mr. Prang."

It was then that Eddie Bullfinch began to make things uncomfortable. "Well, isn't that nice!" he said. "My goodness! Isn't that nice!"

He didn't say it in a way that would let anybody come right out and accuse him of intending to be disagreeable, and yet we all knew perfectly well that he had some such intention, and Mrs. Massey tried to keep him from being too jarring.

"Indeed it's wonderful!" she said. "I think it's perfectly wonderful that anyone of Mr. Prang's age could be a painter and musician and sculptor and poet all at the same time."

"Wonderful!" Eddie said. "I should say it is wonderful! If he paints pictures and carves sculptuary and writes

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He Lifted His Hands Pretty High and Brought Them Down Again With Another Dumfounding Crash; Then He Put Them Up Again and Crashed Again and Kept on Crashing for a While

FALL GUYS—By DICK GRACE

Dick Grace About to Take Off on a Neck-Breaking Errand

THE death of Curwood seemed to start things all over in a bad way. B. H. Delay lost his wings at twenty-five hundred and crashed into the ground. Following this, Hoff took off, flew over Venice, California, and suddenly went into a dive. We all thought that his stick came loose, leaving him without controls. Whatever the cause, he never came out but plunged right through the heavy planking of the pier.

During this period I was exceptionally busy. I had to do a drop from one airplane to another for Larry Semon. Not an easy change hanging by your knees from an unstable rope ladder and waiting until the other plane gets below. In the first place, I don't believe that anybody's judgment is good when he is hanging head down, because the head throbs with blood and the eyes bulge. Then, too, it is impossible to wear goggles or helmet, and so the eyes are doubly subjected to punishment. The hair is whipped and beaten until you can't even comb it for days after. Even your clothing suffers. During one picture eleven shirts were torn from my back in making wing tricks.

In another picture I was supposed to be dreaming, and during the course of the nightmare I was to believe that I was walking the wings of a ship. In order to get the effect I had actually to walk wings in a pair of pajamas. So I dressed in my one and only pair of silk pajamas and we took off.

At the proper altitude Arthur Goebel, who was flying me, gave the sign that it was all right to climb out. I looked over at the other ship. It was in position; so, in my bare feet, I clambered out to the last strut and then scaled the wires to the top wing.

Ready for the Morning Tub

AND here my troubles began. First a button tore from the shirt of the pajamas. That let in so much air that I had to fold my arms to keep the thing from blowing completely off; then one of the legs split. I reached down to try to cover up the bare leg and the shirt blew in two, right down the back. Well, I want to tell you that it took less than two minutes for the wind completely to undress me, directly above a city of a million people without a stitch of clothing.

Following this, Maurice Murphy, who looped an airplane all the way from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and myself put on a fight on the wing of an airplane. Not difficult, but in order to make it effective and thrilling, it was necessary for us to resort to falls and positions which the slightest error in judgment might prove more than a mere farce fight.

On the same day in which we finished this fight I was engaged by another studio to do a fall from a twenty-five-foot parallel to the ground. It was not a jump, just a running dive, landing on my chest and hands twenty-five feet below. Now, twenty-five feet does not seem like much of a fall, but when the full force has to be taken by the lungs, ribs and the hands, it becomes quite a feat.

I knew that none of those watching realized how hard I had worked that day. I had none of the vitality which is the safeguard of a stunt man. It was all I could do to force a smile. Cameras were set up on the parallel and on the ground. They were going to shoot it from both angles.

The director climbed up to the stand and casually sat in his chair. Without a word to me he turned to the cameraman and gave him the word to grind.

Then he bellowed through his megaphone: "All right! Get set! Jump!"

I did. Clearing the railing, I flattened out, being sure that my feet were quite some distance higher than my chest, and hit with a thud that almost knocked the wind out of me. I knew that it was done right. There should have been no retake. Therefore I was much surprised to be required to do it again.

Each time I did it the stunt became harder. I was becoming dizzy. Five times I had done it now. And I wondered just why the director and the staff laughed each time I hurtled myself over the railing to the ground below.

At that I had no kick coming. I was to get thirty-five dollars a fall, and a retake was the same price as the first jump. But there is a limit to all things. At the end of the sixth jump I was so sore that I could not get up immediately. My ribs and chest were aching terrifically, yet I did not hear the welcoming "O. K."

While I lay there Bob Rose came over to me and whispered: "Dick, don't do it any more! They're just amusing themselves. Better stop before you get internal injuries."

In one stunt which I did for a big company I was engaged deliberately to crash an airplane. I had a verbal contract with the highest men in the studio—the price was to be five hundred. And this price was just about half what I figured the thing was worth.

I did the crash to their satisfaction and when I went to collect my check it was for three hundred dollars.

Once before I had been engaged to do a stunt and had not been paid my full price. Natural indignation made me demand my rights. Eventually I got them, but I did not work on that lot again for six months.

Not all producers are like this. The usual big producer not only lives up to his word but if you are hurt he gives you a bonus. Perhaps no company in motion pictures is more generously inclined in this way than Famous Players Lasky. When I was severely injured in making one of their pictures they voluntarily put me on half salary for six months.

Not many are so fortunate. It has been my fortune to make more money for my stunts, and to receive better treatment than the usual stunt man. Still it cannot change the attitude which eventually eats into your heart. My body is still in perfect physical shape, but my ambition to get any place in pictures is gone. "Once a stunt man always a stunt man." I heard it from the beginning, and scoffed at the idea. Surely, one who was good in his own professional line had a chance to rise in any branch of the profession. But they were right. It is because they don't believe in him. If he had brains he wouldn't be doing it. If he stays with it long enough he'll become cracked. And when he breaks he'll kill himself by accident or by design.

Then why do it? Why not give it up? Questions by hundreds pour in in letters, are asked by our friends and even our enemies.

Most of us are in it for the money, one way or another. Circumstances force us there and the rut is too deep to jump out of. We forget how to do anything else. With me it is partially the love of the game that keeps me with it. I don't want to leave it.

Paul Malvern slipped at the top of a mast and fell almost a hundred feet into the water, alighting flat on his side. It was a terrific blow—knocked him unconscious—yet he laughed when he came to.

Down But Never Out

GENE PERKINS was doubling in one of William Desmond's serials at the Universal. He was on top of a corrugated iron roof, the eave of which was about forty feet from the ground. Gene was to roll down the roof and then fall the forty feet to a mattress embedded under the surface of the ground. As he made the last roll his coat caught momentarily in the eaves, just enough to keep him from hitting the mattress. And he fell the forty feet to solid earth, hitting squarely on his head. Everybody thought that he was killed. He was loaded into the nearest car and rushed to a hospital. When about halfway there he regained consciousness and his first words were: "Give me a cigarette." Someone handed him one and he sat up.

"Where do you think you're taking me?" he asked.

"To the hospital, of course. You're hurt," answered the assistant director.

"Just because I missed? Here, let's go back and do it right." And he did.

For this kind of work Gene was drawing about seventy-five dollars a week, though I think toward the last of his contract his salary was raised. And Gene was an all-round man. He did exceedingly high fire and net dives, changed from airplane to airplane—anything required of a good stunt man. Perkins and Malvern are not much different from Duke Green, Dick Curwood, Perry, myself, or any of the others.

The majority of stunt men never rise to above one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and they have to be plenty lucky to get that. Such a salary is not paid the best of them for a long time. Bob Rose got a hundred and forty dollars a week with Ruth Roland serials for the last two this star made, and earned every cent.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Aerial Combat Over a Counterfeit French Village in "Lilac Time"

Wesley May, one of the most daring of parachute jumpers and aerial gymnasts, successfully climbed out on the motor of Earl Dougherty's ship and actually whirled the propeller after it had stopped in the air. It was one of the finest exhibitions of technic ever to be photographed.

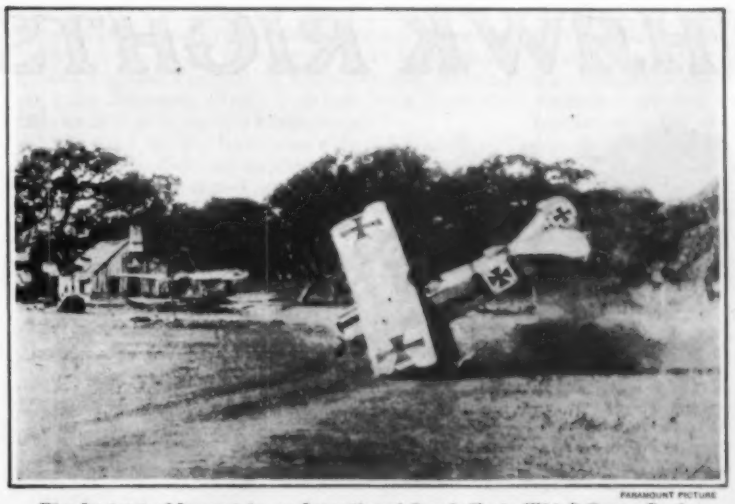
Yet Wes went up to make a parachute jump near San Francisco some time later and the unusual happened to him. He made the leap with the same precision that he always exhibited, but he landed in the top of a tree in a graveyard and fell onto a tombstone, which killed him.

Shorty Osborne had done every kind of parachute jump imaginable, even to making several attempts at breaking the record of falling before pulling the ring. In looking for newer and greater thrills he pondered on the Palisades at Santa Monica. These cliffs border the Pacific Ocean and rise perpendicularly some three hundred feet. At their base is a bed of hard sand and granite, at the top a comparatively level stretch of parkway, fringed at intervals with palm trees.

Here was a new one. Why wouldn't it be possible to make a parachute jump from this spot? A smooth runway could be built, even planked, to the very edge of the cliff. Then he would strap on a back pack and mount a powerful motorcycle. With sufficient run, the 'chute ought to open, especially if he pulled the ring a few feet before he reached the cliff's edge. He took in every little detail: The proper amount of space required for the run, an actual measurement of the Palisades at their highest point, and his probable landing spot.

The thing was all set. Cameras were set below, in position to catch the motorcycle and its rider from the time it left the cliff.

At a thrust of his foot the machine bellowed. With a push he was on his way, gaining terrific speed in the short spurt, and when but a few feet from the edge of the cliff he took the necessary position to make an immediate getaway. The pack opened and out floated the long white 'chute. He left the cliff. The parachute trailed. It fluttered in the wind. It did not open. The man did not leave the motorcycle. All three landed on wires and broke them, then hit the ground. The man got the worst of it. But he still lives, though he lost some two inches in height because of the necessary overlapping of the bones where the legs were fractured.



PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The Instant of Impact in an Intentional Crack-Up in Which Grace Broke His Neck and Fractured Three Ribs

PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Plane and Infantry Liaison as Represented in "Wings"

Too Many Parachutes

AFTER Shorty had his narrow escape an Indian chief declared that he could hang by his hair. It sounded unbelievable, but the necessary equipment was arranged, with Art Goebel as pilot, and the chief's hair was tied to a rope.

The Indian did just what he said he would do! At an elevation of fifteen hundred feet he crawled to his position and slowly let himself hang by the roots of his hair. Then he swung his arms free, while his body dangled in space.

This was not enough for the red man; he wanted to try parachutes—not one, but ten. His idea was to fasten them all to him and then jump. After the first parachute opened he would cut loose and open another. So on until he had freed himself from nine and opened the tenth.

He was flown to the desired altitude and he jumped. Successfully he cut loose from three, but forgot to look at the ground often enough, and on the fourth, which had not time to open, he hit and lay very still.

The telephone rang. It was Billie Wellman at Paramount. He had been a war flyer, then an assistant director to Bernard Durning at Fox. Durning had died in New York of pneumonia contracted while taking East the completed film of The Eleventh Hour. Wellman became director.

"They have given me a big air special to do," Wellman told me. "We are thinking of calling it Wings. I hope it will be more or less of a history of the war from the air. If it's to be what I want, I must have a number of intentional crack-ups. You are to supply the crashes, and they won't be easy.

"I'm not trying to scare you. You know as well as I the danger of cracking up an old Spad. That's to be the first one. And it's got to be a dead-stick landing in no man's land—and I mean no man's land! You'll have to come down in the shell holes, barbed wire and all. Moreover, you've got to come down where the cameras want you to hit. I want the ship to end up on its back not more than fifty feet from the nearest camera.

"You know what you're up against in that one, and if you think you have done any other stunt to equal it, it would ease my mind to hear it. But that is just a beginning; we have three and possibly four similar hazards. The second is to crash a Gotha bomber into a building—although under what circumstances we have not yet decided—and the third will be to crash a D 7 Fokker, with a four-hundred-horse Liberty, into the ground shortly after it takes to the air. Perhaps you realize the speed necessary to put one of these German scout ships in the dust under such circumstances."

I did. The job was the toughest one in my career.

"And the fourth stunt you are not yet decided about?" I asked.

"That will come later, but these three are the important ones. Now, Dick, I've given you something to think about. When you've considered every angle and every risk, come back and give me your answer. There is no rush; all I want you to do is to give me a yes or a no, and if it's no I won't blame you."

One Condition in the Contract

"I WOULDN'T blame myself either," I said; "but if I decide to take them, can I arrange the order in which I do them?"

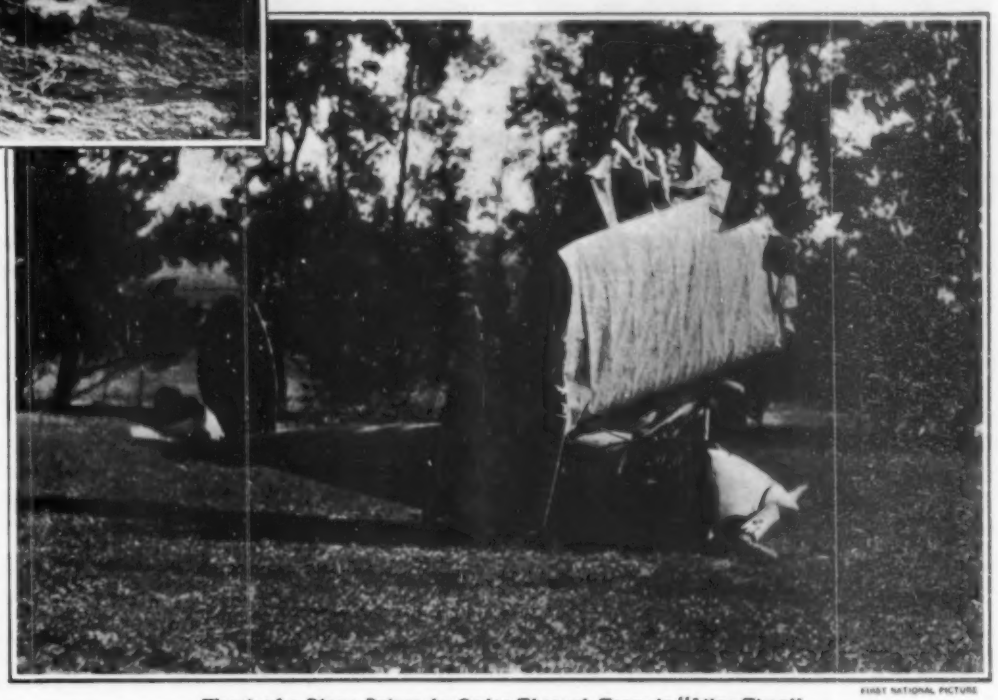
"Certainly. But why?"

"I'd like to fix it so that the easiest comes first, leaving the most difficult to the very last."

"Arrange them to suit yourself; we will fix the shooting schedule to conform more or less to your wants."

When home I tried to figure just what the chances of escaping were. I got the technical data on each one of the ships, so there would be no miscalculation. I even went into the construction of them all and planned how to brace the Spad, which had a wooden fuselage, and where to weaken the Fokker, which was constructed of steel tubing.

(Continued on Page 165)



FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

Wreck of a Plane Driven by Order Through Trees in "Lilac Time"

TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"If You are Not Subject to Obeying a Military Command, Buckner, You Certainly are Not in a Position to Give One," He Announced Stiffly

VI

AFTER the second night of travel, as they were now close to the frontier of Western Virginia, they held on at dawn instead of stopping. The Shawnees were to turn back within an hour. Tecumseh held his place in the lead. Suddenly he imitated the chattering bark of the red squirrel—the signal agreed upon for daylight warning. They peered ahead and saw him ensconced behind a mighty oak. He signaled that there were white men concealed in the timber a musket shot ahead of him. The others moved up to him. Peering beyond Tecumseh, they could see some little movement a hundred and fifty yards ahead in the forest—a protruding head, an arm or two and the barrels of several muskets.

"As I live, an ambush!" Gilpin said. "They're larning, even though it wouldn't deceive the eyes of a redskin like Tecumseh. But despite the officers with European ideas of warfare, our militshy has larned to take cover; which makes them more than a match for any soldiers that march through the forest in close order and fire breast-high at nothing."

Buckner stepped from cover and lifted his hand in the peace signal, but before he could raise his voice to announce his identity a score of men rose with a wild cheer and charged headlong. Gilpin and the two Hernes showed themselves with him, the right hand of each elevated.

"They think us British woodsmen with a few savages," Buckner said, and lifted his voice again. The foremost of the charging men faltered somewhat when within fifty yards, and one of them caught Buckner's words and repeated them.

"Buckner's Rangers!" he shouted.

The men slowed to a trot and came up to them.

"Mistook you for savages," said one, looking past Buckner. The latter, noting the direction of his gaze, glanced over his shoulder, to see Standing Bear and Gray Wolf standing a few yards in his rear. For the moment he had forgotten them.

"Go, my brothers," he said in Shawnee. "And may all be well with you till we meet again."

"They are savages, and Buckner himself is telling them to go free!" shouted a man who understood the Shawnee tongue. "They're Shawnees!"

There was a mutter of anger among the men and they surged forward. At that juncture one of them saw Tecumseh standing unconcernedly beside the oak. With an oath, the man made a rush for the lad, as if to strike him down with the barrel of his musket. Fiercely Buckner sprang into his path and thrust the man back so forcibly that he tripped and fell upon his back. Recovering himself, the fellow rose, cursing. Several others pressed forward.

"Stand back!" Buckner ordered in tones of ice. "Am I not well enough known so that you need not set upon those who are with me?"

He threw his piece forward and brought it to the cock. Gilpin and the two Hernes ranged themselves near by, their pieces at the ready, their tomahawks loosened and ready to hand.

"Those of you who are so bloodthirsty for scalps must earn the right to take mine before you touch those Shawnees," Buckner said. "Our lives have been in their hands for days, yet they have brought us through safe. Think you that I'll let you take their scalps without first losing mine?"

The two Hernes murmured assent, and Gilpin spat casually and remarked: "Yes, it's that way with us. Have your say."

There was not a coward in the lot of those who faced them. Those with the least cowardly strain did not venture into Indian country as volunteers. They might lose their lives from lack of experience in the strategy of savage warfare, but they would at least lose them bravely. It was not fear that kept them back, but the certain knowledge that before they could take the lives of the Shawnees they must sacrifice four men whose names were known the length of the frontier as a boon to all settlers and a scourge to marauding parties of savages.

"Well, whyn't you say that at fust?" one demanded surlily. "We-all don't [illegible] to jump friends of yourn—yaller hides or not."

There was a murmur of assent from the crowd. A smaller detachment that had not joined in the charge was now moving forward.

"Then turn back toward the Ohio," Buckner said. "Every second you stand here your hair is drawing a fraction farther away from your skull. Our lives are not worth a plugged shilling. Soon as we bid our Shawnee friends good-by we will join you and make tracks out of here."

"One of the Shawnees is a girl—and a blue-eyed girl at that! White, I'll stake my soul!" one of the men cried excitedly as White Fawn ranged herself with the Shawnees in the rear.

The half dozen men had joined the others, and one strode forward importantly. Buckner found himself confronted by Major Donner.

"If you are not subject to obeying a military command, Buckner, you certainly are not in a position to give one," he announced stiffly. "Yet I heard you order my men to return to the Ohio. I will give my own orders. Also, I will take charge of your prisoners."

"They are not prisoners. One is a captive white girl that we are bringing back. These Shawnees helped us through when our lives were in their hands. They are now free to go."

"That is your affair," Donner said harshly. "But I must ask you not to interfere with my affairs by talking to my men."

Buckner whirled and returned to the Shawnees. The lofty dignity of the savages forbade that there should be any trace of haste in their departure. Gray Wolf advanced haughtily toward the soldiers to bid his brothers farewell.

"It's the Herne boys' own blood brother that they just found among the Shawnees through Buckner!" said the man who understood the Shawnee tongue. "He's returning to the savages."

Gilpin meanwhile conversed with Major Donner, then came back to Buckner.

"Did you hear Donner's answer when I inquired what he was doing this side the Ohio with twenty-five men? Says he came over on a scout to find out what was afoot! How he's been saved from discovering what was afoot, with a war party on every trail to the south, will always remain one of the great unsolved mysteries. Here we've been trying our best to dodge savages, at which game we're experts, and yet have run foul of the varmints by the hundred. And here these milishy has been blundering round in search of savages, with the hull forest a-swarm with them, and by the mercy of Providence they didn't run foul of one. Well, miracles do happen, and nothing can convince me different. But nevertheless, it's against all rules of Nature that they are still alive and wearing their hair."

The three Shawnees stalked slowly away, not deigning to glance once behind them. White Fawn, feeling suddenly strange and half afraid of these Long-knives, showed it only by keeping close to Buckner. As a tiny white captive among the Shawnees, she had dogged his every step. Now, as a Shawnee maiden among the whites, she duplicated the performance. The similarity came suddenly to his mind, and he smiled down reassuringly into her eyes. She was content with that. Always her thoughts had been with him, even in his absence. And always even when he had been with her, his busy thoughts had seemed elsewhere. She was close by his side as he returned to Major Donner, with whom Gilpin and Tom Herne were reasoning.

"Better turn back while there's time, major," Herne counseled. "The whole country set its feet on the warpath two nights back."

"I thought the tribes were relatively quiet now," Donner argued.

"So they was, but a big party of settlers under Colonel Williamson crossed the Ohio and murdered a swarm of Delaware women and children on the Muskingum. Now every trail to the south echoes with the tread of war parties headed for Kentucky. There's not a brave in any of the nations who hasn't painted for war before now, including the Lake Delawares. You'd best head back across the Ohio swift as your legs will pack you thar."

"Perhaps I am the best judge of that," Donner said with his usual stiff-necked obstinacy. "I think I shall press on a bit and see for myself just what the conditions are."

"You press on?" Gilpin murmured incredulously. "Are you, then, weary of seeing the moon rise over the Ohio of nights and of hearing the birds sing of a morning?"

Buckner, without further words, had headed for the east with the two Hernes and White Fawn. The swiftness of their gait was convincing proof of the urgency of the situation.

"Well, we've told you what to expect, major," Gilpin said. "Do as your judgment dictates." And he swung into a trail trot to overtake his vanishing companions.

"Sergeant, lead the way with six men. We will push on to the west for a few miles," Major Donner said.

"Them four knows Injun signs that other men can't read, same as a houn' dawg can foller a trail that a man can't smell," declared the big settler thus addressed. "If it's so bad that they'll hot-foot it out of here at the gait they took, then me, for one, is anxious to be right at their heels."

He suited his action to his words and headed forthwith toward the point where the woodsmen and White Fawn had disappeared in the forest. The other men followed him, disregarding the commands of the major, who, red-faced with wrath, was forced to follow them. Such wholesale insubordination on the part of men under unpopular officers was the rule rather than the exception among the volunteer forces of the frontier.

Buckner went with White Fawn to the little settlement of Crenshaw Bottom, where the remaining relatives of Patricia Lander, recently White Fawn of the Shawnee nation, resided. Crenshaw Bottom was too far removed from present frontiers to be subjected to savage invasion and its inhabitants had prospered moderately. This was Buckner's first acquaintance with people of this type. Those who had always known what it was to live in affluence, such as the landed Virginians of his uncle's class, were the souls of generous hospitality. The hardy settlers of the frontier, devoid of all save the bare necessities of life, and frequently devoid even of those, were open-handed to the point of improvidence. No stranger but was welcome to share the last cupful of meal and the last pound of meat. And with the savages among whom he had lived, generosity was a religion before they became contaminated with the acquisitive faculties of the whites. All those he had known. He now met a class of moderately well-to-do landowners, sufficiently removed from poverty and hardship so as to fear generosity, lest the vice of giving would guide them back to that state, sufficiently short of affluence so that a sense of security and its attendant virtue of generosity were beyond their ken.

Those of the Bottom—all of the same religious sect—had tended to become narrower and more intolerant from isolation. Shrewd and grasping, they viewed with suspicion all who would so much as ask a meal of them without offering twice its worth. Consciously and offensively righteous, they lived by harsh, dogmatic formulas laid down for every act of life. Adamant in their confidence that their own colloquialisms were the oral mainsprings of all religious and civic virtue, any person from outside their little world who differed from them by as much as manner of speech was viewed as a probable disciple of the devil.

White Fawn was to be taken into the family of her father's brother. None of the family seemed glad at her restoration to them from the heathen. Rather, their attitude was one of pious resignation at thus shouldering an added burden.

"Well," said the aunt, "it's to be hoped that she held steadfast to godly ways."

Her tone indicated that she doubted greatly that such could be the case. Lander, the uncle, had simply taken over his brother's land and possessions at the time that the

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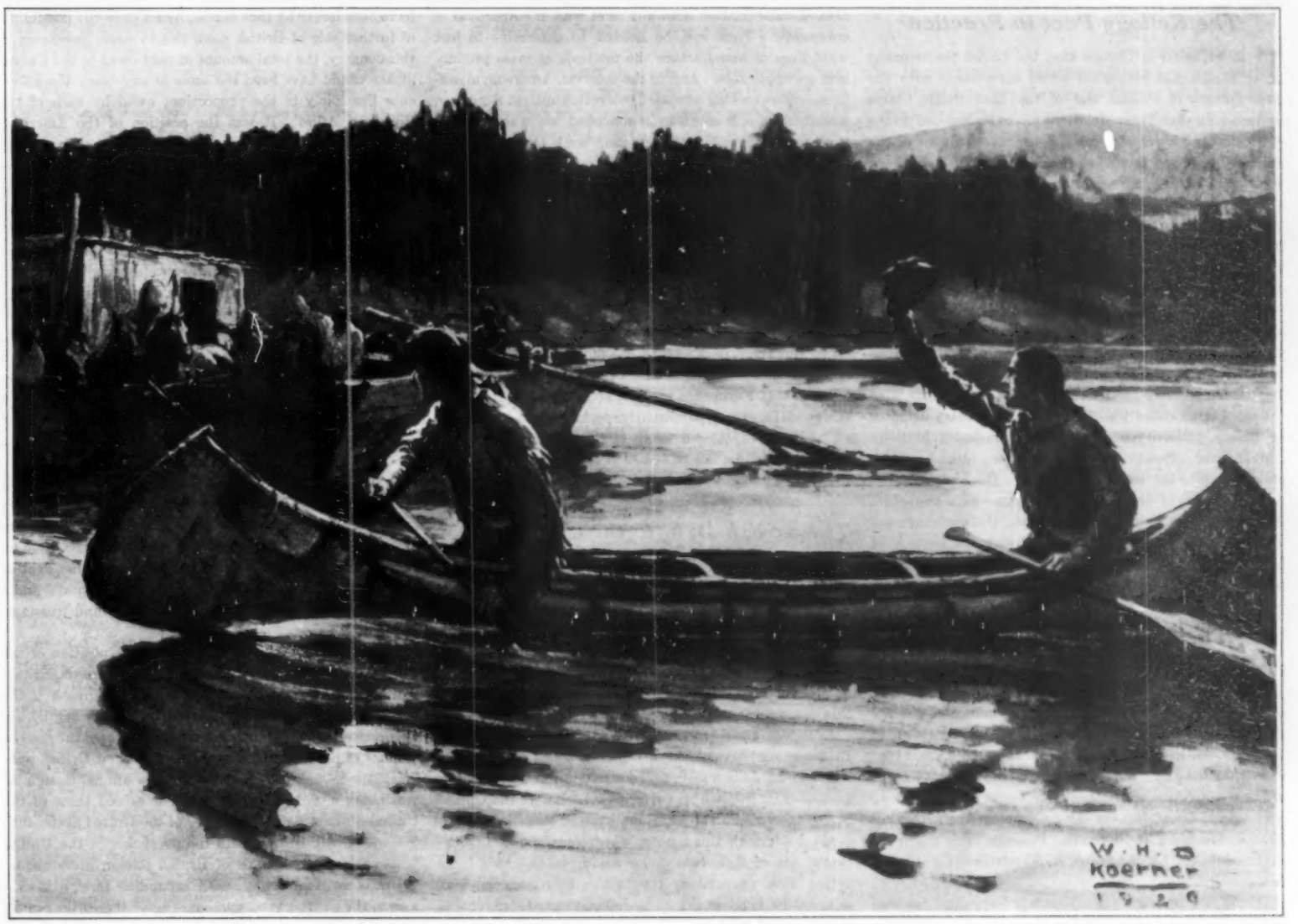

Two Buckskin-Clad Figures Put Off in a Canoe From the Kentucky Shore

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 13, 1929

The Kellogg Pact in Practice

IT IS reported in Europe that the Soviet Government of Russia has concluded broad agreements with the governments of Poland and of the East Baltic States under which their future relations are to be founded on the spirit and the letter of the Kellogg Pact. In view of the delicate problems involving boundary relations between these countries, the agreements represent an extraordinary step forward in principle. Significant, also, is the fact that the scope of the Kellogg Pact has been found a satisfactory basis for agreements between governments as far apart in type as that of Russia and those of her neighbors to the northwest.

It seems to be taken for granted in Europe that this attitude of Russia corresponds to the policy of the moderate right wing, the group of Stalin, and represents another public victory over the left wing, the group of Trotzky. Be this as it may, the portent of such agreements is of influence in all countries. The existing boundary disputes of Russia, unfortunately, are not all included in these conventions. Russia still has boundary disputes with states lying to her southwest, and also the highly important questions of her eastward relations—with Mongolia, Manchuria and China. Nevertheless, the reported conventions with Poland and the East Baltic States are of large importance and to the former Secretary of State must have been the occasion of profound satisfaction.

The New Ships of the World

THE preliminary figures for new ship tonnage launched during 1928 reveal the continuation of important developments. The total ship tonnage launched was approximately 2,700,000 tons, of which 650,000 tons were in tankers. The new tonnage of 1928 was about 400,000 tons more than the outturn in 1927. Close to fifty-four per cent of the new tonnage was launched in Great Britain; a long way behind Great Britain came Germany, then Holland, France, Denmark and Sweden. Perhaps in no major industry does the United States stand relatively lower than in shipbuilding.

Of the new tonnage, approximately forty-four per cent represented motor ships. When from the remainder are subtracted the ships built for use of fuel oil, the rather important fact is revealed that only a third of the new tonnage was built to be driven with coal. It is significant that the proportion of motor ships being built in Great Britain is much lower than in the rest of the shipbuilding world. In the decade since the war the enormous ship losses of the war may be said to have been effectively replaced. Not merely from the standpoint of numbers. In type, in relation of cargo space to fuel space, in cost of propulsion and in crew requirements, the average ship of the present is distinctly superior to the average ship before the war.

The predominance of Great Britain is not entirely satisfactory to the British, though the country is still outstanding in ship construction. But the picture does not look bright to the coal mines of that country, whose markets for bunker coal are being narrowed by the use of oil.

Tariff Hearings

THE congressional hearings that have been held in Washington preparatory to the consideration of possible revision of the tariff have led to some rather unexpected, and in part surprising, revelations. One must not, of course, accept the testimony presented at tariff hearings at its face value; nevertheless, the implications of much of the testimony seem clear enough. We have been led to expect, or perhaps have assumed, that so-called rationalization of industry and mass production were quite generally applicable to manufacture.

Apparently, however, there are lines of manufacture in which rationalization and mass production have not found effective application. These include, in particular, certain goods commonly grouped under specialties—those in which style and luxury are prominent. Many such specialties require both headwork and handwork of a type not readily replaceable with machinery. In such goods, also, standardization does not meet with the approval of consumers. Time will be needed to determine in just what lines of manufacture the methods of mass production are applicable. And in the interval, American manufacturers are seeking increased protection against European workmen, who, it seems to be conceded, are in some directions more efficient than ours, and work for lower wages per unit.

Furthermore, testimony at the hearings has seemed to indicate that in certain industries a high wage scale has not been found compatible with a low labor cost. Under such circumstances the export trade encounters a difficult problem. Indeed, there are indications that, along certain lines, American manufacturers seem satisfied to give up export markets if they are assured of the entire home market. Our exports have been expanding at a surprising rate. But the rate of growth has not been the same with different classes of goods, and evidence is not lacking to indicate that Europeans are now able to manufacture certain goods for export, particularly specialties, at a lower cost, all qualities considered, than is possible in the United States. This must not be regarded as strange, since no one country can hope to excel all other countries in all things.

The British Debt to the United States

PRIOR to the appointment of the international committee created for reconsideration of the reparations problem the subject of the British war debts was again thrashed out in public discussions in Great Britain. Since the British authorities have again found it advisable to make their position plain before their own people, it will not be out of place to have their position reiterated in this country. The British case may be stated as follows:

1. Before the United States entered the war, Great Britain made purchases in this country which were paid for largely with dollars secured from sale of foreign securities mobilized by the British Government. Before the United States entered the war, Belgium, France, Italy and Russia made purchases in this country which were paid for to some extent out of their own dollar resources, but to a large extent were financed by the British Government—that is, Great Britain lent her Allies dollars to pay for purchases in the United States.

2. During the period when the United States was a belligerent, Great Britain made heavy purchases in the United States on the credit of the United States Treasury. Great Britain also made purchases outside of the United States on the credit of our Treasury—for illustration, in Canada.

3. During the period when the United States was a belligerent, Belgium, France, Italy and Russia made purchases in this country on the credit of the United States Treasury.

4. During the period when the United States was a belligerent, Belgium, France, Italy and Russia made purchases in the British Empire on the credit of the British Treasury, just as they made purchases in the United States on the credit of the American Treasury.

5. During the period when the United States was a belligerent, the American Treasury declined to finance the purchases of Belgium, France, Italy and Russia in the British Empire—that is, we declined to lend dollars to those countries with which to pay cash for their purchases in the British Empire.

6. The British war debt to the United States was not directly incurred on behalf of the Allies of Great Britain.

7. But if the United States had financed the purchases of Belgium, France, Italy and Russia in Great Britain—lent them dollars to pay Great Britain in cash—then the resources of Great Britain would have been conserved and she would have been able to pay for some of her purchases in the United States, whereby her debt to the United States would have been reduced. To quote Mr. Churchill: "If the United States had acceded to our request to finance not merely their purchases in America but also the sterling requirements of the Continental Allies . . . in all human probability the British debt to the United States would never have been incurred."

Possibly; but the debts of the Continental Allies would have been larger by that much. Apart from the possibility of further sale of British securities to cover purchases in this country, the total amount of debt owed to the United States would have been the same in any case; the difference lies solely in the proportions owed by each of the European Allies. It was the position of the American Treasury that each belligerent should finance the payment of supplies delivered to the others. All the cobelligerents made purchases in the United States on the credit of our Treasury; all the other cobelligerents made purchases in the British Empire on the credit of the British Treasury. The United States made heavy purchases of goods and services, in Great Britain and France especially, and paid for them in cash. It was the hope of the British Government that the United States would pay cash for goods and services secured from Great Britain and also pay cash, through financing them, for the goods and services secured from Great Britain by Belgium, France, Italy and Russia. Our Government declined to accede to this position. In this point is to be found the explanation of the chief difference of opinion between the British and the Americans on the subject of the British war debt.

Had the British view of the financing of the purchases of the Continental Allies in the British Empire been acceded to by our Treasury, in the view of optimistic Britishers the net outcome at the close of the war would have been no British debt to the United States, a much smaller debt of Belgium, France, Italy and Russia to Great Britain, and a much larger debt of Belgium, France, Italy and Russia to the United States.

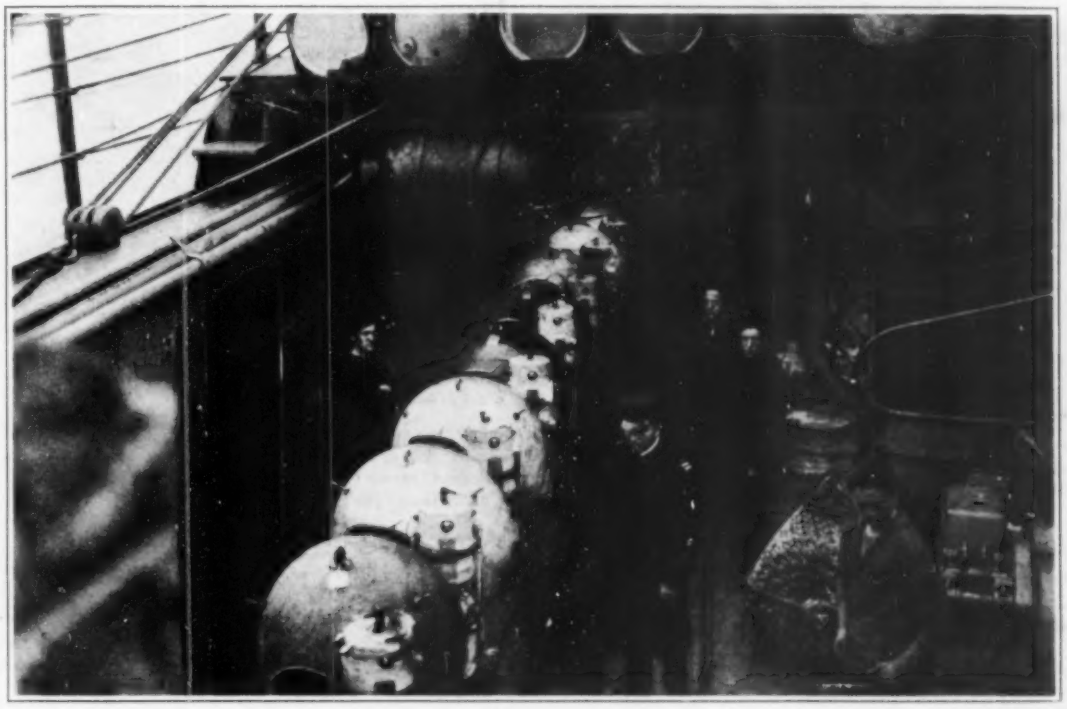
We regarded then, and still regard, the position of the American Treasury as sound. We would regard the British statement of their debt position as more equitable if the figures for war debt due to Great Britain and owed by her were accompanied by authoritative estimates of the present amount of British foreign investments. Some British publicists try to make out that the net new annual foreign investments of Great Britain equal or exceed those of the United States. Before the entry of the United States into the war Great Britain paid for purchases in the United States with the proceeds of British foreign investments. There is no reason why, with expanding foreign investments, the payments on purchases made thereafter cannot now and in future be similarly executed.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

By T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

EARLY in August of 1917, four months after America's entry into the World War, President Wilson delivered a significant address to the assembled officers of the Atlantic Fleet, then based at Yorktown, Virginia. Standing on the quarter-deck of the Pennsylvania, flagship of Admiral Henry T. Mayo, commander-in-chief, with officers of every rank around him, the President said in part:

"We have got to throw tradition to the wind. Now, as I have said, gentlemen, I take it for granted that nothing that I say here will be repeated, and therefore I am going to say this: Every time we have suggested anything to the British Admiralty the reply has come back that virtually amounted to this—that it had never been done that way—and I felt like saying, 'Well, nothing was ever done so systematically as nothing is being done now.' Therefore, I should like to see something unusual happen; something that was never done before; and, in as much as the things that are being done to you were never done before, don't you think it worth while to try something that was never done before against those who are doing them to you? There is no other way to win, and the whole principle of this war is the kind of thing that ought to hearten and stimulate America. America has always boasted that she could find men to do anything."



Mines Going Overboard From a Mine Layer

Before the war ended, the United States Navy had fulfilled President Wilson's expectations by accomplishing "something that was never done before." In joint operation with British forces, it laid the Northern Barrage, that stupendous and successful barrier which bottled the German submarines and other raiders in or near their bases, which helped break the morale of the U-boat service, and which contributed materially to ultimate victory.

A Barrier in the Sea

THE Northern Barrage was a vast mine field extending across the North Sea. It stretched for 235 miles from the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland, to Udsire Island, off the coast of Norway. With an average width of twenty-five miles, it covered an area almost equal to that of Connecticut and Rhode Island together. In it were anchored more than 70,000 mines, each loaded with 300 pounds of high explosive and fitted with an ingenious device causing it to explode when touched by a submarine. Of these mines, 80 per cent were designed and constructed in the United States and laid by American vessels. Submerged at three levels, they constituted a continual menace to enemy vessels both on the surface and at depths down to 250 feet. Spread at intervals of 300 feet in rows 500 yards apart, and so staggered as to bring the mines of one row opposite the intervals in the next, they made the North Sea passage from German bases to the open Atlantic a desperate and difficult undertaking, while British mine fields and patrols across the Dover Strait similarly barred the southern exit.

Although the mine laying did not begin until June, 1918, and vexatious delays, largely unavoidable and due to war conditions, were experienced during the summer, the Barrage is officially credited with the destruction of six German submarines, the disabling of many more, and the virtual blockade of a large though unknown number within the North Sea.

Enlisted Men Loading a Lighter With Mines

This was accomplished with few casualties and at a cost in money to the United States of approximately $80,000,000. What that can mean in any consideration of the huge costs of modern warfare is best illustrated by reference to a few accepted figures.

Paying its Cost

SUBMARINE activities, it has been estimated, were resulting at that time in actual losses to the Allies of from $70,000,000 to $80,000,000 a month; this aside from the grave menace as to the final decision of the war. The war, as a whole, estimates continue, was costing the Allies approximately $100,000,000 a day. On the basis of such statistics, Josephus Daniels, wartime Secretary of the Navy, has asserted that "if the Northern Barrage shortened the war one day, it more than repaid its cost."

The important rôle assigned to the submarine by German strategy brought, as has been pointed out, many effective countermeasures. These included armed guards on merchant vessels, destroyer escorts, antisubmarine patrols by surface ships and aircraft, listening devices, new and ingenious weapons, and mines. Of all the offensive measures thus employed, probably the mine was the least familiar to the general public; due in part to the secrecy surrounding operations in which it was employed, in part to its less spectacular nature when compared to such weapons as aircraft and submarine chasers. Yet the mine is a tried and effective instrument of naval warfare. When Admiral Farragut, at Mobile Bay, said, "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" he referred to mines. When the armored cruiser, San Diego, was sunk, ten miles off Fire Island Lightship, on July 19, 1918, a German mine was responsible. When the battleship Minnesota was damaged twenty miles off Fenwick Island Lightship on September twenty-ninth of the same year, a mine was again the cause. The development of high explosives, among them trinitrotoluol—more familiarly known as TNT—combined with electric firing and mechanical improvements, made it a dangerous weapon indeed. Both sides used it with deadly effect throughout the war; the Germans against surface shipping; the Allies against the submarine.

When the United States entered the war, the Navy had only 5000 mines—all of an obsolete type, unfitted for antisubmarine operations. The British were then planting

(Continued on Page 129)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY PAUL KELLY

Self-Conscious Man, Ahead of All These Customers, But Who Will Wait Until He is Alone With the Butchers to Order a Pound of Giblets

A Radio Litany

FROM wise-cracking announcers with elementary educations; from vocalizing Hawaiians; from midnight cheer-up clubs; from whispering baritones, cute sopranos, and tremolo tenors; from friends who talk just as the symphony orchestra reaches what we want to hear; from the mush-and-raisins program of musical selections forcibly jammed into a synthetic goo of fiction; from off-the-key wonder-child soloists and juvenile recitals; from lengthy blurbs, helpful hints and stodgy addresses; from bush-league white choristers trying out their voices on doing negro spirituals; from that arch male siren, the night-club master of ceremonies; from tabloid stuff dramatized and broadcast by ham voices; from poetry with a musical background: good Lord, deliver us!

Quick Turnover

URBAN architects remind us
They must snatch a brief renown;
Edifices rise, and find us
Making plans to tear them down. —C. R. S.

Higher Education

"LOOKIT, Millisunt, we gotta buy us one of them dictionrys of forn woids. Knowing the English langwitch ain't enough in this here cross-woids game."

For the Home

A MOLECULE might make a very pleasant little pet,
Although I understand that they are difficult to get.

And even when you capture one, its stature is so small
You're never really certain it's a Molecule at all.

It might turn out to be an erg, an atom or a watt;
Even experts cannot tell you if a watt is watt you've got.

Still, if you find a Molecule, or beg or steal or buy him,
You'd better hire a Mollah who can soothe and mollify him,

For Molecules get mollygrubs, and Mollahs, as a rule,
Know how to mollycoddle any ailing Molecule.

Then don't molest your Molecule, and if he wants to play,
A Mollusk and a Molecule are chummy, so they say;

And when he grows domestic and his native shyness passes,
The thing to feed a Molecule is, probably, molasses!

And then—I guess this finishes this bit of fol-de-rol,
Because I know no other words beginning with a "mol." —Berton Braley.

(Continued on Page 170)

SALUTE, OL' FRUIT!
WELCOME BACK TO THE MAIN STEM
WHY THE TALL MILLINERY?
BUT IT'S OKE WITH MUM
YOU SEEM ALL HOT AND BOTHERED— ALL OF A DOO-DAH!
ME, I'M THAT WAY OVER A RITZY FEMME
SHE'S A HOOFER— AND DOES SHE WOW EM? —AND HOW!
-KNOW'S HER GROCERIES!
HER HEAVY SUGAR WAS A WASH-OUT!
AND HAS SHE S.A.?— IT'S A PUSH-OVER!
LET'S ANKLE OVER TO A WHOOPEE PARLOR

DRAWN BY HY GAGE

TALKIETONE NEWS

New York: Johnny W. Wisecracker, the Well-Known Broadwayite, Returns After a Year's Absence and Finds He Can Neither Speak Nor Understand the Current Slanguage

DRAWN BY FRANK RYDER

Salesman (Returning for Third Time): "Confound It! Those Fellows are Still in Conference"

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Librarian: "I'm Sorry—All the Copies of Freud are Out!"

DRAWN BY DIZZY

Dentist (Extracting Tooth): "I'm Sorry. I Didn't Expect to Pull You Right Out of the Chair." Flapper: "Oh, I Love That Cave-Man Stuff!"

No other beans are as popular as CAMPBELL'S!

And they're better now than ever

Isn't it true that the beans which most other people like the best will be your favorites, too? Campbell's Beans are first choice of the vast majority, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Hudson Bay to the Gulf.

No wonder! For Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked to that golden brown deliciousness which delights the taste. Every bean is whole, yet tender, with all its nut-like richness made tempting and wholesome.

There is the added tang and zest of tomato sauce as only Campbell's famous chefs can blend it. At the very first taste, you will agree that Campbell's have perfected beans such as you have never enjoyed before!

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

WARNING HILL

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

XV

IS IT one's imagination or was there a stiffness to life in 1913, a touch of decorous discipline that is entirely gone? Perhaps it is too close to the present for accurate judgment, but if you were a member of the Harbor Club in those days, you must recall a punctilious rustle, and even in the bar off the locker room, with its relaxing atmosphere of lemon peel and rum, a cool formality that stilled a turbulent spirit. One recalls a kind of Olympic power in those spotless white persons who wandered from the veranda to the putting greens. There was a magnificent richness in their leisure that might have given pause to a week-end guest. As far away as the professional's house, Tommy felt it that next afternoon. It made his mouth turn dry and his face grow drawn and pale.

Sitting upon the workbench, swinging his legs, was a tall hard-faced man with a curling black mustache.

"Oh, now!" he said when Tommy came in. "Is this the kid? Oh, now!"

"It'll do you no good putting on airs," said Duncan Ross. "He'll give you a game now, I'm telling. . . . This is Mr. MacWorth, Tommy, who'll play you. Are you ready? They're waiting on the tee."

"Who?" Tommy began to stammer. "All—all those people?"

Out the windows by the first tee he had a glimpse of ladies' parasols and white flannels of the gentlemen. Through the open door he could hear a buzz of voices.

"And what ails you if they are?" asked Duncan Ross. "That's no way to take on about a gallery."

Mr. MacWorth laughed gently. "Listen," he said—"listen, boy. This is business for me, understand that? I won't give you any chances. So don't you start to cry."

Tommy Michael's lips closed tight and he did not answer.

"Who'll you want to caddy, Tom?" asked Mr. Ross.

Tommy cleared his throat.

"I want Mal Street. He's out there."

"Him?" Duncan Ross frowned. "He's been running a horse mower. He's forgotten how."

"Yes," said Tommy, "but I'd like to have him."

Mr. Ross walked to the door. "Street," he called, "come here!"

The sight of Mal Street did Tommy good. Lank and dark and sullen, Mal picked up Tommy's bag and they all walked toward the tee.

"Tom," whispered Mal, "hey, Tom!"

"Mal," said Tommy, "you don't mind caddying? I—I sort of wanted to have a friend."

"Mind? Hell!" said Mal, and it did Tommy good to hear him.

The contempt which Mal had cultivated for his surroundings was like a cooling breeze. It quieted the jump of Tommy's nerves to know that Mal would be behind him, indifferent to those people all in white, unshaken in his knowledge of his own superiority, and still a friend.

"To hell with 'em!" whispered Mal. "That's what I say. Take your driver, kid."

Nevertheless, when Tommy stood upon the tee with his driver in his hand, he had again that feeling that he was alone, beyond all help, save for what lay within himself. He seemed very small, standing on the tee, clad in his clean white ducks and his new low shoes. All about him was a circle of faces peering at him in silence, idly interested. Mr. Danforth was standing there, and Mr. Wilmer too. And the Hotchkiss girls—dozens of people, all from Warning Hill. As Tommy saw them all he remembered that his mind moved in a panic, for it was just as his mother had said. He was standing like an actor to amuse them of an afternoon, not one of them more than the saturnine Mr. MacWorth, who was coolly addressing his ball. And then, just as Mr. MacWorth was taking his back swing, Tommy's eye encountered Mr. Jellett, and beside him, with eyes as cool as Mr. Jellett's own, was a tall lady in an embroidered dress. It was Mrs. Jellett, and beside her was Sherwood, scowling slightly, and beside Sherwood was Marianne. Marianne was smiling and her eyes were dark and soft. As Tommy looked at her she nodded, making a little face at him as a girl might at school.

"Click!" Mr. MacWorth had hit his ball. Marianne looked at Tommy and made another face.

"You can do it," she seemed to say. "You can do it just as well."

Now Tommy was a golfer, as Mr. Ross had known. The moment his eye was on the ball the tautness left his wrists and shoulders. He forgot about Warning Hill and everything as Warning Hill stood watching. Mr. Ross himself could not have made a cleaner drive. MacWorth stared at him. Mal Street silently took his club.

"The brassie," said Tommy, and then, as he walked down the fairway with a step which he kept in the cadence of his club swing, he heard low voices everywhere.

"Why!" It was a lady who said it. "He did much better than the man!"

"Did you see him? Did you see him hit that ball?"

"I Think," Said Mrs. Schoule, "I'll Ask You to Let Me Keep That Chain for the Next Two Weeks"

"He's the Michael boy. Yes, that's the one who used to work in the professional's shop. Ross taught him. That's the one. . . . The old house on the road to the station. Yes, he lives here. One of the village boys."

At last Tommy knew they knew him—everyone on Warning Hill. It came over him in a wave of pride, for of course he was still young. He knew he would never be entirely the same again, and Marianne was watching him. "Marianne," his mind kept saying. "Marianne!"

"Hist, Tommy!" It was Mr. Ross whispering in his ear. "That MacWorth will try to rattle you. Don't you care."

"No," said Tommy, "I don't care," and laid a brassie shot dead upon the green. No, Tommy Michael would never be the same again. He was crossing from boyhood into manhood with each step across the turf, with everybody there to see. Tommy could hear the gentlemen betting even money when they began the ninth all even. From the tee he could look over toward the water and the roofs of Michael's Harbor.

"Steady now, boy," whispered Duncan Ross, "and they'll be after you for lessons as much as me."

If you were a member of the Harbor Club you may recollect how the news spread when they took the turn toward home. The men passing the tea things spoke of it, and Joey had the news down in the bar. One of the village boys whom Duncan Ross had taught was beating a professional in a good tight match. Yes, a village boy who had hung around the club. In groups of threes and fours they began trooping down the steps to see them, until, when the sixteenth hole was reached, fifty or sixty persons must have trailed behind.

Of course no one ever guessed the half of it because people are so very dull, or perhaps one did not care. All one saw was a slim, tanned boy in white ducks, whose plain thin face was set, and a worried-looking man with a black mustache, but it was a good show just the same. Mr. Jellett himself must have thought it was a good show, since he had bet on Tommy.

He permitted himself to smile slightly as Mr. MacWorth hooked into the woods on the seventeenth, and he asked Mr. Danforth a question in his old dull way. Tommy heard him over the footsteps and whispers, and Tommy nearly stopped his walking.

"What did you say the boy's name was?"

"Michael." Though Tommy's back was turned he could hear Mr. Danforth wearily polite. "The name is Michael. The boy you chucked out of the bank, Grafton."

"Chucked out of the bank, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "What bank?"

Then Tommy heard someone laugh in a hard, tinkling way, which made him look across his shoulder. It was Mrs. Jellett laughing.

"You ought to know that Grafton never remembers anything." Her words were like the lazy tolling of a bell. "And he isn't much of a boy to remember, is he? Isn't this ever going to finish? . . . Marianne, why do you insist on walking all the way around?"

"Mamma, don't talk so much!" Tommy's heart gave a little jump, for it was Marianne who answered. "He's doing awfully well!"

"Why, Marianne!" It was Mrs. Jellett. "Whatever's getting into you, Marianne?"

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

"I don't care," said Marianne. "You needn't talk when he's playing. It's awfully mean!"

But Tommy only half heard, for his mind was not on them then. He was on the eighteenth green, and Mr. MacWorth was one down; just a friendly match, of course, as Mr. MacWorth was the first to say, and of course Mr. MacWorth was glad to give the boy a chance. He had done it very well, though of course he could not have kept it up, and Mr. MacWorth had never played the course before. Then Tommy knew that he was no longer a village boy, as he stood upon the eighteenth green. It was enough to puzzle him that everybody seemed very pleased that he had won. Men who had never looked at him before came crowding up to shake hands or to slap him on the shoulders, until he wondered why he had ever thought them distant. He had shown them all at Warning Hill.

"Yes, sir," Duncan Ross was saying. "A good boy—that's what he is."

"Take him down and give him a drink," suggested Mr. Wilmer. "Boys, they're all on me!"

"Oh, Wilmer," said someone, "do shut up!"

It was very pleasant; they all seemed to like him. Toward them all he felt a sudden warmth and kindness, and just for a second, he always said, he was plunged in a glittering illusion. For one bright beat of time Tommy Michael thought that he was one of them. They were proud of him. They all were saying it. They never knew that he could play like that. He must enter the open in August. They would see that he did. For a moment Tommy stood with bright eyes and parted lips before illusion crashed.

"Thanks," said Tommy; "you're—you're awful kind."

Afterward everyone remarked how nicely he took it; naturally and modestly and not in the least like a spoiled boy. But Tommy always said he should have known what would happen if he had not been so young.

"Tom," said Duncan Ross, "Mr. Jellett wants to see you. Look, he's over there."

Sure enough there was Mr. Jellett, plump and small in his white flannels. He was standing a little apart on the edge of the green, with Mrs. Jellett beside him, and—yes, Marianne, very cool and prim.

"Oh, Michael," said Mr. Jellett, "Michael!" and Marianne made a little face exactly like a little girl in school.

Then Tommy knew there was something which was not right. It was in the way that Mr. Jellett called his name, exactly as if he was calling for a cup of tea. As Tommy walked toward him he thought that everyone was watching him, which was not true, of course, but Mrs. Jellett was watching him and so was Marianne.

"You did very nicely," said Mr. Jellett. "You gave us a great deal of pleasure, Michael. Here, take this!"

Tommy's eyes grew round. Mr. Jellett had stretched out his hand. He was holding a brand-new bill. Tommy opened his lips, but he could not speak. He was staring at that bill, and a slow dark flush came to his face.

"Here"—Mr. Jellett could read faces still—"what's troubling you? Haven't you ever been tipped before?"

"No." Tommy could hardly find his voice to answer. "No!"

The strange thing, Tommy always said, was that he never realized exactly where he was or what he was until he saw that bill; and now he was all alone, hemmed in inexorably by circumstances and all alone; and he was ashamed, though he could not tell why—most horribly ashamed. He had always been brought up to something else, yet there was Mr. Jellett handing him a bill for nothing, his eyes upon Tommy, stupidly round and blue.

"Never had a tip before, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, it's time you started. Take it, son."

Tommy's knees were weak beneath him and he felt deathly sick.

"I don't want it," Tommy stammered. "Really, thank you, sir, I don't."

"Don't want it?" said Mr. Jellett. "Why, what confounded nonsense!"

And then it was all clear, perfectly clear in spite of the years which lay between. Slap-slap—once again the horses were trotting down the road, and once again, as though it was yesterday, that shining carriage was going by while he stood with his father, staring through the dust.

"I guess"—Tommy's voice choked—"you wouldn't have done that to anybody else."

"Not to anybody else, eh?" There was another ripple on Mr. Jellett's face.

Then Marianne spoke, and he always remembered that about Marianne. At least she spoke up for him then.

"Papa," cried Marianne, "don't you see he's ——"

"Why, Marianne!" said Mrs. Jellett. "Marianne!"

And then they all were looking at Marianne, and her face turned very red. As Mr. Jellett looked she raised her eyebrows slightly.

"How do you know anything about him? Do you know him, Marianne?"

"Yes," said Marianne. "I know him."

"Know him, eh?" said Mr. Jellett stupidly.

There was a pause, the slightest beat of time, but it seemed to Tommy that all the world was in it as they stood there watching Marianne. Marianne smiled ever so slightly and gave her dress a little pat. "Always picking on me, aren't you, mamma?" Marianne spoke in the weariest way. "How should I know him?"

"That's what I'm asking you, my dear," replied Mrs. Jellett. "You've been doing nothing but talk about this match, now I come to think of it. And no sooner did you drag me here than you insisted on following all the way around."

Now how was Tommy to guess, for he did not know her then, at the rareness and subtlety of Marianne? Marianne knew what was what. Marianne had begun to laugh. Yes, she was looking at Tommy and laughing, as unattainable as something in a picture.

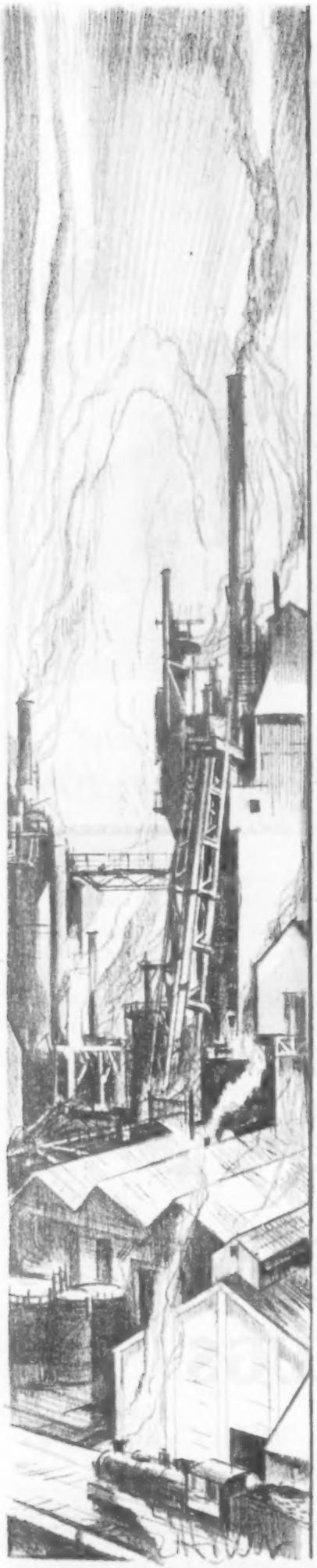
"Mamma," said Marianne, "sometimes you're awfully funny. Of course I know him."

"Don't tell me, Marianne, that you're my daughter and telling me the truth! . . . Grafton, do be quiet. . . . So you know him, do you, dear?"

"Of course!" Again that little laugh of hers rang out as sharp as an arrow and as sweet as evening bells. "He gave me a lesson yesterday afternoon. How else could I know him? Isn't he the professional's boy?"

(Continued on Page 149)

"Don't You See I —— Oh, Tommy, I—I Love You, Tommy," Whispered Marianne



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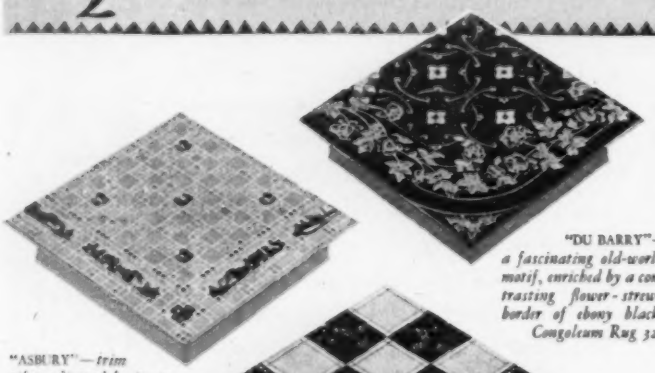

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WHAT better proof can there be of their high quality than the fact that more Congoleum Rugs are in use today than all other brands?

BAIT OF FALSEHOOD

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"A Place to Die," He Said to Himself, "But What a Place—What a Place to be Born!"

"THE Peddy Orphan," said Dr. Brant Perkins, "is a pest."

"Yes?" prompted Richard Bumpus, who enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest practitioner of the law in Kidder's Dam, and who had formed the habit of dropping in on Doctor Perkins after evening office hours. "How come?"

"She's always nagging me to meddle with local politics."

"With especial reference to Sheriff Kay and County Attorney Diston?"

"Precisely."

"I, too, have suffered," said Bumpus. "But you can't blame her. You know her father used to be sheriff."

"Killed in the execution of his duty. I know. He was shot when he went down to quell a riot in the bunk house at the mills."

"In the dark," said Bumpus. "The lights went out as he stepped into the door, and somebody shot. He was a nice mark, framed against the moonlight. There was talk."

"The Orphan has hinted as much. Her idea seems to be that he was drawing too close to persons and events, and was removed."

"A certain few shared her notion," said Bumpus dryly. "Anyhow, Kay was elected sheriff, which gave the boys a clean sweep of the county offices, and everybody's been as merry as a wedding bell ever since."

"But why should she pick on me?"

"Probably for the same reason that Diston and Kay have tendered you offices and emoluments. Because you have quite unique facilities for coming across information useful to disgruntled virtue and damning to vested vice."

"Exactly," said Doctor Perkins; "but information I am estopped from using. A doctor can't peddle facts he surprises in sick rooms. Discretion must be the first, last and middle name of a physician. Family secrets become ours; we have to peer into black recesses; we have to cure the results of human actions almost as frequently as the ravages of germs. How long would a doctor last in any community if the folks believed his tongue was jointed in the middle?"

"I follow you thus far," said Bumpus. "I am acquainted with the nature of the privileged communication, and that even the law cannot compel you to blab the mysteries of the bed of pain. But you are allowed to draw conclusions."

"I have drawn a number."

"Such as?"

"That the woodpile is simply gorged with niggers."

"You've kicked a couple of them into the open."

"Only when the welfare of the patient made it necessary. Doctors have to prescribe other remedies than calomel. I've expressed myself to Sheriff Kay."

"In what words and phrases, may I ask?"

"I've told him my business was curing the ailing, and that unless the health of the community was threatened, I proposed to stick to it. But, on the contrary, if any evil-disposed individual so conducted himself that the health of one or of many was threatened or impaired, I would be found in a public spot with my sleeves rolled up. I'm not interested in petty graft or public contracts for road building."

"Or rum running, or dope smuggling?"

"Not *per se*," said Brant. "Unless it gets pushed in my face."

"But you do agree that the tone of the community would be uplifted if Kay and company could be eliminated from public life, and even relegated to exceedingly private life inside high stone walls."

"You attend to it," said Doctor Perkins. "I've an epidemic of mumps on my hands."

"And I," said Bumpus, "am wishful of a long and placid life. Much as I admired Sheriff Peddy, I have no desire to join him in that bourn whence no traveler returns."

"Do you really think," Doctor Perkins asked, "that the Peddy Orphan's father was removed—that he wasn't shot by a drunken mill hand or lumberjack?"

"If he had been," said Dick Bumpus, "the shooter would have been produced and duly hanged by the neck. As it was, nobody was produced. The finger of suspicion never pointed. The sum total of information acquired by the grand jury was that Peddy was dead."

"It must be a sizable business that can afford to pay for murders."

"Which," said Bumpus, "is one reason I am keeping both hands in sight and walking down the middle of the road. But you can't. You are out of luck. No matter how much you may try to avoid it, you learn things. If I were you, doc, I'd keep out of dark corners and stay away from windows after dark. The most skillful doctor would have quite a time of it trying to probe for a bullet under his left shoulder blade. In short, and to come to the point, I'm rather surprised you are still extant."

"I myself have felt a little astonishment at that fact from time to time."

"Probably it is because you've never stumbled over a key fact; the sort of thing that would spill all the beans and dump all the apple carts and cause a general *sauve qui peut*. So far you've been a peril only in a state of suspension. The minute you become an imminent danger you want to make yourself a chest protector out of stove lids."

"You're a charming companion," said the doctor. "You insure tranquil slumbers. You don't, by any chance, wish to cause apprehension, do you?"

"Far, far from me be such a thought! All the same, if you know where you can get a nice, cheap, secondhand suit of armor, you'd better dicker for it."

"Not going so soon?" asked the doctor as Dick got up and reached for his hat.

"Yes, and if I had any sense I'd never come back. I'm guessing the day will come when it will be a hazardous occupation to be an intimate of yours. I'm thinking of cutting you dead in the post office and of circulating a story that I never liked the color of your eyes. With which few choice and pointed observations I now bid you a good evening."

Doctor Perkins went to bed, which a general practitioner should do whenever the occasion permits, because nobody seems to know or care when a doctor gets his sleep. Pains in the middle arrive at midnight, and increases in the population make their appearance at two o'clock in the morning, and if little Willie makes a funny noise in his throat at three A.M., his mother will call up the physician to ask him what he thinks can be the cause of it.

But he did not fall asleep at once, not because of forebodings created by Dick Bumpus' warnings but because he was asking himself just where lay his duty as a doctor and a citizen.

The Peddy Orphan had aroused these questionings that afternoon, when, in her staccato way, she had to all intents and purposes informed him that he fell far short of her ideal man.

"I hoped," she said, "you were going to amount to something. That's why I've made quite a lot of you. I don't go riding around with every Tom, Dick and Harry. I picked you out. And what have you done?"

"I've advised you to quit wearing pants," he said. "What's the matter? Haven't you any dresses?"

"Some day," she said with a glint in her eye, "I'll show you, and then you'll keel over and wish you were some place else."

(Continued on Page 40)

The New V

THE VIKI

For centuries the Vikings fared forth from their homes . . . sailing uncharted seas . . . discovering new lands . . . conquering powerful peoples. There were none so strong, so hardy or so brave as these fearless pioneers.

Nearly five hundred years before Columbus was born, the Vikings had pushed on to the shores of America. They spread their civilization throughout what is now Central Europe. They penetrated more than half of Russia. They forged their way through Spain and along the Mediterranean.

They invaded Britain and settled there. The historian, Du Chaillu, attributes the long-continued dominance of the English as a seafaring and colonizing people to traits of character inherited from their Viking ancestors.

From birth, Viking youths were deliberately exposed to the rigors of the severe Northland climate. They were subjected to hardships to test their fitness for leadership. Those who showed signs of weakness were left to

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stron

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training of the Viking youths through athletic contests and games. He was taught to be unflinching in the face of danger. Thus, only the strongest survived to contribute to the strength and superiority of the race.

But his training did not end there. Cultivation of the arts and sciences also formed an important part of his education.

The Vikings were people of high character. Their civilization was advanced far beyond their time. Their history reveals remarkable accomplishments in literature, art, ethics, navigation, and in the fashioning of tools, weapons, pottery, clothing and household utensils. We owe much of our present civilization to this fearless, energetic and intel-

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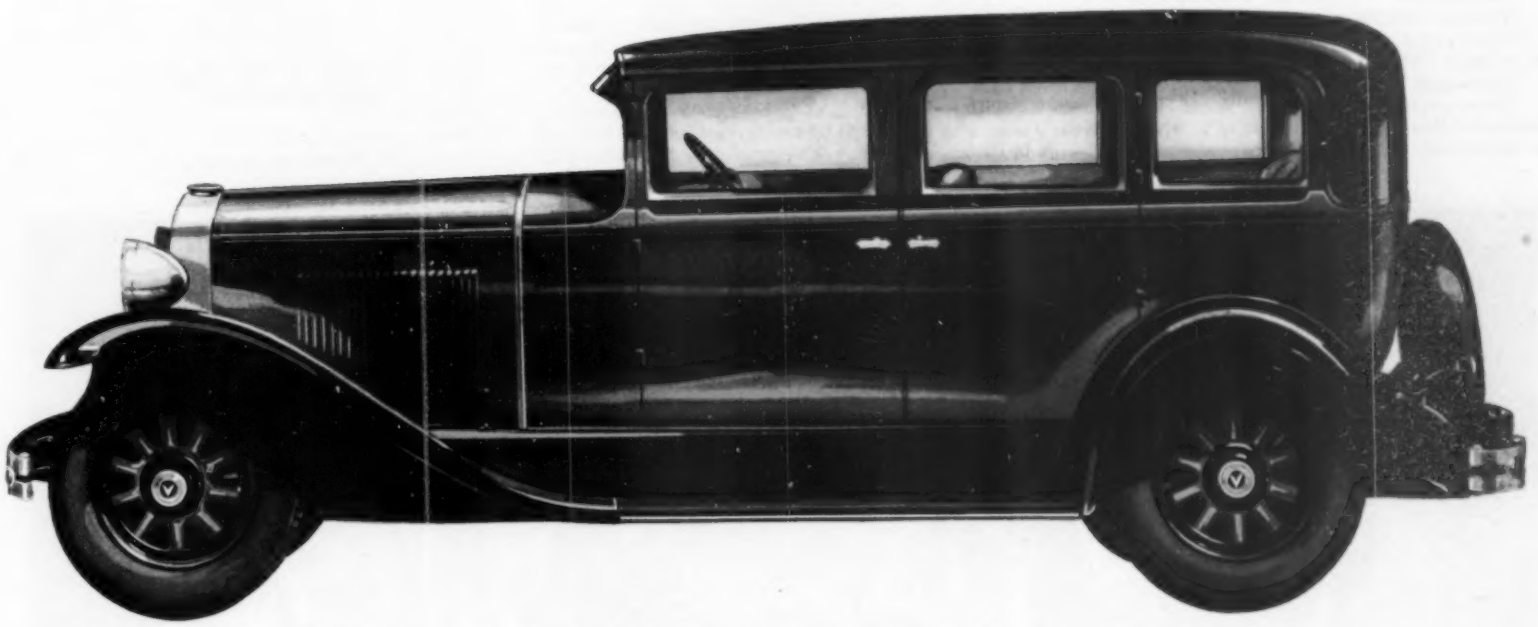

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In addition to excellence of performance, the Viking presents new beauty and tailored smartness—the latest creations of Fisher artist-engineers. It sets new standards of interior luxury and comfort among cars of medium price. It has a wheelbase of 125 inches. And its specially designed springs, controlled by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, assure unsurpassed roadability and restful riding ease.

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P R O D U C T O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

(Continued from Page 37)

"I tell you," said Brant: "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll become a dynamic citizen battling the powers of evil, if you'll behave like a perfect lady."

"I never dicker," she said; and then: "Oh, you're just hopeless, like the rest of them. There isn't enough gumption in this town to bite a dent in soft butter. Pants! You're always making a noise about my wearing knickers. I do it so there'll be somebody in this town who at least looks like a man."

"Don't you want to be pretty?"

"I am," she said. "And I'm smart too. Look at my nose. Isn't it a nice nose?"

He regarded it critically. "It's a satisfactory nose," he conceded.

"Haven't I lovely eyes?"

"They're kind of funny," he said.

"What do you mean—funny?"

Brant studied them while she looked up at him unblinkingly. Suddenly it came to him that they were, indeed, lovely eyes, and something more than that—shrewd, intelligent, brave eyes. It was because they were a trifle aslant that he had thought of them as funny.

"Your eyes'll do," he admitted.

"Well, what about my mouth?"

"It's too big," he said.

"My mouth," she said severely, "is my best point, especially when I grin. I've wonderful teeth. Just look at them."

"That comes from gnawing bones," he said.

"You don't know much," she said. "Don't you know that a girl with beautiful teeth can get past the censor if she's nothing else at all, and has sense enough to show them off by smiling a lot?"

"You do," he said.

"And my chin," she went on, "is simply slick!"

"There's no dimple in it."

"I'm not the dimply kind. And now, please, take a look at my hair. What about it?"

"It's mussed," he said.

"There are women," she said, "would give a million dollars for that color and the rest of it, whether it was mussed or neat. It's grand hair."

"All right, Orphan; you're a beauty. I admit it. Where do we go from there?"

"Just here," she said: "That anybody who is as pretty as I am and don't bother about it is quite different from most folks, and very original and almost unique. I mean, I wouldn't have to be pretty to impress the judges. I could do it by being just me."

"It's your modesty," said Doctor Perkins. "How old are you? Sixteen?"

"Why don't you ask the neighbors? They'd tell you."

"I never thought of it. In fact, I never think of you at all when you're not shoving yourself under my nose."

"If," she said, "I were a grown man, as tall as you, and as wide and as homely, I wouldn't stoop to lie. You think about me a heap. And you're going to think about me a heap more. And then won't I have a nice time!"

"I don't like the sound of it."

"Wait!" she said with a little click of her teeth. "There never was but one man in this town, so far as I've observed, and that was dad. He was murdered for doing his duty."

"He was shot in some sort of a riot, wasn't he?"

"They got up a riot so they could shoot him without getting caught at it. And nobody has been caught at it, because nobody ever tried. When I first saw you I thought maybe you would try, but you're scairt like all the rest. And you've found out a lot too."

"Have I? What, for instance?"

"About drugs and who is peddling them. About bringing them and whisky and things across the border above here. But you do nothing."

"I'm a doctor. Not an officer."

"You're just dumb," she said sharply, "and awfully selfish. And I've no patience with you. I don't care if they do get rid of you."

"Eh? Who get rid of me? And why?"

"The same folks who murdered dad, and because, being a doctor and nosing around, you're just bound to find out too much to be safe. Now go on about your business and give sugar pills and cure lots of mumps, and see if I care. You're no good to me whatever."

With which she turned on her little heel and marched away with the chin which she so much admired held high in the air. Doctor Perkins gazed after her whimsically, admiring the carriage of her firm, slender body, which even khaki knickerbockers could not render ungraceful.

So now, lying in his bed, he thought about her arraignment of himself, and wondered if she had right on her side. That he caused unease of mind to the political ring which controlled the county, he knew well. Else Sheriff Kay and County Attorney Diston would not have offered him such profitable offices as might be filled by an amenable physician; nor would the sheriff have visited him with cajoleries upon his tongue and threats concealed behind a scenery of hearty good-fellowship. As to damning facts, Doctor Perkins had encountered many of them; facts which, if followed through devious ramifications to their source, might well prove the undoing of some persons of importance. He had not chosen to follow them. Nevertheless, they were there, in his consciousness, and the sheriff and his coterie knew they were there. Hence he existed as a potential menace.

Finally he drifted off to sleep, to be engulfed in pleasant unconsciousness until summoned into the world again by the insistent ringing of the bell at his bedside. Half asleep, he slipped on a dressing gown and stumbled to the door. There upon the stoop was a whiskered man whose features were not discernible in the darkness.

"Who is it?" the doctor asked.

"Job Tucker," said the man, evidently in great anxiety. "Kin you come right away? It's goin' to be a baby."

"Come in," said Brant, "until I slip on my clothes."

"I'll wait here," said the man. "Dunno's I could manage to set. Kind of anxious-like."

"It is hard on a man to become a father," said Brant. "Be with you in two shakes."

"I fetched my car to drive ye."

"Very well," Brant answered, and disappeared to dress, a process at which he was extremely expert. It was a sort of fire-engine-house proceeding. He stopped in his office to snatch his ready bag, and then joined Job Tucker, who waited in his car.

"I don't think we've ever met," said Brant.

"No," said the prospective father.

"Where do you live?"

"North of taown."

(Continued on Page 74)

"You'll Carry Nobuddy Nowheres," Said the Hunchback. The Double-Barreled Gun Was in His Hands Again

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

Cars That Stay Young

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X		X
Cadillac	All	X	X		X	X
Chrysler	De Soto	X	X	X		X
	Plymouth	X	X	X		X
	65 & 75	X	X	X		X
	Imperial	X	X	X		X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X		X
Dodge	All	X	X			X
Durant	40, 60, 66	X	X	X		
	70	X	X	X		X
Elcar	75	X	X	X		X
	95, 96, 120	X	X			X
Ford	All	X		X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X		X
Graham-Paige	612	X	X	X	X	X
	615	X	X			X
	621, 627, 837	X	X		X	X
Hudson and Essex	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	Century 6	X	X	X	X	X
	Century 8	X	X	X	X	X
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	75 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber		X	X	X		X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	86 & 88	X	X			X
Marmon	68	X				X
	78		X			X
	Roosevelt	X	X	X		X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Std 6	X	X	X		X
———	All	X				X
Peerless	All	X	X	X		X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	X	X		X	X
	The Mate	X	X			X
Roamer		X	X	X		X
Stearns-Knight	6-80	X			X	X
	8-90	X	X	X	X	X
Studebaker and Erskine	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X

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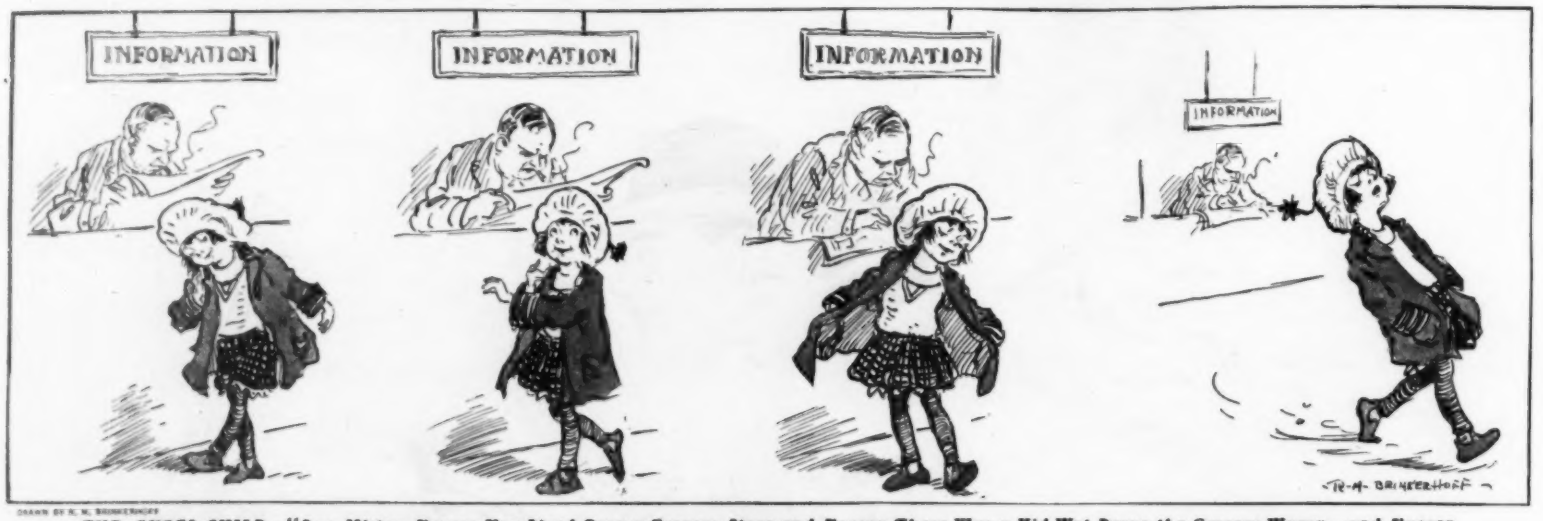

DRAWN BY H. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE ANGEL CHILD—"Say, Mister, S'posen You Lived Over a Grocery Store and S'posen There Was a Kid Wot Drove the Grocery Wagon—and S'posen He Took You Ridin' Almost—Almost—Twice. Would That Be Bein' Engaged? Information! Puh!"

DRAWN BY PAUL KELLY

Angry Mother: "You've Gone to the Movies Five Times This Week! And You Haven't Been to Sunday School for a Month!"
"Aw, Ma—Don't Go Dragging the Religious Issue Into This Controversy!"

DRAWN BY SIDNEY HICKS

The Drum Major Takes the Baby for a Walk

DRAWN BY WALTER SCHMIDT

"My, This Sheet is Heavy!"

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

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THE PRESIDENT APPOINTS

"What's a Year or Two?" He Asked. "It Might Put Me on My Feet. It Might Get Me Into a Place Where I Wouldn't be Ashamed to Fall in Love With a Girl and Marry Her"

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

AFTER the election there was a shortage in the party treasury—and now let us digress.

An interviewer once went to a great industrial leader in Japan. The magnate had just been elected in a newspaper voting contest as the most popular success in the land.

"I want to obtain from you," said the reporter, "your formula for success."

"Here it is," said the industrial leader. "Stupidity with just enough intelligence not to interfere with it."

Penrose Baldwin had heard this story and believed that he had too much intelligence or not enough stupidity. His friends believe that he has charm. He has resource. He is one of that not inconsiderable number of really brilliant men who are always being given a month's notice by men who fear the risks of having a brilliant mind anywhere about.

Pen was born on an Illinois farm thirty-seven years ago. There is no reason to ask his real name, because if real names were given in this tale it would raise what gentlefolks call Old Ned in at least one corner of American official and public life. The temptation to do that must be resisted.

An idea man is Pen. No one ever says anything definite against his character, but his head is as full of ideas as corned-beef hash is of potato. In great American industry they call these rare birds idea men and pay them little and fear them.

Pen was no success. Pen knew why it is that a great number of men of charm, adaptability, brilliance, resource and truth are unable to find any permanent footing in the structure of our financial, mercantile or industrial world. Individuals with thick necks, who believe that Aristotle is a medicine and who never appear completely as is except when going down the aisle to the wash room on Pullman trains, are different; these are great men of business and land in the upper brackets of the income tax.

Said Pen to Miss Clarissa Rade, "Oh, I know what will happen when I go down to see Lambeer, the steamship man. He will say, 'Mr. Baldwin, of course I know your work and remember with pleasure of meeting you at the Merchants' Association dinner. As for a position, unfortunately we have a very definite organization. It is finely adjusted, Mr. Baldwin. We will keep you in mind, you may be sure. But our high-salaried places are few. Keep in touch with us. And good luck to you!' He leaves you feeling, as you go, that you've dropped in to say that you are about to explore in Central Africa and have come to say good-by forever."

"I suppose your face discloses that you are on to those dear, grave birds who talk so seriously about their organizations, like stuffed gods in mahogany shrines?" Clarissa suggested.

Pen held his own forehead, as if to say wearily, "Oh, maybe, and that's that too. I'm a marked man."

"A stupid man in your place," said she, "would look solemn, would not disclose his superiority, and that might score for him. But, Pen, old dear, you are not a stupid!"

Clarissa, of course, wondered whether Pen was in love with her. Maybe not. And then, when he sometimes reminded her, in connection with nothing at all, that he had no money, she felt with a vague hopefulness that he was saying that he would like to be in love, if only he were a success and could afford to be married and drape jewels on her.

She was a student of vocational adjustment. When anyone asked what that was she would take off her horn-rimmed eyeglasses and explain. With the glasses off, all the severity and the teach-the-class expression disappeared. She became a rather pretty girl with a playful look in her eyes, and vocational adjustment appeared of secondary importance.

Pen said once that he thought she used the glasses as a dugout—for defense. She had graduated from college. She was brilliant, too, which is a good antidote against love, just as it is against success.

"Bright women," said Pen, "are for dinner parties and not for the home."

Whether he was referring to Clarissa no one really knew, but anyone could guess he was referring to her. About half of his objection to her was that she might be too bright, and the other, that he could not support her anyhow.

Clarissa's family had had money. She came from Paterson, New Jersey. Old Rade had been a lawyer who was the prestidigitator of railroad reorganizations in the old days when boards of directors were pirates and brigands. They do say some directors even went out from New York to Paterson to have old Rade invent a new one. Furthermore, he never spent a cent. He gave his wife a rubber plant for Christmas. He left Clarissa a sturdy sum. He also left her under the guardianship of an aunt who thought girls who would live alone had gone where the pavement is of good intentions.

Clarissa, however, had escaped. She had the apartment below Pen's. Like Pen, she found comfort of a sort in the open fireplaces of a converted house in a dingy, narrow street. To her it was picturesque and had charm; to him it was a necessity and had water bugs.

Pen had come there to live when he returned from Central Europe. He had gone to that webby part of the world where Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George had done their map making while their silk hats hardly cooled on the rack. He saw the crisis. He was there during the revolution. But his expenses for six months had exceeded the

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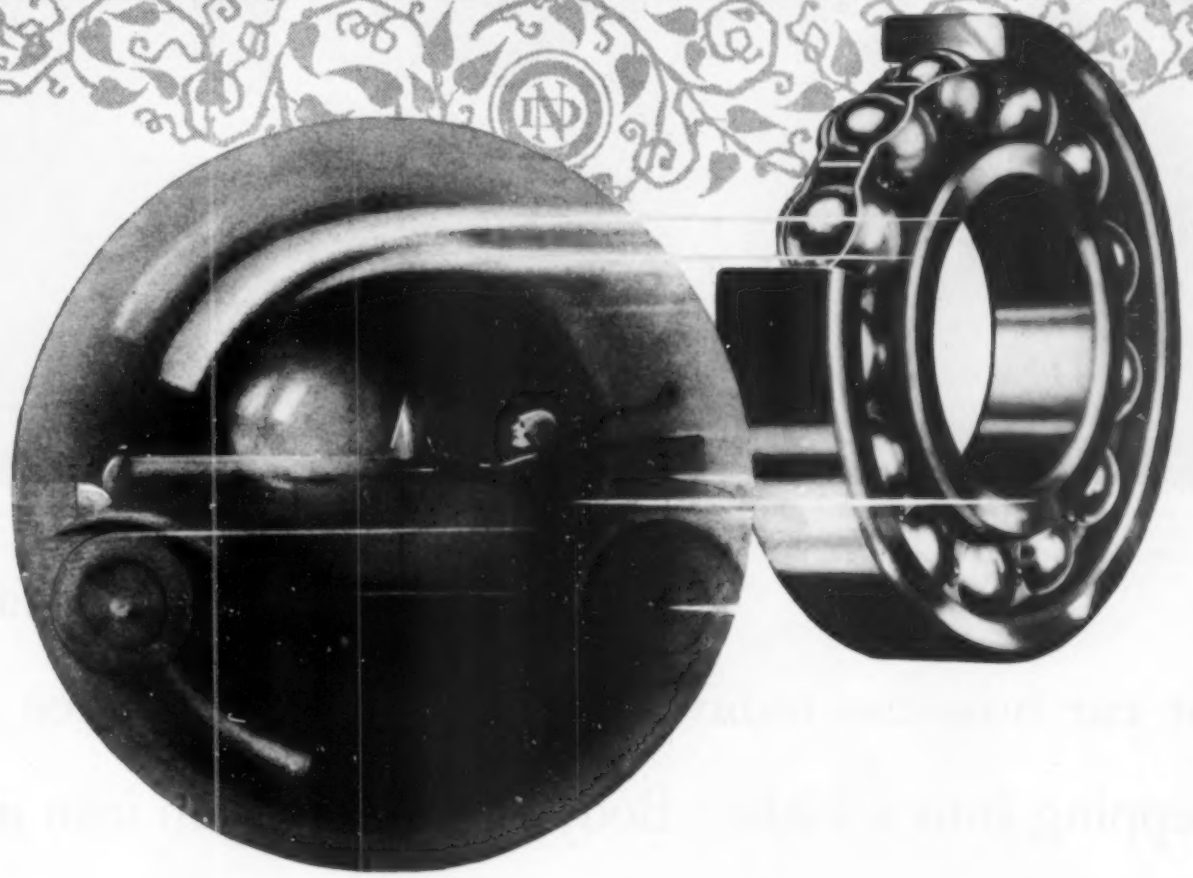
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



In Automobiles

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Today's automobile would not be possible without anti-friction bearings. Its great speed—its pick-up—its smoothness—its quietness—its long life—even the maximum use of its surging power are only realized because friction and wear have been banished by the use of anti-friction bearings.

New Departures are the highest type of anti-friction bearings, because pure rolling motion is frictionless—*and nothing rolls like a ball.*

New Departure Ball Bearings contain the roundest, strongest spheres ever made by man, rolling freely between sturdy raceways of costly alloy steel. In the wheels, transmission, differential, clutch, pinion, steering gear, fan and generator, they eliminate friction and withstand all loads with matchless efficiency. That is why practically all builders of American automobiles use New Departures—the bearings that cost more and are worth more to the motor car owner.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO., BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

Perhaps the biggest fact in the motor car business today is the startling difference revealed by stepping into a Fisher Body car . . and then into any other

No specialist or expert or salesman is needed to point out Fisher Body superiority—the greater richness and beauty and quality stand out so sharply and convincingly that all argument is ended. ¶ This is one of the most important facts in motor car buying today because it has to do with value—with what you get for the purchase price. ¶ You are bound to admit at once in your own mind—that in solidity of construction, in paneling, in the quality of the upholstery, in the hardware, in the interior fittings, in the clarity of the genuine plate glass, and in the substantially constructed roof—the Fisher Body car is worth much more in dollar value. ¶ Keep this contrast—these points of superiority—in mind. Consider the many hours you spend in your car and how much of your ease and comfort and satisfaction and pride depends upon the body of your car—and you can come to only one conclusion.

CADILLAC , LA SALLE , BUICK , VIKING , OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE , PONTIAC CHEVROLET

BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 44)

final intake by six dollars and ninety cents, and even the blacking in the little round box under the polisher in the medicine cabinet was getting low. Furthermore, the medicine cabinet was slowly relaxing its hold on his bathroom wall. America is not interested in foreign affairs—only in what foreign affairs ought to be according to the home-made ideas; it is not necessary to travel to write on foreign affairs for Americans.

"It's really a liability," said Pen. "To know foreign affairs one should not be a traveler; one should be a clergyman."

He first met Clarissa and her coppery-red, fluffy hair when she knocked on his door one morning and borrowed the blacking.

"Let me polish them for you," he said. "I rub my own, you know."

"But I don't want it for shoes!" she replied. "I want it to draw circles on an organization chart."

It was when she sprained her ankle that he began to go down to see her. She had drawn out of him, bit by bit—though he did not know it—the story of his life. Of course there is nothing except the gift that Nature showers on the external woman which quite reaches a man's heart as profoundly as the chance to tell the story of his life without knowing that he is doing it.

If Clarissa had written it down in the manner of certain biographies it would have read like this:

Penrose Baldwin was born of stalwart New England parentage. With the Western urge his forbears left the East to pioneer our great West. On August 5, 1891, he was born on a farm belonging to a friend of Carl Schurz, who had pioneered some two generations before. His family moved from Vermilion to Alabama, Georgia, thence to Birmingham and Boston, Massachusetts, and later took up their home in Oneida, New York, and Henryville, Pennsylvania. Penrose was the product of our great American public-school system. He attended Oberlin in higher education for two years. Forced by the death of his father to aid in the support of his mother and sisters—now deceased—he entered the firm of Hovey, dry-goods merchants of Boston, in the capacity of salesman in 1912. Employment manager, A. B. Evans & Co., paper manufacturers, 1913–1914. Representative, Irritatol Corporation in Near and Far East, 1915. Sales-promotion manager, Gogol Silk Company, 1916–1917. Private in Expeditionary Force, 1917–1918. Secretary to the Hon. James S. Faurice, president of the Anameline Products Company, 1918–1921, during which period he assisted in winning the election of 1920 for the Republican Party, in the capacity of representative of the great industrial leader to whom he was secretary.

It is indiscreet to go further in these rapid changes.

And about all that record, Clarissa cared not one tinker's. She was much more interested in the fact that Pen had a sense of humor, which no one would expect in a man who, as long as his ideas went into effect, would always allow another man to take credit for his ideas. And she liked his honest eyes. They were gray. They would remain forever, even in adversity, filled with an eternal youth of enthusiasm and astonishment and interest and some measure of injured sensibility. She liked him because of his angles. He was all angles. Rather graceful angles, and powerful. There was something of the American Indian about him, as if the American Indian had left a legacy of feature and figure through climate, without a drop of blood inheritance.

"Perhaps it is the country which molds it," she wrote to a friend. "I have met a man here in New York who has the whimsicality of an Englishman, and a curious sense of honor and reality. You'd never suspect him of wearing a broad-brim Bryan hat or being interested in his own immortality. He is just back from Central Europe. He spent most of his time in the country which I, being ignorant, was astounded to learn is officially called the Volabian Dynasty. I'll bet, unless you assault the encyclopedia, you won't know what I'm talking about. And his name is Pen, and it is evident that he is a washout as a provider."

That is what she wrote, and she was up in Pen's apartment one day after the election when a limousine began panting below and the apartment buzzer jumped them out of their chairs. There had been—mind you—an election. The party had a deficit! It was two in the afternoon.

Pen, looking down through the small window panes, exclaimed:

"It's the tooth-paste man! It's Faurice!"

"Who's the human dumpling with him?" asked Clarissa.

"It's his missus. How on earth did they know I was here?"

"And what do you mean by tooth-paste man?"

"Why, it's the Hon. James S. Faurice, old dear! He inherited that sure money-maker—the Anameline Products Company. It's a foolproof enterprise. Faurice was the fellow who paid me the vastest salary I ever earned—twenty grand a year to be secretary and ——"

"And what?"

"I was his idea man. That's what he called it—idea man. And when one idea of mine saved 'em three hundred thousand a year—that's when I got my notice! He was afraid of me then—jealous."

Clarissa stared down at the man who, with his wife, waited on the film of snow on the narrow sidewalk while the chauffeur was announcing the coming of the great to Pen.

"Sleek," she said to herself, referring to both of the Faurices. They were utterly furry. They and their background of sleek, fat, shiny, black limousine made a picture of money and perfumery—orchids and personal publicity agents. It seemed scarcely a moment before they were coming up the stairs with creaks and panting.

Pen was beaming. He was beaming almost in a maternal way. Nothing stands so much in the way of success as a male maternal sense which contents a man to be content to make other men content—and great. Such are idea men. They worship a little at clay feet.

"So it's that old son of a sea cook?" asked Clarissa. "Where did he get the title of Honorable?"

"Took it."

"Now there's ambition for you!"

"I know. But he has political aspirations. Would like to go abroad as an ambassador, or even as a minister. Been in that expectant state for years."

Pen was thrilled. The old maternal instinct was at work. It was evident. He really was disclosing that he had hopes for his old chief.

"Faurice?" said Pen. "In some ways he is the shrewdest political contributor of all. He's the fellow who paid the deficit of the other party once and is willing to pay the deficit of this party this time. Not a bad fellow from the standpoint of the party chiefs, now, is he?"

"Bah!" replied Clarissa, with flashing blue eyes. And she put on her horn-rimmed, schoolish glasses. "Bah! And bah! What'll they think of me being here?"

"I'll say you're my secretary."

"That's what they all say."

It was too late to argue that. The brass reproduction of the gargoyle knocker which indicates that one has arrived on the outside of an American two-room apartment was snapped up and down, and Pen, all angles and with a deference which made Clarissa marvel, opened the door.

James S. Faurice was never an imposing man. Nor is he at fifty. Not even his tailor can make him so. He is too short. He looks somewhat as he should—like one who has inherited a tooth paste and a fortune and a place. There is in his face only one alert feature—he has small shoe-button eyes which are very much alive. Asleep, with his mouth open, he is dreadful. No man, however, has done so much

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"As for the Press, I Have Plenty of Support. You Probably Have Seen Stories That I Was to be Appointed"

THE CHATTER OF GUNS

By Colonel Givens

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

AT NO time in the history of the world has slang been used so generally as it is today. Especially in America is this true. Few men, or women, in this country but that use slang to a greater or lesser extent. The flapper's vocabulary is greatly extended, made more dynamic, by the use of the slang words and phrases that are undoubtedly a part of America's personality.

High-salaried writers rake their brains for new slang. A man who can coin catchy slang words is made. High-powered preachers use slang to drive home solemn sermons. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, lecturers, writers, newsboys, prize fighters, hodcarriers, spinster school-teachers—all pick up the flashy slang words and phrases that appear and are used for a few months and then fade into nonexistence. Even the makers of dictionaries often recognize slang words and embody them in their growing tomes of good English words.

A hundred years ago an Englishman wrote: "Many of these"—criminal slang—"words and phrases are but serving their apprenticeship, and will eventually become the active strength of our language." And looking over a slang dictionary covering that period, I find hundreds of words and phrases that were then a part of the cant language of criminals, but are now smugly ensconced in the dictionaries as perfectly good English.

American crooks are the slangiest in the world. From the underworld comes a good portion of the slang that later finds its way into the vocabularies of preachers and shopgirls, college professors and truck drivers. And yet very little of the slang that comes from the underworld, or from any other modern source, is original. Most of it comes from England and the Continent, from Asia and India. Most of it can be traced back hundreds of years.

Imported From England

THERE is a famous comic-strip artist who has set the pace in coining slang expressions during the past ten years. He has grown rich and famous as the originator of much of the wise-cracking slang that America wallows in. Most of his expressions are original. Some of them, however, he picks up bodily from old and dusty volumes on slang and cant.

He introduced what is now known as Australian slang—the rhythmic slang so popular in crime circles. I have heard that he got the idea from an English criminal, a confidence man now doing time in Sing Sing. I do not know about that.

This Australian slang is a slang of a rhythmic nature. That is about the best that can be said for it. It has a little rime, but certainly no reason. The underworld likes it, however, and today Australian slang is heard in all prisons and wherever criminals gather.

In Australian slang a man's nose becomes his "I suppose," his eyes are "mince pies," a "lean and fat" is a hat, and a "lean and lurch" is a church. "Never fear" is beer; "pen and ink" is a stink or any sort of bad odor. "Plates of meat" are feet. If a man "plows the deep," he goes to sleep; a "salmon and trout" is a mouth. A term in jail is a "sorrowful tale"; "sugar and honey" is money. "Turtle doves" are a pair of gloves. And on and on, forever and ever.

Every once in a while the famous comic-strip artist aforementioned breaks out with a new bit of Australian slang and it is immediately picked up by criminals everywhere.

For a long time I wondered what rattle-brain had really invented this wholly meaningless but pleasantly riming slang. And then one day I picked up a slang dictionary printed some fifty years ago—The Slang Dictionary; Etymological, Historical and Anecdotal. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, London.

I found that the new and popular slang was not Australian at all, but English. I found the very words and phrases that are used today as the last word in popular slang were used nearly a hundred years ago by a group of chiselers in London who called themselves chaunters. I found phrases such as "gay and frisky," "fish and shrimp," "bottles and stoppers," "chip and chase," "brothers and sisters," "bees and honey," "fiddle and flute"—all the modern Australian-slang words that the underworld of today is so fond of—or nearly all of them.

The chaunters were what a Chicago racketeer would call dead-room chiselers. They went about singing at funerals, hangings—wherever there was death and grief. Sometimes they were funny, or tried to be, but they chiseled most of the money they lived on at hangings, funerals and death beds. In the same class with the chaunters were the patterers. The patterers were small salesmen, or petty confidence workers. "Peewee soft-song men," an American crook would call them. They were doorstep peddlers, very much like our own tribe, and they had a fast line of patter. The slang word "patter" comes from the patterers.

Though the slang vocabulary of the American crook is probably as large or larger than any in the world, there is no secret language used in the underworld here. In London, a few years ago, the chatter of Limehouse crooks was wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated. In Paris today the conversation of the Apaches cannot be understood easily by the layman. But in America the underworld is not sufficiently slangy to be unintelligible. The lingo of crooks is slangy—very slangy—but it lacks a lot of being cant.

The Slanguage of the Crooks

A FEW months ago a magazine that boasts it is read only by the highly sophisticated, printed a letter from a convict recently released from San Quentin. The letter was written in what purported to be the language of the underworld, and in an adjoining column some expert had translated this masterpiece into English.

I am fairly familiar with the slang of the underworld, but without the use of the translation, the convict's letter would have been Greek to me. I could not have understood a single sentence of it—not a single half sentence. I do not believe there is a criminal in the world, or a police officer, who could have translated the letter. It was a jumble of slang words and phrases peculiar to every part of the country and to every criminal profession.

The slang of the American underworld has never been compiled into a dictionary and distributed generally.

As a matter of fact, there is very little difference between the patter of the Hoosier crook, smacking of the soil, and the Tenth Avenue hoodlum, who, of course, was suckled in the tenements. The Broadwayite or the Tenth Avenue crook would be readily understood by the Hoosier criminal; and the Hoosier would not be entirely foreign to Broadway or Tenth Avenue. There are, however, certain bits of slang peculiar to crooks who live in the hinterland, and certain bits of slang that are used only in the great cities. The slang of the Chicago racketeer is different from the slang of the San Francisco dope hustler; and the Ecorse, Michigan, rum runner has a language all his own.

No master slangster has yet appeared to merge the sectional and professional idioms into one grand language; so while there is most certainly enough slang in the combined vocabularies of crookdom to make a fine big book out of which two or three cant languages could be made, it has not yet been done and American crooks must, perforce, talk like ordinary mortals yet a while.

I have yet to find a criminal, big or little, no matter how widely traveled, who knew enough slang to permit him to talk in the unknown tongue. I will go further; I have never yet run across a crook whose

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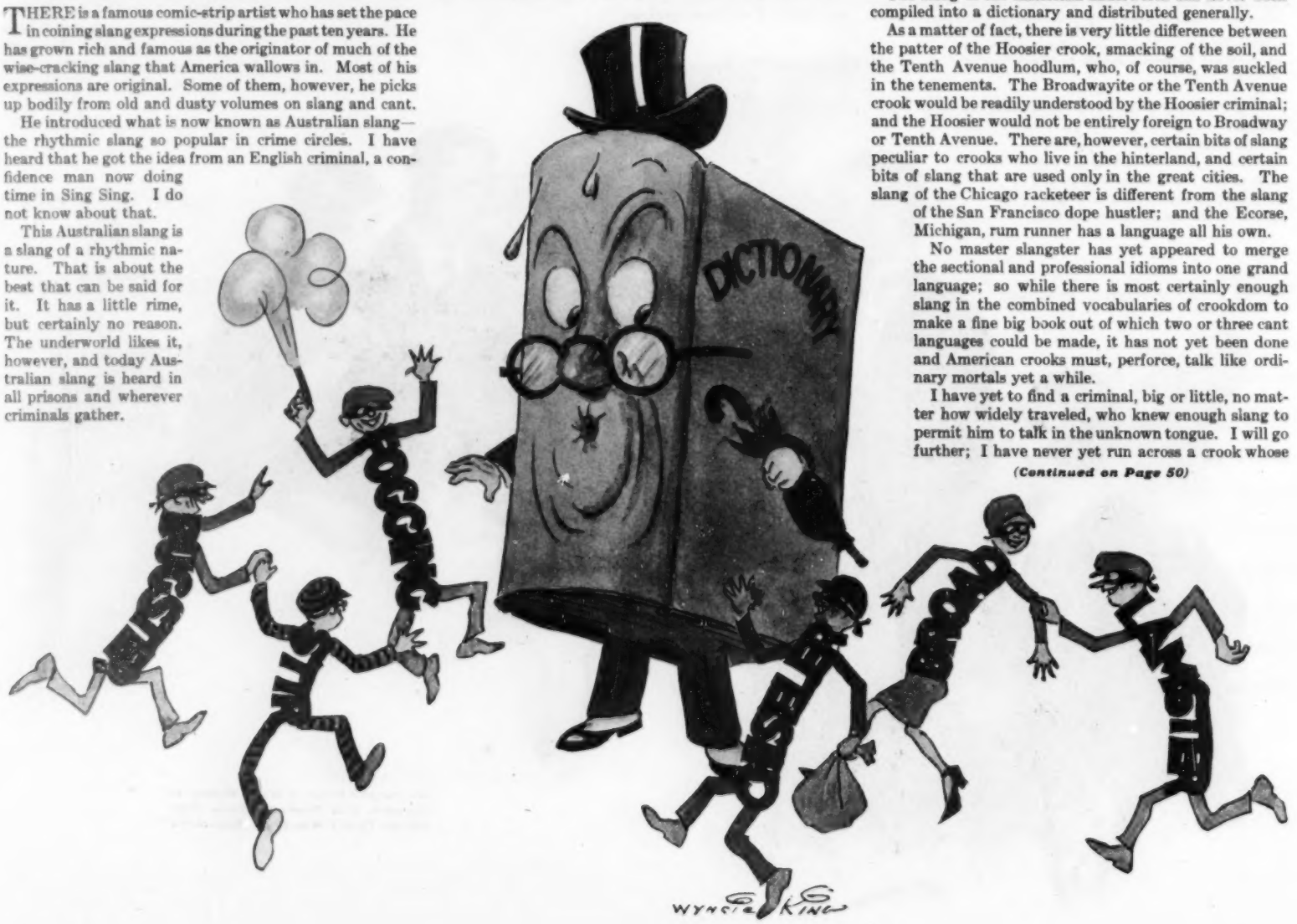
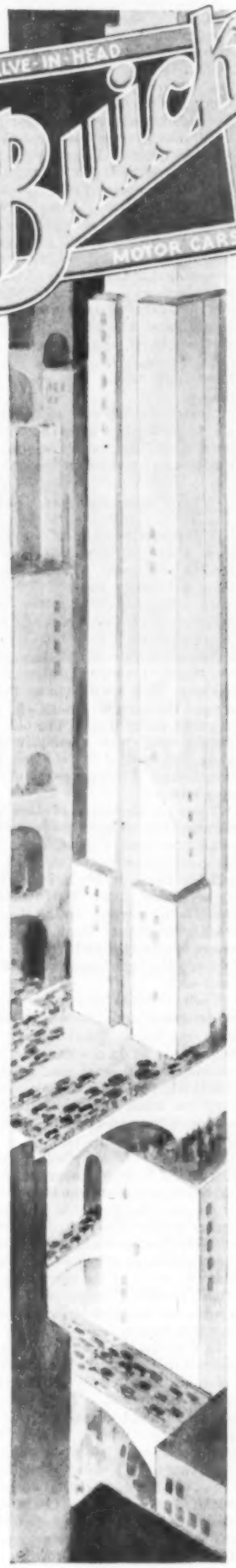


THE BUICK OF 1949 ,, LIKE THE FINE BUICK OF TODAY ,, WILL STILL BE THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

THERE is one thing about Buick motor cars that everybody knows; and that is they are as sound and dependable as man-made products can be. . . . A motor car reflects the character of its builder. Buick is the trustworthy motor car it is, solely because the craftsmen who build it think and act in terms of permanence and reliability.



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick will always be Buick. The master craftsmen who build this car pursue a policy of progress with relation to Buick engineering and manufacturing; but they will never depart from Buick principles and ideals.

The builders of Buick believe in keeping everlasting faith with a public that buys more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200, by continuing to build Buick motor cars superlatively well.

They believe in passing on to that public the benefits of Buick's tremendous volume production in the form of finer automobiles and greater dollar value.

They believe in steadily improving Buick methods and practices—in building Buick motor cars better and better—in keeping Buick always the standard of comparison.

These craftsmen are giving full expression to their ideals in today's Buick as in every Buick of the last quarter of a century. And they will continue to give expression to these policies in every motor car they ever build.

The Buick of 1949—like the fine Buick of today—will still be the standard of comparison.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

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conversation was not at least fairly intelligible. As easily understood, say, as the conversation of the slangy baseball fan, the slangy race-horse man or the slangy sailor.

I am not a philologist. Nor an etymologist. I do not even profess to be an authority on the argot of the underworld. But as a writer of short stories dealing with criminals, and as a newspaperman, I have made a study of modern crook lingo. As a rough-and-tumble newspaperman I have met hundreds of crooks, big and little, during the past ten years. I have eaten with crooks, slept with crooks, danced with crooks, fought with crooks, loaned money to and borrowed money from crooks. Right now I know half a hundred big-time crooks by their first names.

I try to keep posted on new crook slang. To do this I am seen quite a bit around police headquarters of the city of my adoption. I have many friends among the police officials of many cities, having worked in a dozen cities as a crime reporter, from Chicago east to New York. Every once in a while I make it a point to look up one or more of my underworld acquaintances to keep well-informed on new criminal slang. Without them I would be lost, because criminal slang changes with the weather.

Quite recently the boys and girls who furnish most of the big newspaper headlines have become original and actually coined a few new slang words and phrases. And this is strange, because for years and years that mysterious region society knows as the underworld has been willing to accept old words—very old words—as new slang.

Few of the slangy ones know, for instance, that the very colloquialisms that are considered the last word in modern patter are in reality ages old. They do not know that the very modern slang sprung on them by writers, cartoonists and wise crackers among themselves was part of the unwritten tongue of the gypsies who came to England during the reign of Henry VIII. But such is the case. Most of the smart slang and wise-cracking words and phrases have been lifted bodily from the old cant language of England. Such words as mouthpiece, cadge, body snatcher, patter, filch, moonshine, booze, lick, cheat, mill, stow it, half-baked, and a thousand and one other modern slang words and phrases were a part of the secret language of plunderers and thieves during Henry VIII's time.

The carnival barker originated in canting. "Bang up," meaning extraordinarily good, is a cant phrase. A young "blood" is a cant word. To "bleed" a sucker was common in the cant language. Even the very modern word "razz" comes from the cant language. And though Broadway will swear it originated the "bird," it really came from England. Modern actors are not the only ones to get the bird. Whether the bird a hundred or so years ago was the peculiar, hateful sound that present-day actors so despise, I do not know.

Boys Will be Boys

Most of the really modern criminal slang originates in prison. Convicts are the most slangy people on earth. They really have a language all their own. In prisons even educated men become lax and fall into the habit of using slang. It is in prison, if anywhere, where the criminal becomes unintelligible to the layman. I suppose the reason is that convicts do not care very much, have little incentive to use good grammar. And then, a prison is a closed community, a city apart, with customs, manners and habits different from the customs, manners and habits of general society.

As a usual thing prison officials are indifferent to the language convicts use. However, there are one or two reformatories where every effort is made to eliminate the slang of the underworld, to teach prisoners to use good grammar. I have read the newspapers of these reformatories, written and edited by the convicts themselves, urging inmates to eliminate slang and obscenity from their conversations.

Once freed, however, I believe the average convict immediately tries to improve his grammar, tries to shake off the habits of speech formed in prison. Just as he wants his hair to grow quickly after his last sugar-bowl haircut, just as he immediately gets rid of the cheap parole suit and the shoddy cap given him upon his release, so he tries to erase the brand of the prison from his speech. I have met many crooks who flaunted their prison slang. These, as a general rule, were young crooks and not very good crooks. A real crook has no desire to advertise himself. Very few criminals are intentionally slangy. That is, very few of them but would rather use good grammar than bad. I have found that the real big-time crook uses very little slang as a general rule. It is always the petty fellow who wallows in slang. He does so to advertise himself, to let the world know that he is a crook. He glories in slang because he actually thinks it is smart to be dishonest.

Recently a reporter asked an official of the Detroit police where he could find the most crook slang, easiest and quickest. He was writing a feature for the Sunday paper.

Clever But Not Noisy

The official told him: "Go to some pool room where young, petty crooks hang out. Find a pool room where young hustlers hang out—petty sneak thieves, loft burglars, purse snatchers and such—and you will hear more slang than you would at a boss racketeers' convention."

The official was exactly right. There are two classes of crooks who absolutely wallow in slang. They are the young, petty chiselers and the very old crooks who have been in prison many times. The old-timers are "broke out" with a mixture of modern slang, the slang of the old-time yeggs and prison slang. The youngsters, of course, are very modern.

There are thousands of slang words and phrases that are used generally by crooks of all types and of all sections. There is a little difference in the slang of the West and the East. In the East the slang used by criminals comes from Broadway and from the tenements. In the West it comes from everywhere—from the East, from scores of countries and from the farms. In Chicago the racketeers have a language all their own.

Each criminal profession has its own trade words and phrases. Dopers have their own lingo. Burglars have their own lingo, also; as do cracksmen, stickups, hijackers, jewel thieves, confidence workers. But this difference in lingo is confined to a very few trade words and phrases. The tongue of the underworld generally speaks the same language.

At present Chicago slang is a mixture of everything because, though Chicago does not boast very much about it, it is without doubt the Mecca of the criminal world. Sooner or later all crooks, if they stay out of jail, give Chicago a whirl. Most of them go there and leave a-flying—as soon as they hear the rattle of the machine guns. Because, though Chicago is the Mecca of crooks, it is the most dangerous Mecca that ever was known.

In Chicago the New York and Boston gunmen meet with the Italian and Sicilian Camorrist and "chev" artist and the San Francisco hophead. The most notorious gangster Chicago ever had was an Iowa butcher boy. Where, in New York, the gang sectors are a few blocks square, with a local plug-ugly leading other local plug-uglies, in Chicago the gangs are made up of crooks from a thousand towns and scores of countries. That is the reason New York was shocked beyond expression when machine guns were first brought into play there a few months ago. Chicago has known machine guns since 1923. Being so far advanced, is it a wonder that Chicago sets the pace in coining new slang words and phrases?

Quite recently I spent a few days in Chicago. I was writing a few crime stories and I thought I might pick up a bit of color. While in Chicago I met a newspaperman who, perhaps, is the Windy City's leading authority on gangs. He knows his gangs, but he hasn't tried to become mayor because he knows his gangs. Some of these days he'll write a book, and when he does —— Then all the gang stuff that has been written will seem like the senseless babble of babies.

"Chicago crooks are considered the most original in the world, aren't they?" I asked this man.

He smiled.

"They make the most noise," he said. "They commit more murders than the crooks of most other towns. But"—he smiled again, mysteriously—"our Chicago crooks have much to learn. They are not very wise."

And then he told me that New York crooks led the world in originality—and in slang.

"New York crooks are smart," this newspaperman told me. "They're not always shooting their way into the headlines. Take this —— killing, for instance." He mentioned an underworld murder that lately has attracted considerable attention. "That is an example. There the police unearthed a gigantic dope ring. If that ring had existed in Chicago a dozen men would have been murdered—spectacularly—before the organization could have hoped to begin to run smoothly.

During its life a dozen more men would have been murdered. The police and every cub reporter in Chicago would have known about the ring!"

He smiled again.

"As it was, only a few dozen police officials of New York City knew about it," he said. "And they kept their mouths shut—are keeping their mouths shut even now. It is quite doubtful if anybody will ever know the true status of that gigantic dope ring."

But to get into the slang of the underworld proper. Take prison slang first. The prison itself is the big house, or stir, or walled city. A reformatory cannot be a big house, although it can be, and is, a stir. Everything is "big" in the big house—big walls, big gate, big key, and so on. The warden is the big noise in some prisons; in others he is merely The Man—spelled with capitals. When a convict is called in to talk to the warden he goes on the big green carpet.

A guard is a screw, or a herder, or a bull, or the law. A young prisoner is a punk, although that word also has a different meaning. A prisoner's cell is his hut, or his hole, or his house, or his cave.

If They Must be Naughty

In some prisons a new prisoner is given cake and wine the first day—meaning that he gets nothing but bread and water. He also bathes in coal oil and blue ointment, which is called a carbolic bath. He is skinned by the axman or the barber, and the clothing officer throws him a tent.

A clerk in prison is a politician. In some prisons where only clerks wear white shirts he is a Fauntleroy. The prison physician is the croaker. The chaplain is the sin-hound. The captain of the guards is the butcher and, of course, the kitchen officer is the bellyrobber.

A prisoner who is reported for some violation is written up or had the pencil put on him. He is taken before the penitentiary court, and there Father Time tries him. If the offense is trivial, Father Time may put him on the spot.

The spot is a piece of carpet about eight to ten inches square. He takes off his shoes and stands on the spot all day—or perhaps two days—without food. In some prisons, when a prisoner goes on the spot, he stands at attention. In other prisons he faces a wall and his nose is placed against a small painted spot. His nose must not leave that spot all day.

Father Time may give the culprit the hole—solitary confinement in a dungeon for from two to thirty days, according to the prison and the offense. In most prisons a man in the hole gets no food for the first two days.

After two days he gets a piece of corn pone every day for four days. After he has been in the hole six days he gets one meal a day. There are no chairs, no cot, in the hole. At night he is given his boards which he sleeps on. His boards are just that—two boards nailed together.

If a screw uses his blackjack frequently, he is a blackjack artist. If he reports many prisoners, he is bloodthirsty.

The death house is the dance hall, in most prisons. The electric chair is the hot seat or old smoky. When he is electrocuted he rides old smoky, takes the electric cure, or is burned. When he moves from the death house to the condemned cell, he takes his walk up back. After his electrocution he is put in the ice box—the morgue.

If he dies in prison, he takes a back-gate parole. If he escapes, he takes a bush parole. If he gets a pardon or his term is shortened, he cheats 'em. If he serves his time and is released, he gets the bricks, or springs.

On the outside, in some cities, a sort of cant language has sprung up. This is to cheat the jail attendant who always "listens in" on the conversation of a prisoner and a visitor.

For instance, in Chicago if a visitor told a prisoner: "I expect that you'll be able to meet Doctor Wilson pretty soon," then that prisoner can expect to "spring" in a few hours.

Men to Avoid

There are various "Doctors" in Chicago. Doctor Bates, Doctor Mathew, Doctor Hall, Doctor Jenkins. If, on a visit to Chicago, you ever hear anybody suggest that you are to "meet Doctor Bates" then I'd advise you to take a "run out powder"; that is, beat it away from there as quickly as possible. "Doctor Bates" is not at all a nice person.

A prisoner with ten years brings in a saw-buck. If he is serving life, he is doing it all. If he goes insane, he blows his top or throws an ing-bing. He is then sent to a fit house—the hospital for the criminally insane.

In some prisons, when he is sent to the hospital for the criminally insane, he goes over the blue wall. If he loses his wits, but is not actually insane, he has missed too many boats. Perhaps he is stir-simple, or is a stir bug.

Any prisoner serving time is laying in state or earning blood money. An escape is a crush-out; an escaped convict a lamster—or he is on the lam.

Tobacco is weed, sugar is sand, sauerkraut is shrubbery, milk is chalk, meat is pig. When a prisoner rolls a cigarette, he fills a blanket.

The cell house is the menagerie. The prison is also called the big top—from the inside. The sweat shops are the main ring. In the shirt shop, underwear shop, jute mill or other production shop the man on a machine is driving a Dusendorf—or any other expensive automobile.

And on and on. Prisoners have slang words and phrases for every object and every situation. The origin of such slang is not hard to discover. The meaning of most of it is perfectly obvious, even to the layman.

During the past few years the slang vocabulary of the underworld has undergone a revolutionary change. Until prohibition produced the rackets and an entirely different type of crook, there was, I believe, a vocabulary that was used generally and extensively by crooks everywhere. Furthermore, this slang was strange, quite unintelligible to the man on the street. The old crooks had a language all their own that was really a mystery to the uninitiated. Those were the words and phrases that are so directly traceable to the old cant language. But things have changed.

(Continued on Page 54)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Gentlemen, I salute you!"

[Yellow Fever Commission, Havana, 1900]

A buck private and a civilian clerk walked quietly into headquarters at Quemados, near Havana, one morning in 1900, and offered themselves as targets for a deadlier scourge than bullets—the bite of a silver-striped tropical mosquito.

"You realize that you are risking your lives?" they were reminded.

"Yes, we know about that," they replied.

Up went the hand of Major Walter Reed of the Yellow Fever Commission: "Gentlemen, I salute you!"

They wore life like a plume

Love of humanity and sheer grit marked all who fought Yellow Fever in that little army camp, from the untrained volunteers for hazardous experiments, to the medical scientists—Reed, Carroll, Lazear, Agramonte—who directed and planned the work, and themselves constantly faced death. One of the latter, Dr. Lazear, gave his life for the cause.

Two years were required for rigid scientific proof. Then Dr. Reed was able to announce that the carrier of Yellow Fever infection had been identified as a certain variety of tropical mosquito—the female *stegomyia*. In nine months a campaign of extermination by trained workers had rid the city of this mosquito. And then Yellow Fever disappeared from Havana.

Four years later the same methods, carried out by Dr. William C. Gorgas, changed the Isthmus of Panama from a death-trap to one of the most healthful localities in the world, and made possible the building of the Panama Canal. Since 1906 not a single case of Yellow Fever has originated in the Canal Zone.

One of many victories for health

Today, when you cruise to sunny Cuba or steam through the greatest engineering achievement of the modern world—the Panama Canal—you are as safe from Yellow Fever on board or ashore as in your northern home, thanks to Medical Science.

In the 63 years during which Parke, Davis & Company have served the medical profession, we have seen many such victories over the dark powers of disease. Through research and discovery in the Parke-Davis laboratories we have been privileged to contribute to the building of not a few of the fortresses of health which now protect human life.

Today, as in the past, Parke-Davis research workers are constantly coöperating with the medical profession in what Louis Pasteur called the struggle "to cause the infectious diseases to disappear from the earth."

To Mothers

Do you know how your doctor is equipped today as never before to protect you and your children against smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid, and many infectious diseases? The story of this ahead-of-time protection now available is told simply and clearly in a non-technical booklet, *Fortresses of Health*. To receive a free copy, simply address your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Michigan; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

The Real Genius of Chrysler

Some regard style—the crisp new beauty of line and color that distinguishes each fresh creation of Chrysler—as the true touch of his inimitable genius.

Others credit the engineering skill which overleaps all static practice and sets new standards of performance and dependability, as the fundamental expression of Chrysler talent.

The nation's foremost editorial authority, appraising the recent trend of American affairs, places emphasis on Chrysler's ability for financial organization as his outstanding gift.

Yet the public has, perhaps, the truest estimate of all, turning as it does in such numbers and so confidently to Chrysler's proved capacity for rendering *"a better public service."* It was in devotion to this one ideal that Chrysler Motors was conceived, has its being, and fulfills its destiny.

This is the mainspring of the vast activities of Chrysler Motors—of its unified financing, its consolidated buying, its co-operative research and engineering, its co-ordinated manufacturing—centralized operation all under one active personal head.

This is the source of Chrysler Standardized Quality, the principle by which every item of Chrysler manufacture first is originated for the *highest-priced* Chrysler creations and then is spread *downward* and *outward* by virtue of Chrysler volume production to the *lower-* and *lowest-priced* products, its quality held inviolably intact.

It is this *applied* genius for giving greater value that is the real measure of Walter P. Chrysler and the inimitable means by which Chrysler Motors constantly seeks to achieve the greatest values in the motor world.

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De Soto Six, surmounting so easily all generally accepted limitations of price, truly expresses the applied significance of Chrysler genius. Despite its amazingly low price, De Soto embodies every attribute of style, beauty, performance, comfort and luxury to a degree that is comparable only with costlier cars.

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

{ Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free. }

"SHOW BOAT" probably has more elements of drawing power than any moving-picture ever produced. It is a *Super*-production and a combination of Universal Stars and the music and singing stars of Florenz Ziegfeld's Stage Show, which has already played to crowded houses in New York for more than 400 consecutive performances. It may interest you to know that the most prominent men in dramatic and moving-picture circles are just as keenly interested in this picture as you will be as soon as it is shown.

Carl Laemmle

Florenz Ziegfeld

Edna Ferber

-C.L.

The Reasons Why:

Laura La Plante

"SHOW BOAT" is the great novel of the floating theatres along the lower Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, written by Edna Ferber.

Joseph Schildkraut

"SHOW BOAT" on Ziegfeld's Stage in New York has proved such a popular sensation during its entire run that seats sold at from $10 to $20 each.

Otis Harlan

"SHOW BOAT" in Universal's picturized and movietone version will have LAURA LAPLANTE, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and OTIS HARLAN as the principal characters as well as the wonderful Jerome Kern music with Oscar Hammerstein's intriguing lyrics and singing stars of Ziegfeld's Stage Show.

Emily Fitzroy

"SHOW BOAT" in Universal's production will have the beautiful background of nature's own scenery, because it was made down on the river on an actual show-boat.

Helen Morgan

Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

"SHOW BOAT" is intensely dramatic, emotional and picturesque, and the love-story running through it has a most romantic and powerful appeal.

Jerome Kern

"SHOW BOAT" has likewise been produced as a silent picture for those theatres which have no movietone apparatus, and I firmly believe it will prove a veritable sensation.

Harry Pollard

"SHOW BOAT" in Mr. Ziegfeld's opinion and mine should prove probably the greatest picture-attraction of the age.

Carl Laemmle, President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

Several years ago I was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper. One of my acquaintances at that time was a gang chieftain who had introduced the gentle art of hijacking to the boys of the North Side. Aside from the fact that police had him down in the little black book—secret reports—as a rather cold-blooded killer, he was a very nice gentleman and I liked him exceedingly. He was hospitality itself, and not only I but several other newspapermen used to congregate at his place often to discuss crime in general and other things. He was very cordial to the press. Knowing that sooner or later he would get his, he had asked the boys as a special favor not to molest his mother, not to attempt to photograph her when he died. When he was killed every newspaper in town ran pictures of the old lady. One enterprising reporter sneaked up the fire escape at her home and took a flash light of her as she sat alone in the kitchen, nearly frightening the poor soul to death.

But that's away from the point. One morning police found the body of two gentlemen whose names I have forgotten, lying in a ditch out on a lonely road. They had been shot while riding in an automobile with friends and unceremoniously dumped into the ditch. That was the first of hundreds and hundreds of death rides that have occurred.

Power in a Bird's Nest

My gang chieftain friend was suspected of engineering that murder. Newspapermen went to his place.

"Tell us, will you—confidentially—who croaked these guys?" one of the boys very untactfully inquired, and added: "Just as a matter of curiosity."

The gang leader grinned.

"They wasn't croaked," he said. "They just went for a little ride."

And since that time thousands of crooks, big and little, all over the country have been taken for rides. Others have been given Dago rides. Still others have been lost, and others have taken checkers, others got the skids. Still others were pooped. There are dozens of nice ways of saying that a man has been murdered without coming right out and using the cold-blooded word itself.

To all crooks finger prints are calling cards or prints. A man is mugged when his picture is taken. A detective is a dummy, or a keystone, or Johnny Law, or a dick, or the law.

The prosecuting attorney is the rider, the states, the cutor, the P. A. or the S. A. A lawyer is a mouthpiece or a shyster or a lip. A suitcase or hand bag is a keyster. A suit of clothes is a flash, or a front, or a frock, or a tent. Shoes are pinchers or barkers.

Crooks make pets out of their weapons and have many pet names for them. A pistol may be a heat, a rod, a roscoe, a gat, or a blow, or the big blow. A sawed-off shotgun is a powder wagon or a sawyer. There are three types of machine guns used—Tommy guns, Browny guns and Louie guns. A Browny is also a child. An infant is a Kewpie. A bullet is a slug, or a pea, or a lead. A blackjack is a mace, or slug, or stick, or rock.

A man shooting a gun is fogging or smoking. "I fogged away with my heat until I pooped that dummy."

A safe is a coffin, or a crib, or a locker, or a jug or a cracker. To open a safe, one must have dinah to make power. Dinah is dynamite and power is nitroglycerin. It is also soup. When a cracksman opens a safe, he puts his mark on it. If he is of a mechanical turn of mind and the safe is small, he uses a come-along—or pullers—to drag the combination out, allowing the tumblers to fall. If the safe is heavy, he must shoot it.

To do this, he goes into it with his drill. Then he makes a bird's nest out of putty and pours his power into the bird's nest. Perhaps he tries a com shot first. He soaps all cracks and lets loose his power. The com shot fails; the safe door is still on its hinges, holding. So he tries a jam shot. If this fails, he gives it a cyclone shot, drilling several holes and using much power. A place of business with a burglar-alarm system is bugged. A watchman is a bugster.

A crook takes his sweets, his frail or his broad out for a ride in a hack, heap, ride, bus or boat.

If he plans a job and gets a tip that police have been warned, then that is a rumble, or the noise, or the blow-off. Of course, he has to leave quick, so he does a Nurmi, or does a cross-country, or lams. He must have a place to hide, so he goes to a scatter, or a cave, or a hide-out.

If he intends to prowl a place, he first cases the joint. If the bugster happens to be there, the prowler, perhaps, does a crouch and paralyzes the watchman or gives him a headache. If the bugster is overpowered, but refuses to give up the combination of the safe or the keys, or keeps back any information, then he is pistol-whipped until he does as he is told.

The Carnival Patois

If a crook becomes an informer, then he is a rat or a heel. When he tells police on his partners in crime, he puts the finger on them. If they can, his partners then drop the shuck on him by framing him with police. However, if a man demonstrates that he is dependable, he is pat. If he manages to take the kick, or third degree, without telling, he is solid. He is also aces if he can go through a police storm.

I have read dozens of stories in which drugs were referred to as snow. Never yet have I heard a dope addict or a crook call any kind of drug snow.

Opium is sometimes ope; sometimes it is dream wax; again it is simply dreams. Cocaine is C. Morphine is M. Heroin is referred to as H.

A doper is riding a wave when the drug takes effect. He has a yen on when it wears off. He sometimes gets snowed under or is heaped to the gills. An addict is on the habit. He is a bangster, and a bang is a load, a charge or a hyp of the drug he uses.

A crook who fights with a knife is a chev man. A knife or a razor is a chev, or an ax, a blade, or a steel. A negro is a jig or jigaboo, and a deep cut of any kind is a jig cut.

Carnival followers have a slang all their own. The underworld has picked up a few words and phrases from the carnivals and put them into general use, such as come-on, shill, shiller and salesman. A confidence worker is a soft-song man or a salesman.

And so on and so forth. I could write for a week and not exhaust the entire criminal vocabulary. But no one crook uses that entire vocabulary. No one section or criminal profession is familiar with all the crook slang words.

The language of the underworld is not cant. It is very slangy, but it is not secretive. A person standing on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street, listening to two newsboys talk, is quite as apt to hear as much underworld patter as he would if the two newsboys were a burglar and a safe cracker.

THE PRESIDENT APPOINTS

(Continued from Page 47)

for the American laborer in terms of social welfare as he—to hear him tell it. As a lover of men he sticks up like a sore thumb.

"Pen, old boy!" Faurice exclaimed. "Have you ever met Mrs. Faurice?"

This cordiality was to illustrate social equality in a democracy. Democracy is something which is always being handed downward. Curiously enough, the former idea man of the Anameline Products Company had never met the little-photographed but much-social-columned better half.

Mrs. Faurice stood silently—with almost a noisy silence—in the ostentatious background. She was alarmingly broad to sit in any chair in the room. Both Pen's and Clarissa's eyes roved to find her a wide one. She did bear signs of beauty of the early Turkish type. But now, like the breadth which spread over her, there was also under her white hair a breadth of face that reminded one of the bottom of an aluminum wash pan. It was a flatness; it was kindly, placid and unreadable!

Everyone in America knows of Mrs. James S. Faurice. A publicity agent advances her name and suppresses her photographs. No one can ever read the social news without a sense that either it is marvelous to be a Mrs. James S., or an affliction. So here she was—in the flesh!

Flesh is right. She took off her furs without substantial reduction. She sat in the broadest chair and it spread alarmingly.

"Well," said her husband, "how good it is to see you again, my boy. And let me say—you know—you have seen those rumors about the possibility of my being appointed by the President?"

"To what?" asked Pen and then, embarrassed, added: "May I present to you, Mrs. Faurice, my—my—private secretary, Miss Rade?"

There was a struggle to get out of the chair, a relapse, and then from the tin pan and kindly features came the expected incredulity.

Faurice, however, showed it in his voice. He said, "I rather hope—howdy-do, Miss Rade—I rather hope —— What shall I say?" He was disturbed by Clarissa's presence. "I rather ——"

"My private and confidential secretary," said Pen.

"Ah!" Faurice paused. His shoe-button eyes moved over and back. Then he went on: "Well, of course, there is work to be done for the United States in Volabia—you've been there? You'd say so? It is, one might say, the center of what may be a bonfire to light the next war. Am I right?"

"Quite right," Pen asserted.

"I was discussing this at the American Volabian Society just the other day," the tooth-paste king went on.

Mrs. Faurice was looking at the ceiling as if the ceiling were the object of her pity and of mild, patient concern.

"Will you have a cigarette, sir?" asked the former employe.

"Thank you, no."

"I have no cigars."

Without comment, the corporation president drew from his tailored interior a tremendous cigar; he drew it as a Mongol horseman draws a long black dagger from his boot.

"Now, mark you, Pen," said he with genial patronage. "Mark you, my position has always been that I would never clamor to serve in public office; least of all am I an office seeker. It would involve great sacrifice to my many interests. If called upon, however, I do my duty. My wife, Gwendolyn—it's quite true, isn't it, dear?—rather loves her home. She, quite rightly, cares nothing for foreign life or titles or pomp." Mrs. Faurice cast a glance at him. "You do like Chicago, don't you, dear?" he asked.

"Yes, darling." These were the only words his wife spoke during the whole conversation.

"How interesting are the articles you have written about the Volabian Dynasty!" exclaimed Faurice, rubbing his fat knees. "Well! Well! Don't be modest, Pen, my boy. I'd like nothing better than to take you there—if I went as representative of the United States—as private secretary. It would be nice to establish that relation again." (Continued on Page 56)

Photograph by Henri Manuel

DR. CAUSSADE *is Laureate of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris; physician of the famous Hospital, "Hôtel Dieu"; past-president of the Paris Therapeutical Society; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.*

"For *run down, ailing bodies* yeast *is of highest importance"*

—DR. GEORGES CAUSSADE

of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris

"Yeast plays an assimilative rôle and brings about the utilization of nutritious substances . . . It is of the highest importance for the 'run down,' the undernourished, and persons recovering from serious illness . . . Yeast has a real action, not only on intestinal disinfection and constipation, but also on nutrition generally."

G. Caussade

SIGNIFICANT words from a great French physician: "For 'run down' persons—yeast!"

Dr. Georges Caussade has received high honors in France for his medical attainments. As he points out, yeast assists in disinfecting and purifying the intestine and has a "real action" on constipation. Today doctors agree that clogged intestines are the chief cause of "run down" condition, depression, headaches, digestive disorders and frequent colds.

Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey throughout the United States said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass through your intestines daily they combat harmful bacteria, purify the whole system. Bright eyes, clear skin, better health and spirits follow.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals; plain or dissolved in water, either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. Try it with a sprinkle of salt, or dissolved in milk or fruit juices. Many obtain its daily health benefits before or between meals on crackers or toast.

To benefit fully you must eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and over a sufficient period. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-86, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here, as poisons from a clogged intestine spread throughout the system. But here is where yeast works. Keep this entire tract clean, active, healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast. Start now!

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Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York

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(Continued from Page 54)

He looked nervously at Miss Rade. She was now again the vocational diagnostician; she had put on her glasses, and from this dugout was inscrutable and menacing.

"What is the economic condition of Volabia?" Faurice went on. "What are the peoples doing? Are they really restless?"

"Quite restless," Pen said.

"Ah, that's what I said. There's a point!" Faurice blew a violet cloud of Havana toward a Madonna over the fireplace. "In that the President would be interested."

"Who?" asked Pen.

"The President. I am going to see the President. I have—I—er—paid a substantial amount toward squaring the deficit of the party—the old party. This is quite secret."

He shot a glance at Clarissa.

"I heard so," said Pen. "Joslin of the State Department told me."

"He's one of those lavender-handkerchief boys!" said Faurice with a short-statured fierceness. "Joslin and all his lily-smelling tribe are ruining the United States Government's foreign service. There is a cabal among that perfumed lot, isn't there, mother?" Mrs. Faurice merely folded two plump hands covered with rings. "She wants to stay in Chicago," said Faurice by way of parenthesis. There was a pause. "As far as I am concerned I care nothing about being called 'Your Excellency.' Only when I can be of use —— As I said, I am going to see the President—week from today, or maybe earlier, at eleven—to talk about conditions in Volabia."

"Well, I can help you with that," said simple Penrose Baldwin. "I know the subject."

"Of course—of course, you do. I disagreed with you, my boy, about the military aims of Rumania and Hungary as regards the buffer boundaries, but in the main—in the main ——"

"If you have the time," said Pen timidly, "I can give you the ideas."

Ideas! He had once been the idea man for the Faurice corporation! Once he had saved that corporate entity of the big industrial heart three hundred thousand, with a single idea, and he had been fired for it! But Pen's passion was ideas and making other men.

"You understand, of course, that the President may seek to elevate me to a high office," Faurice was saying. "It is quite possible, and if such be the case—count on me—I'll take you as secretary. Yes, I will."

Pen's eyes shone. Clarissa, if anyone had looked at her, would have disclosed her panic. Only Mrs. Faurice looked at Clarissa.

"Well," said Pen, "let me show you."

He rose and began gathering documents and books from his desk.

Faurice raised a small, stout, protesting hand.

"My time is limited, Pen, my boy."

"I know, Mr. Faurice. I did not want you to look these things over. I can sketch out the whole situation very briefly. Relation of the British foreign policy, which, as you know, but most people do not, has gained tremendously since the war. And the French! There's a real story. I saw the exiled king. He is really in a finish fight with the left-wing premier. It is a great game—this little country."

The rich man looked at his watch. It was a thin watch in platinum.

"Pen, my boy," he said impressively, "I am obliged to see my attorneys. Write me a memo—a memorandum. I am going to see the President. I wish to enlighten him. I know the President. He dined with us once. And I've thought it very significant that he has appointed no one to that important post as yet. Perhaps that is because of my friends. I have friends in the cabinet, in the Senate, in Congress. What remains is to give the President ideas—ideas—ideas. Write me a memorandum. What a President we have! A man who always looks for facts. But an idealist."

The fat lady changed her stare from the ceiling to the rug. It was a cheap, worn rug, bought secondhand, and filled with cigarette ashes until it had taken on a gray mist.

Clarissa rather liked this fat lady. She could not tell herself just why. It was a kind of feminine Buddha quality—the silence, the noncommittalness of her.

"I want a memorandum," Faurice was saying. "First, a short snappy picture of the Dynasty of Volabia that I can set forth to the President in ten minutes."

"I understand."

Faurice looked at Miss Rade with a glance of appraisal.

"She can help you," said he, beaming with an oily beam.

"I will be only too glad," said Clarissa, feeling that even if the result might be to send Pen into Central Europe as a private secretary of a legation far from her, nevertheless, it was her duty to help.

"Well!" The tooth-paste magnate jumped up. "There is something in this for every one of us," he asserted enthusiastically.

A light sprang up in Clarissa's eyes. Her red hair took on a new sheen.

"I do want to help!" she exclaimed. "Of course, I'm only a woman ——"

Mrs. Faurice snorted. It startled all of them. For a moment she was the rotund middle of the picture.

Then Faurice said quite briskly to Clarissa: "Good! Pen can dictate to you. It must be done quickly. As for the press, I have plenty of support. You probably have seen stories that I was to be appointed. That's Belverdam, the publicity man. Fine fellow! Then, of course, arrangements were made for that banquet of the Volabian Society. The President had a copy of the embossed menu."

"You should have asked him to send some kind of message of greeting for the banquet," said Pen.

"Oh, we did." He was buttoning his fur coat. He did not say that the request had been granted. He turned quickly toward his wife, who appeared to be sinking deeper and deeper into the overstuffed armchair, with a more and more permanent peace upon her noncommittal broad face. She was in a quicksand of comfort and it was cold outside.

"Come on, mother!"

"Let me help you," exclaimed Clarissa when the bulk of the Chicago lady began to wiggle.

They pulled her out and she stood up, panting but patient.

"She's not internationally minded," said Faurice, with a laugh. "She likes Chicago and the views from our big windows—always the same. Politics don't intrigue her." He laughed again, indulgently.

Clarissa looked at Mrs. Faurice as one would look at a trained bear who was under discussion. It was evident that Faurice regarded his wife as having no idea as to what life is all about.

"Mrs. Jim likes whitefish from the Great Lakes. She doesn't like Paris or London because you can't get Great Lake whitefish and ——" He glanced hastily at his watch, stopped his sentence as if aware of the unimportance of the subject. "It will be difficult for the President to overlook me," he asserted weightily. "I mean that this whole thing is on a high plane. I contributed to the deficit. That's when it's hard to raise money—after an election! Contributions stand out then. I've friends in the party, too—senators, national committeemen. They will have to say 'Faurice must be taken care of.' Only the thing that's lacking is the President's assurance I can do something for Volabia, and the United States too! Diplomacy? Yes, it requires intimate knowledge. One has to have the facts at one's finger ends. I was in the Dynasty of Volabia once. I know the people. I know the situation. I know the facts. But—well, you just prepare that memorandum. Everything—short—but ideas!"

Pen's eyes brightened. "I have ideas," he said. "Leave it to me."

Mrs. Faurice waddled out the door. Silence took no effort. She held out her hand for Clarissa and Pen to take it. She beamed. She turned and waddled to the stairs. The fur of her coat and that of her husband's coat brushed the old wall paper. Miss Rade and Mr. Baldwin peeped down from the curtained, small-paned windows.

"Opportunity!" he exclaimed.

"But you're not going away, Pen—to Volabia?"

There were tears in her eyes. They did not fall. They merely hung in the corners. Pen did not see them. His own eyes were bright with the future.

"What's a year or two?" he asked. "It might put me on my feet. It might get me into a place where I wouldn't be ashamed to fall in love with a girl and marry her."

"I'll help you, Pen, if that's your idea. That's what you ought to have—a home, a mooring. You ought to be a husband."

"Am I listening to a vocational expert?"

"Yes, that's it—a vocational expert."

He looked at her while she had her eyes fixed upon the same Madonna toward which Faurice had blown his blue cloud of Havana smoke.

"Well," said he, "let me tell you now what the high points are about that dog-gone little important country. First of all, it's overpopulated. Second, the Treaty of Versailles placed in it two populations which are like two strange bulldogs. They hate each other. There is no nationalistic sense. It's just racial. Third, Clarissa, they are both passionate peoples. Fourth, they are both pro-French and anti-British. Fifth, the important future for the country is the seacoast and the sea. Its trade, commerce and industry, not agriculture. Sixth, Clarissa dear, if we loan them a cent they will spend it in armament. It seems absurd, but it's true. Now, there you are. No, wait a moment. There is a great danger of communism seizing the whole place and going gone with it."

She said, "Pen, you should be endowed! There are occasionally gentlemen of honor like you who are incapable of making money. You make charm, you make intelligence, you make usefulness and service, but no money. After all, what is Faurice to pay you?"

"He is going to take me as his secretary," Pen replied, sinking into a chair.

"Second fiddle, my dear old Pen. You are merely the idea man."

The portable typewriter, however, was brought up from her room and put on the marble-top table in his window, where it made a tremendous noise. He knew his subject. He knew it geographically, economically, socially, and even the folklore of the peasants.

They were at work for three days, and another, hectic and triumphant.

Clarissa had finished typing, and pages of original and second sheets were spread out all over chairs, tables, mantelpieces, floors, rug, bed, bookcases, window seats. She was looking for Sheet 20 without her horn-rimmed glasses, which had been covered by the barrage of paper. The doorbell below buzzed viciously.

"Well, it must be at least a sheriff," said Pen jocosely.

A knock and an opened door. There stood a gorgeous chauffeur.

"I'm Mrs. Faurice's chauffeur," he said.

"Mrs. Faurice's?" inquired Pen.

"I've been sent up sir, by madam, sir, to get the promised papers, sir."

"Wait!" said Clarissa. "They are not quite ready. Come back at 8:30."

"I'm going to be out at 8:30," said Pen.

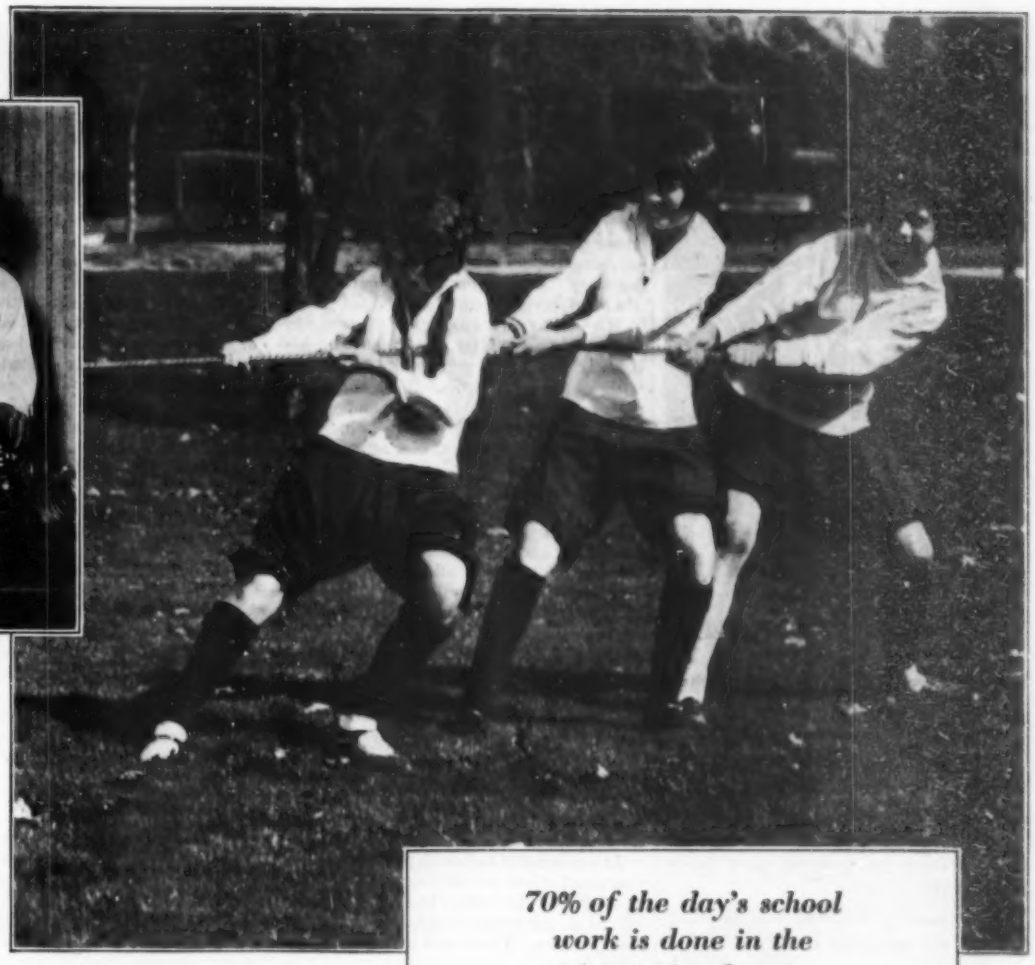
Clarissa, after a glance at Pen, turned to the chauffeur.

"When you come back, ring the bell of apartment No. 2. The name is Rade. I will have the manuscript for you."

"Very good, ma'am. I believe the President of the United States is waiting for it, ma'am."

(Continued on Page 58)

(Above) Leslie Roberts and his playmate, Earl Andrews, radio "experts" of the coming generation, whose mothers wisely provide them the nourishing hot Quaker Oats that growing boys need.



(At Right) A tug of war at recess in Chicago's famous Jackson Park. The parents of these sturdy youngsters know the value of a good breakfast.

70% of the day's school work is done in the 4 morning hours

Do you realize that an average of 70% of your child's school work is crowded into the four morning hours? That's why educators stress the importance of a sustaining, nourishing hot breakfast . . . why they particularly recommend hot oatmeal and milk!

"Go into that child's home!" *says the teacher*

"What has he had for Breakfast?"

An educator's study of the relation between diet and mental health

ALL over the country, in kindergartens and grade schools, in high schools and colleges; in private and public schools today, there is much emphasis on diet as it affects a child's progress.

Without hot, sustaining food, young bodies cannot live up to the demands made upon them.

Activity, in the class room as well as the playground, requires boundless energy. Therefore school nurses, doctors, nutritionists everywhere recommend a Quaker Oats breakfast.

What Quaker Oats is

No other cereal grown is so well-proportioned in food content. 16% is protein—muscle-building, tissue-replacing protein that contributes a "factor of safety" against disease. 65% is carbohydrate, valuable as an energy producer. Quaker Oats is rich in minerals (calcium, phosphorus, iron); it contains the needed amount of fat; it boasts Vitamin B—which stimulates the appetite and promotes growth. Being a whole grain, it retains the roughage so vital for laxative value.

Most for your money

Because, in Quaker Oats, you get better nourishment for your money than in most other foods, nutritionists recommend it particularly to housewives who are careful in their food budgets. Everyone in the family enjoys it; everyone benefits from its rare food qualities. And mothers find it easy to prepare, because there is now a new kind, Quick Quaker. It's exactly the same as the Quaker Oats you've always known, but it cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

Louis Pepperel of Washington, D. C., prepares for the great American game with a wholesome breakfast of Quaker Oats.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

MEN

WHO STAND OUT

WHEREVER people gather—certain men dominate. Successful men—sure of themselves—well-groomed. Every little detail of their appearance shows the perfection they demand.

Because Squibb's Shaving Cream gives them exactly the perfection they want, many prominent men have adopted it.

Try Squibb's Shaving Cream yourself. Right from the start, you'll find shaving quicker, cleaner, easier.

For Squibb's greatly lightens the task of the razor. Your beard is so well prepared that the harshness and tugging of shaving are all absorbed before the razor touches you.

Squibb's Shaving Cream is for sale at all drug stores. Its price is very reasonable, 40c for a generous tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

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(Continued from Page 56)

"He can stand it until tomorrow," said Clarissa flippantly, and throwing her cigarette into the littered fireplace. "You just tell him, if you see him, that he is waiting for hot stuff."

"Very good, ma'am."

Two days later Faurice had journeyed to Washington. He had paced up and down the lobby of the most fashionable of hotels—the one with the meditation room and the vice-presidential suite, and the one where morning papers are left at the door with a cheery "Good morning! Compliments. Do not forget our club breakfasts."

His senators were all right. He was convinced of that. After all, a man who had inherited enough to grace a diplomatic post with proper spending —— And then there was that cabal of lavender-handkerchief boys in the State Department. Well, hadn't several come to his big dinner in New York at the week-end?

That was not much. What was much was that deficit! The campaign had ended with a deficit! And where was it now? Reduced to a slim ghost of indebtedness. One couldn't pay it all. That would be vulgar. Titles! The court! The king! Decorations! Balls! Dinners! The gleam of silver, gold and glass! Waiters! Wine! Fame! History! These all drifted by his mind's eye.

He felt in his pocket for a sheaf of typed manuscript. He would glance over it once more.

At eleven!

Faurice was all exclamation marks today. He felt a shake in his knees. He had seen his picture in the boiler plate sent out all over the nation.

At a quarter of eleven he passed the blue-costumed officer at the door of the Executive Offices. He nodded to this resplendent official as one tossing a good-day to an old college chum. There was a rush from the press room.

"Of course, Mr. Faurice, there is something to be said?" the spokesman for the correspondents began. "Of course it is rumored that you are slated ——"

"Not a word to say," replied Faurice with a gesture of his nubby-fingered hand.

"But, Mr. Faurice, will you tell us whether the President ——"

"Sent for me? Well, in a way, yes. I wanted to say something to him about an important matter in regard to our foreign affairs."

"And what is it? What ——"

"Not another word! You understand, of course, that my business interests almost forbid anything more than a helpful attitude—to tell what I know, gentlemen! I've traveled and I have some distinct ideas."

He began to feel the warmth of the Executive Offices. He liked the welcome of the President's secretary, who so skillfully recognized him and pulled a chair around for him. He was a benefactor of the party! He began to watch the white panels of the door which separated him from the President of the United States.

He felt respectable, assured, of importance. His wife—she would grace a court. Not her face, not her figure, but her mind; but—demm 'em anyhow—they'd have to kiss her hand. He'd give a ball right off the bat. He would have gold wrist watches for favors. He would do it in a large way. He was warm and comfortable. He was prepared.

The white-paneled door swung open. Faurice stalked in. He did not stalk because of any real self-confidence. He stalked because he lacked it—the cause of most of the stalking in the world.

The President rose from his desk and said in his characteristic manner, "How fine to see you! We are all so pleased with what you have done!"

He offered his hand; rather wearily, it appeared. Especially because the President had a meaty kind of hand, it was surprising to find it so loose.

"We are pleased with your interest in the party," the President went on. "And it has been intimated to me that you might be willing—at personal sacrifice—to enter the public service. Of course I am opposed—as you know, as I have publicly stated—to those who seek office. But it has come to my mind that you have knowledge of certain foreign situations which would give your service a real value."

"I know about the Dynasty of Volabia," asserted Faurice. "That small country, little known as it is, is a big country in European—in Central European politics."

"Yes, yes," said the President, as if impatient with the school-teacher attitude of the little rich man. "You've been there. I saw that you were the guest the other night of the Volabian Society in New York. And, of course, Senator Mayless has talked with me of your intimate knowledge of the situation."

"I have only one position as to what should be our attitude about Volabia," said Faurice, taking the chair into which he was motioned by a presidential gesture. "The communistic influence on internal affairs is practically nil. The conservatives are in power. Socialism is dead. The premier, Mr. Gousopolosi ——"

"Who?" asked the President.

"Mr. Gousopolosi," repeated the magnate with great assurance. "He represents, as you know, the Peasant Party."

"I did not know there was a Peasant Party in the Dynasty," said the President, sorely troubled.

"Certainly, sir," replied James S. Faurice, beginning to feel nervous. "Agriculture—wheat—is the principal industry of Volabia."

"I thought Volabia bought all its wheat from Russia."

Faurice was shaken. He tried to remember the memorandum. "At any rate, the salt mines—now there is an opportunity for American bankers."

"What mines?" asked the President.

"Salt mines. It is the principal industry of the country. The British, of course, are the predominant friends, philosophers and guides of the king."

"King, did you say?" asked the President.

"Yes, king—er—King Nemos."

"Who? I thought the succession had failed under the treaty," said the President, sorely perplexed. "What king did you say?"

"Nemos. It is not known commonly. He is waiting in Paris."

"Oh!"

"Yes, Mr. President. And there is the side of economic development. Putting American methods into the use of that great system to drain trade, the Volabian River."

"A river!" exclaimed the President. "In Volabia?"

"Yes, the river," repeated Faurice poetically.

"Yes, what a river!" repeated the startled Chief Executive of the United States.

He turned for a moment and regarded the lovely White House grounds with a profound sadness, as many a President has done before. The warmth of the Executive Offices diminished.

"They have an army of a million men," said Faurice.

The President actually stuttered. "The treaty!" he exclaimed. "You mean they are clandestinely carrying nine hundred thousand troops?"

"Such is my confirmed and authoritatively confirmed information," asserted the caller bravely.

"The river and wheat!" repeated the President. "My stars! I am glad to have seen you, Mr. Faurice. Your service to the party is great indeed. We all thank you. Yes, we do! We are all pleased! Your business interests are such that we have no way to reward you. You, of course, have no way to take public office. How unfortunate that is! And whenever you are in Washington do come in!"

"Volabia, Mr. President," said the other, "will be the cause of the next great war. It is a unified country, strongly nationalistic. It presents a solid front."

"Yes, I know," the President replied wearily—"solid front. Come again!"

Faurice, baffled, wondering, shook hands and stumbled off.

"What did you talk about?" asked a wormish reporter, prowling around where the hat and coat were hung.

"We spoke of Europe," said Faurice. "I have definite ideas of Europe."

"There are rumors ——" began the correspondent.

"Nothing to it," answered the heir to a tooth paste gloomily. "The President and I just had a chat—that's all—just a call of courtesy. . . . Where's the public library from here?"

In public libraries there are encyclopedias. The indolent, two-fisted Faurice discovered then and there, without secretarial help, that one could find out even about the Dynasty of Volabia in an encyclopedia.

It read:

Volabia, Dynasty of. More commonly known as —— Volabia, created as a republic in 1918 by the Treaty of Versailles, was originally ruled by the Emetus kings, who were in turn subjects of Austria and the Hapsburgs. Deprived, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, of any military force, this mountain people who have no waterway at their command are divided racially into the conflicting interests of Volabians and Magarts. Communism, which arose in 1918, has gained the upper hand. The territory is of sterile, rocky soil; hence all foodstuff, including wheat, rye, oats, and so on, has to be imported. This republic ——

"Great Scott!" said Faurice. "The old idea man of mine, Pen Baldwin, at last has given me the double-cross!"

There drifted back into his mind, perhaps, that memorable time, June thirtieth, when, at the great industrial plant, with its reproduction of Giotto's Tower, and its gate guarded by uniformed rear admirals, he had called young Pen into his office. Pen had given him an idea that would save the company three hundred thousand a year. It was too much. It was time to change idea men. The board of directors might trace the idea. They might find not the man higher up but the man lower down! So Pen had been fired.

Well, Pen had had his revenge!

The tooth-paste diplomat stood on the steps of the library and blinked his shoe-button eyes in the sunlight. It had been a glorious autumn and now there was post-inaugural snow on the ground. It sparkled like a glue-and-tinsel Christmas card.

He had contributed the best part of a hundred thousand to the deficit of the party.

"The deficit!" said he to himself.

He pronounced it "de-fiss-it."

On second thought the money-powered man went back into the library. There was a very blond young woman behind an information desk. She thought by his general expression that he would not invite her to the vaudevilles. Nor did he.

"Have you anywhere a long envelope?"

"All rightee," she said, and flipped one over.

He mailed Mr. Penrose Baldwin's memorandum back to Pen. Across it he wrote, for his own dignity: "Full of inaccuracy!"

That would cover his defeat and his shame. It was what the Chinese call "saving the face."

When Pen received the document—slightly soiled by its ride in the pocket of Faurice—he read it over at least three times. He rubbed his eyes. It was early morning. The postman and a telegraph boy had come and gone, and Pen was still in his dressing gown before the crackle of a wood fire. There were in his pockets eighteen dollars and seventy cents—the last cents he had.

"Well," he exclaimed finally, having thought it all out, "Clarissa must love me!"

He got out of his chair and stared down into a street packed high with blizzard snow. The sun was out again. Everything gleamed like glue and tinsel on a Christmas card. There were the scrapes of snow shovels. Let the last of the wood burn!

(Continued on Page 60)

WHOSE GUIDING HAND?

AS MUCH as a pilot fears anything, he fears fog! . . . The moment the dank coolness of a cloud bank enfolds him, he is blind and lost, unless some unseen hand is stretched forth to guide him! . . . Storm-tossed, high above the dark earth, with a rolling sea of blinding vapor below him, where can he turn in the empty sea of the sky for help and guidance to clear flying and safe landing? . . .

The Weather Man at Washington who watches the pathways of ships at sea . . . who warns the traveler on his way . . . who tells the farmer clearly when danger to his crops is rolling towards his horizon . . . *the Weather Man is now lifting his eyes to the pathways of the sky!*

A system of hourly weather reports issued by the United States Weather Bureau will soon be available to all aviators. These reports will make it possible for a pilot taking off in blinding snow or fog to know with certainty that at a definite distance beyond the clouds both sky and earth are clear and sunny. At every airport reached by radio, telegraph, or telephone, government reports will tell exactly every few hours what weather conditions are at all points of the compass and at any distance beyond the immediate horizon. . . .

This latest marvel of governmental efficiency overcomes the last great obstacle to the commercial efficiency of aviation. . . . It will never be possible to turn aside the destructive onslaughts of storms, nor will we ever be likely to dissolve the smothering fog. A hundred years from now the same storms and fogs will draw perilous nets between the harborless sky and the safe anchorage of clear, firm land. *But all the vagaries of the weather will be charted as clearly as the tides and currents of the ocean and a guiding hand will help the pilot always on his way.* . . .

Twenty-eight years ago a black hurricane burst out of the Gulf of Mexico upon unsuspecting and unprepared Galveston, *and six thousand people perished in its path.* Last year when an even worse hurricane burst out of the South Atlantic, for ten days . . . from the hour it was born in a sluggish whirlwind in the middle of the sea until it died away in light breezes in Canada . . . the Weather Man at Washington followed every riffle of this terrific storm. Information had flown in to him by radio and telegraph . . . his well-conceived warnings were roared forth from the broadcasting station at Arlington . . . and when the storm burst *the seas had been cleared of shipping and all coastal cities were braced and ready.*

Today far greater precision is being attained in weather forecasting—so that every breeze that blows may soon be charted for the guidance of the commercial pilot!

The American people are now awake to the significance of aviation. Lines of flashing beacons mark the routes of commercial planes on their swift way. Every modern city of importance or ambition has equipped itself with airports. Business men, travelers, and tourists are rapidly becoming habituated to the use of planes for rapid transport. The air-mail is a commercial factor of importance. Soon the whole sky will be open to all.

Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes are flying safely in continuous service, carrying passengers, mail, express and freight, not only over lines that crisscross the United States, but also in Mexico, South America, and as far south as the Antarctic Circle.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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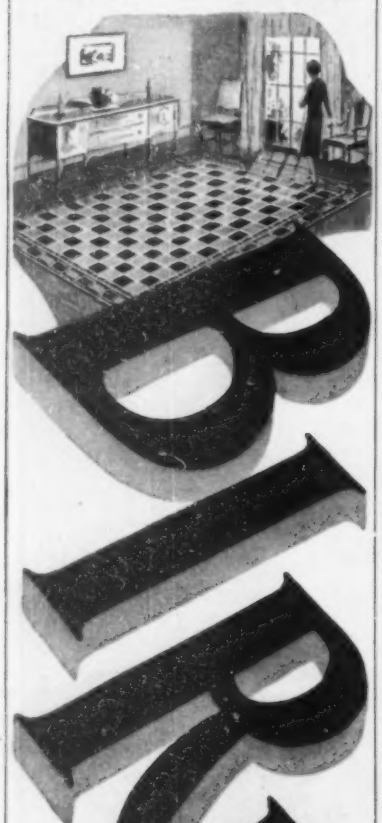
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced



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(Continued from Page 58)

And yet she had double-crossed him. That was something one could not forgive. Here he was, a failure—idea man, author, broke—nothing! He and Faurice might have gone to Europe. It would have given them standing. Clarissa was selfish, but she loved him. She must have loved him to change his serious report for this gibberish—gibberish which had been so roughly bad that it did not even fool Faurice. He heard the slap of the morning paper at the other side of his door.

So life would go on—on and on!

He spread the paper on his knee:

ATLANTIC STORMS WRECK EUROPEAN SHIPPING. GUNMAN HOLDS UP POLICE PATROL WAGON. PRESIDENT SENDS NAMES TO SENATE:

Minister to Czecho-Slovakia, Bernard Romerton. Minister to ——, formerly the Dynasty of Volabia, Ernest Biddlestone. Of Fairmount, Iowa!

"Well," said he with a profound sigh, "anyhow it didn't make any difference. It's just my luck, that's all. Poor old Faurice. Dog-gone him! I'll never forget that June thirtieth when he called me into his office and told me I was through."

He tossed the newspaper to the floor.

"Dog-gone!" he repeated.

What a dark gray world it was when men who had subscribed to the party's deficit couldn't be appointed, intelligent or not. He, Pen, could have supplied the intelligence. Now they would have to depend on the intelligence supplied to Mr. Biddlestone of Fairmount, Iowa, by some lavender-handkerchief child from the State Department.

But aside from that, Clarissa, the best friend in the world, had played a mean trick on him. After all those hours of working together, all his sincere endeavor, substituting that nonsense! He ran his long fingers in graceful angles through his coppery hair.

She was probably still sleeping below. No, she was climbing the stairs. He could hear a feminine cough. A knock.

This was unusual. She had had many a dinner with him, many a luncheon with him. This was the first time she had consented to anything like a breakfast with him.

With her horn-rimmed glasses off, she was far too good-looking to make breakfast respectable. Breakfast would take away the Platonic quality.

"Come in," said Pen, gathering wrath and resentment.

The door opened slowly. It was not Clarissa! It was a fur. The fur was of magnificent proportions. It filled the doorway. It was black and luxurious, and contained much. Above it there was a flat and placid face. The face was that of Mrs. James S. Faurice. It was the lady called endearingly by her own husband, "Mrs. Jim."

Pen was astounded by the fact that he was in his dressing gown. He blushed.

"Don't mind me," said his visitor. "I'm old enough to be your mother." She was no longer silent. She was strangely garrulous. "Where is the chair I had the other day? It was lovely sitting." She gabbled on: "Oh, there it is! I have one in Chicago like that—and all my own things. No place like Chicago. . . . Oh, how nice with an open fireplace. I have an open fire in Chicago. And broiled lake whitefish for breakfast!"

Pen gasped.

"Well, it is early for you to be up, but not for me." She folded her jeweled hands avoirdupoisly and beamed. "I can't stay but a moment." She added: "You haven't even had your breakfast! You know, I came to see you about your secretary. She isn't your secretary—now, really, is she?"

"No, no," replied Pen. "She's the girl who lives downstairs. She's a fine person. We play together. She's a vocational expert. It was a bit embarrassing the other day. But she really did help me on that memorandum about Volabia."

"She did it for love," said Mrs. Jim firmly. "She must have. She really didn't want you to go away."

"I have just received the memorandum. Your husband returned it to me."

"Oh, yes?"

There was a double blank upon that placid face.

"Have you ever been in Chicago?" she asked. "It is such a nice place. Friends call one on the telephone. There's the radio too. And the hairdresser. . . . What a gossip she is! . . . One gets used to everything. It's so comfortable! One's own stationery. One's own maid, who's married to a bootlegger. And one's—well, stationery—even its watermark, which few persons notice. But it's comforting. The watermark is Dosia Bond—a pretty name, eh? Nobody ever notices such little things but me."

Pen felt a friendly feeling growing up like corn in cold weather. It was so astounding to hear this silent woman become so voluble.

"What did you say her profession is?" she was asking.

"Vocational expert," he replied.

"She has money of her own?"

"Oh, yes."

"Perhaps if she hadn't—but there! I'm invading private matters. I'm not sure that she is an expert."

Pen, still much puzzled, raised his thick eyebrows.

"Well," said Mrs. Jim, "if she were she would have—what is it they say?—placed you and appraised you before this. Here is someone saying that you are an idea man. And yet you have no ideas, no imagination!"

"I don't understand," he admitted.

Mrs. Faurice, after a battle with her weight, struggled out of the chair.

"You know, of course, that she"—the Chicago lady pointed down through the floor with the only finger not covered with rings—"she delivered that memorandum you wrote, to me." She paused. "And," she added, "I do love Chicago."

Pen opened the door. "Please don't hurry," he said. "Can't you stay ——"

"To breakfast?" she asked. "I've had my breakfast. Why don't you ask Miss Whatever-her-name-is to breakfast? Thump on the floor. Telephone her. Do whatever is necessary."

"She is still asleep."

"No, she isn't," said Mrs. Jim. "She isn't asleep. I'm off now to my stationers. They'll be open at nine o'clock. I want to order more of my beloved Dosia Bond paper."

Her hand was warm. She beamed upon Pen.

"Think kindly of Chicago," said she. "Good-by, my dear."

The door closed. Pen waited. He lit a cigarette. He brushed his hair again. He thumped on the floor. There was a hole where the steam pipe went down.

"Come up and have breakfast!" he shouted down that hole.

"O. K.!" Clarissa sang out. "Let me get on my disorderlies first."

It was an event—breakfast together! Pen took the bacon out of the box outside the window. He put on the coffee, spread the bacon on the pan. It was snapping merrily and filling the room with aroma mixed with the faint perfume of wood smoke from the fireplace.

When Clarissa, with her sheen of red hair, opened the door she went directly to the memorandum returned by James S. Faurice, the tooth-paste magnate. It was scattered, with the newspaper and the morning mail, on the window sill. She held up one sheet to the light.

"Dosia Bond!" she exclaimed. "She is going to stay in Chicago!"

"My Lord! Did Mrs. Jim call on you first?" asked Pen.

"She sure did!" replied this intellectual expert.

"And what did she say to you?" asked Pen.

"She said I was a bum as a vocational expert!"

"I'll bet she said my job was being your husband," replied Pen, and spilled the coffee. He was trembling.

"Exactly, my old Don Quixote!" replied Clarissa. "But heavens above!—that Mrs. Jim!—that old female clam! She should have been in diplomacy—and how!"

There was a yellow paper on the table.

"Look at that," said Pen.

It was a telegram from Lambeer of the steamship company.

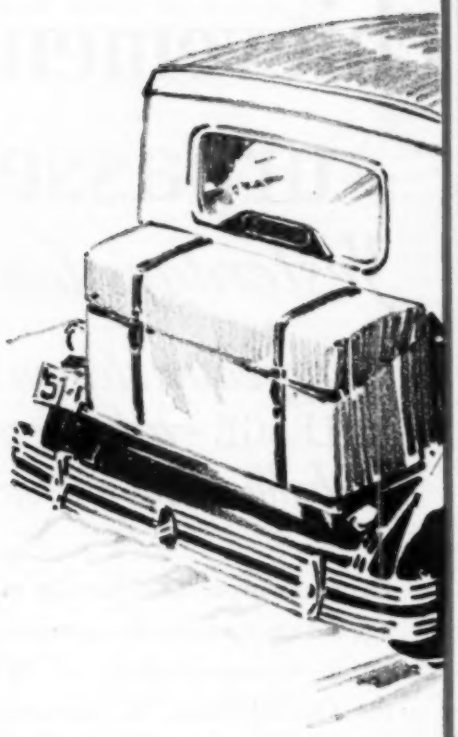
"Assistant managership open," it said. "If possible, see me tomorrow, Thursday, telephoning me for appointment."

"They want an idea man," explained Pen. "Anyone can see that."

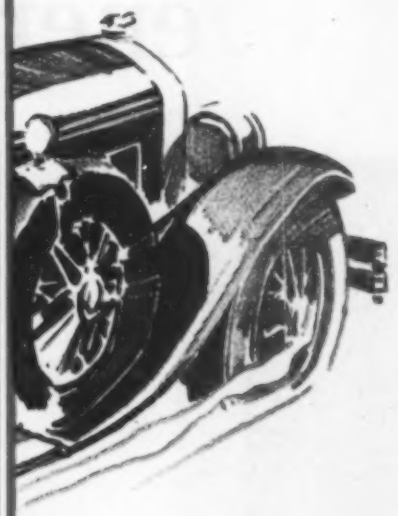
"My own boy," replied Clarissa, "you go get it, and watch your step—be a constant, steady dumb-bell like that success—Mrs. Jim!"

PHOTO. BY LELAND J. BURRUD

In Arrowhead Woods, California



23 Million STEWART-WARNER users welcome this new STEWART-WARNER Neon tube STOP LIGHT



THE one stoplight built to regulate today's fast-moving, quick-stopping traffic!

Smart, small, neat. Located on your car's inside rear window sill flat against the glass—cannot restrict your vision and is always eye-high from the car behind.

Uses the neon tube light element you see in big electric signs everywhere. Gives the new orange-red neon ray that pierces fog, dust and exhaust—the most highly visible, arresting light ray known to man!

An instant success the country over! Traffic authorities approve it—motorists by thousands have bought! See it at dealers'. You'll find it a most necessary, smart and attractive device—you're not likely to leave without it! $7.50 ($7.75 west of 100° meridian).

The new Stewart-Warner Neon Tube Stoplight. Black bakelite, chromium trim, measures 8¼" x 2" x ½"

and

PASS-A-LITE

the new Stewart-Warner wireless cigar lighter

Gives a perfect light in any wind. Does away with trailing wires and uncertain reel. Just press the lighter bowl and it glows. Then pick it off the dash and "Pass-a-Lite" anywhere, like a match!

Clamps to dash or is installed through tiny hole.

Handiest motor device you ever saw! Hundreds of thousands in use. Your dealer will demonstrate, and you'll surely buy! Now $2.50, in handsome box.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
Chicago, U. S. A.

Have you heard STEWART-WARNER RADIO *—the instrument that has brought REALISM to radio?*

STEWART-WARNER
TRAFFIC-TESTED PRODUCTS

General's *Newest* Achievement Surpasses *Yesterday's fame*

– a greater step-up in MILEAGE *– a fuller use of balloon low-pressure*

"Brussels Flower Market." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

General's reputation for big mileage has always been the outstanding guide to top-quality. – – With the *Dual*-Balloon "8" yesterday's fame has been surpassed. Twenty thousand, forty thousand, sixty thousand miles.

No tire of anything like its great mileage capacity can compare with its low-pressure advantages. The *Dual*-Balloon principle has made possible for the first time the combination of the two most important features—all the mileage you want —and all the comfort.

And beyond this there is the added safety of non-skid permanence, season after season—the peace of mind that knows no fear of punctures and the pride of knowing that your car travels on the best that long experience can build into good rubber.

GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

The New

GENERAL 8

Dual-Balloon 8

Getting On in the World

Too Old, Too Late?

UP IN the country, where our folks originally came from, there used to be a typical crossroads general store. An old farmer by the name of Reb, who had worked hard all his life and saved a little money, ran it. He was sound as a hound's tooth at the age of eighty. One day father met him.

"You certainly look well, Reb."

"Well, I feel passable fine, but let me give you some good advice. Don't wait too long for your success. Look at me. I've et chuck steak all these years, promisin' myself that when I got to be eighty years old I was going to retire and eat nothin' else but sirloin steak the rest of my life. Now I'm eighty years old and uv got the money to buy the sirloin steak, but uv got no teeth to chew the darn stuff with. I guess I waited too late."

Despite his defeated ambition, later on, when Reb went to glory, they found the old man to be worth $2,500,000, with no more than $20,000 worth, or rather worthlessness, of cat-and-dog securities in the lot. People were amazed, but it seems that there was a man from New York who used to come up into the country every summer—a banker. He enjoyed dropping down to the store evenings and talking with Reb, who was a true wit and local philosopher. They used to talk stocks and bonds. Reb asked questions and the other advised. The money he had earned on the farm in his youth and in the store he invested carefully and wisely, with no intention of getting rich quick. A lot of credit was due to the banker friend and his sound advice. But much of it was due to Reb's own judgment and the wise investment and administration of his savings and patrimony. At his death, all of Reb's relations for miles around suddenly remembered their relationship and bobbed up like hungry young robins with mouths wide open, and acted very surprised.

"That's funny. Uncle Reb didn't remember me in his will!"

Up the Ladder Again

Maybe that's an unusual case, but there are many other old or elderly men who have made their fortunes or made a success of their lives when well past the conventionally accepted prime. Youth has no corner on success. Older men can win it just as readily as the youngsters. The only trouble is, many older men put upon themselves a mental hazard and inferiority complex by thinking: "I'm too old; it's too late." In fact I received a letter just the other day from an elderly man protesting about just this thing. He went on to say:

"I've read a lot of success stories and enjoy them, but why does everybody always talk about young men? Why not some inspiration for us old fellows?

"For instance, the man whom I know better than anybody else in the world began life as printer's devil when about thirteen years old in a little country newspaper shop, learning to set type, run hand and foot presses, and so on. He proceeded to educate himself by traveling around a few months, working in various country print shops and seeing the country in general. Finally he landed in the shop of a daily newspaper in a city of about 40,000 population as printer's apprentice and devil at the age of about fourteen. He remained with that paper in that city for fourteen years; saw the paper grow and the town grow to more than 100,000—he himself becoming successively city editor, managing editor, and finally editor in chief, which was as high as he could go there. Then he was sent for to come to a big city of nearly a million people. He went, and in the course of two years, before he was thirty years old, became general manager of a daily newspaper and an affiliated plant of monthly and weekly publications, with a salary and expense account—unfortunately—commensurate, auto and chauffeur; commercial and social clubs, and so on. He went to pieces amidst nightly gangs of good fellows, and it took him several years to find himself and begin fighting his way back, but he did it, and came back strong.

"I've met hundreds of men who've been in the same boat since. A lot of them had lost all hope and were thinking 'It's too late,' but a lot more were plugging to get right back there. The fellow who invented the words 'they never come back' didn't know what he was talking about. It's been my observation and experience that an older man, even if he's already been to the top of the ladder and fallen off, can get right back up there with just as fair a chance of success as a youngster, so why not a little inspirational stuff for us old boys once in a while? We're interested in success just as deeply as those who have less birthdays and more hair."

Up for the Third Time

The man who wrote that letter is right. What is sometimes heard: "If a man isn't on his way to success at forty, he never will be," is wrong. America is a young country and has become accustomed to men succeeding to responsible positions at an early age. But older men are winning relative successes quietly every day, many of them coming back strongly. A friend of mine, a young man who lives near by, said to me just yesterday:

"You know, I'm awfully proud of my old man. Dad was a pharmacist for more than thirty years; used to keep a corner drug store. Don't think he ever averaged less than sixteen hours' work a day. Couldn't take Saturday nights off on account of folks dropping in after the movies, and had to stick around all day Sundays. He used to joke about it. Said he was all for these laws they were passing about an eight-hour day for the laboring man because he'd been on an eight-hour work schedule for years—eight hours before luncheon and eight hours after luncheon! Dad did well, and at the age of fifty-three decided to retire and move up country to raise those chickens he'd been dreaming about all his life. He did. The chickens got the pip and scaly legs and mostly everything else, and dad got restless hanging around the house and playing nursemaid to a bunch of old-maid hens; so he decided to go back to work. My job's out here, so we didn't move back to the city, and now dad commutes in every day. He gets up at 4:30 regularly every morning and walks two miles to the railroad station to catch the 6:28 train, which gets him in to the office a little before eight o'clock. The office opens at nine, but dad often used to get in before the janitor, so they gave him a pass-key. He gets an hour's work in before anybody else comes down, and says he accomplishes more then than in any other two hours during the day. He works hard all day long, and no matter how slack things are, at night he allows himself only just enough time to catch the 5:52 train home. Walks home from the station again and is usually at the front door at seven o'clock, ready to sit down and eat a good hearty supper. Can you beat that for a father? He's done this for eleven years now come February first, and has worked himself up from just a minor clerical job in the office to a position of sales manager in the New York office of a large nationally advertised and well-known pharmaceutical product. Just had another birthday last month—sixty-four—and still going strong."

What could I do but admit that it was a pretty fine thing for a man to go ahead and win an important position like that after he had actually retired and reached the age when most people feel it's too late to start to try to accomplish much. I couldn't help but counter my friend with grandfather. A railroad went bankrupt, a bank failed, and a dishonest partner ran away with all the cash, leaving him flat broke at the age of forty-one. He was married, with five small children, a nephew, three other grown-ups to keep the wolf away from. It was doubly hard, because that was the second time a bank failure had cleaned out his earnings and savings. But he mustn't have thought he was too old to start all over again or it was too late to try to succeed once more, because he worked as if nothing had ever happened and was able to come back a third time.

As a matter of fact, a friend of mine who has made quite a study of personnel and fitting the right persons to the right jobs says that there are a lot of jobs which older men are far better fitted to fill than younger. For example, jobs which pay good money, but are stationary or, secondly, which seem to promise no future or, thirdly, which have a future that seems too far ahead. All these may be pretty good jobs in themselves, enjoyable work and pay pretty well, but because they don't appear to promise a vice president's chair in a couple of years young men get restless in them and are not contented to hold them down until something happens, coming slowly. Impatience in youth is proverbial. A restless age we're in, and young men are today too often changing jobs.

Work Hard and Stay Young

The result is, older, more adaptable men see the advantage of sticking to one job despite prospects of only slow advancement, and very often take any old job and make something out of it, where a young man fails through his restlessness and impatience to move along too fast or see his future all plotted out ahead of him like a ship's course. My friend goes on to state further that many business houses prefer more dependable settled men rather than young men for certain types of jobs, depending upon the work in question, to build steadiness into their organizations.

As long as a man retains an open mind and a reasonable amount of physical energy and health, there is no reason why he cannot compete more than successfully with youth and everything else in the field for success.

Age of itself certainly doesn't put a fellow on the shelf. Just when is a man old anyway?

"When he thinks he is," an old fellow with white hair told me in Alaska last fall. "We have men up here prospecting, mining, timbering, fishing, trapping, doing the hardest kind of physical work right alongside of the young. Lots of us are more than seventy, some more than eighty. Best trail breaker I know is past seventy-three, and believe me, that's hard work—breaking a snowshoe trail ahead of a team of dogs through the deep snows of our northern winters. And the young fellows have to mush some to keep up with him. A man ain't old until he admits it. Up here we do a young man's work right till the end. Work hard and always feel young. No, sir, there ain't no such thing as old age up here."

Well, why not? Everyone's as old as he thinks he is. Youth certainly has no corner on success, and why shouldn't older, steadier and more experienced men have just as good a chance to make good as younger brothers? The answer is, they have. But those elderly men who succeed have certainly never permitted themselves the luxury of saying, "Too old, too late."

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

"Carbonic GAS

In *Carbonated Bottled Drinks*

is good for him"

—SAY DOCTORS

Mother's milk contains carbonic gas to the extent of 10% by volume—a medical fact that you can verify by asking your physician.

Carbonic Gas is, therefore, one of the *First Aids of Nature*—a mild digestant, a natural stimulator of the circulatory organs and the stomach.

Carbonic gas is also *germicidal* in effect, in *carbonated bottled drinks*, for which your children like to spend their dimes and nickels.

So, while sterilized in bottling, the presence of carbonic gas is *double* certainty of the purity of these good drinks.

Pure, carbonated bottled drinks are advocated by physicians for these reasons.

They help also to make up the *8 glasses of water daily* that doctors say we need. They make these 8 glasses *easier to drink* by providing *attractive flavors*.

Keep a case at home, therefore, to insure the benefits not only of this *extra* liquid, but of *carbonic gas* as well.

Look For This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade carbonic gas*, made by the largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment in the world. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country already are employing it, and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate the fact.

Acquaint your children with this "Liquid" Emblem and have them look for it whenever they buy cold drinks or fountain sodas.

Mail coupon for booklet, now, to be better informed on Bottled Drinks.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO
34 *Distributing Points*

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 4-13, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Like buying a new car...

Better tobacco *increases your sense of well-being*

Better tobacco! The spirit of today is everywhere expressed in better living. The increased sense of well-being that comes with better living has led more and more thousands of men to give themselves the real comfort and genuine pleasure that **Old Briar** tobacco gives pipe-smokers. Men who know real quality are quick to appreciate **Old Briar** tobacco.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into **Old Briar** tobacco.

If you are not already enjoying **Old Briar** tobacco, visit your dealer today. Like getting behind the wheel of a new car for the first time, you won't know what you've been missing until you actually smoke **Old Briar**. Better tobacco dealers everywhere can supply you with the convenient **Old Briar** package... two pouches, individually sealed but wrapped together.

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made"

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

MR. HANNA

(Continued from Page 4)

turning to leave when little Mrs. Smith did all that a lady, in what was then called an interesting condition, was obliged to do after a public excitement, and swooned on the floor.

Juliet's evening culminated in a pure bliss. She sat in the cab on Mr. Mark's knees. His whiskers tenderly caressed the back of her neck. He talked pleasantly to the simple family and stopped the cab at a club or a hotel when he found that Private Smith still had not been fed. Waiters came on his order with sandwiches and coffee, and Juliet and Orion had some ice cream. It was eleven when Mr. Mark lifted her up the steps of the boarding house, and twelve o'clock struck before Juliet was in bed. She had never known there was any such hour as that.

Two hours later Jack and Will Garrett roused from nervous drowsiness in a shed on their father's farm near Port Royal, Virginia. They had not been asleep. They were watching out the night beside their precious horses, the "presents from General Grant," brought home from Appomattox. All afternoon the beautiful, strange man who called himself Boyd and his silly young friend had been trying to buy the horses for a journey to the South. The Garrett boys distrusted him, somehow, and they had locked the door of the tobacco house when he and his companion went in there to sleep. They could not risk losing their horses. Now one of them nudged the other. A familiar, distant rhythm had brought them wide awake. A column of horse was driving through the moist night. The beardless veterans knew the note. It was a detail of Yankee cavalry coming closer down the lane from town. They must have known precisely each sound of the business—the thud of the boots dismounting, the chatter of carbines being cocked, and the separating noise of heels in the dooryard, before Lieutenant Baker hammered on the kitchen door, yelling, and the boys heard their frightened old father answer him. Then it was too much for Jack. He dragged on his gray jacket and loped up the new grass, breaking through the ring of bluecoats by the door.

A little longer and any negro crossing the flat fields heard the crack of Sergeant Corbett's carbine, and saw the flames spin up from the burning tobacco house. A shifting audience collected along the fence at the roadway—negroes and white folks who had come running to help put out the fire. But the troopers would not let them inside the yard. They could stare across the fence at the boy in manacles who sat against a tree, whistling to keep from crying. That was young Herold. Mr. Booth was a shape under a blanket on the porch. There was no voice. Now and then the handsome schoolmistress who boarded with the Garretts bent down and wetted his face with her handkerchief. He achieved the fine drama of silence and complete futility. The sun rose. He died.

Juliet Araminta was not enough impressed by the morning's news to recollect it. Something local and pressing had her full attention. A telegram came before breakfast. Orion went out into the street and told all his acquaintances in a yell that he was moving to California, and danced disgracefully. Mrs. Smith wept, of course, and Private Nathan Smith rubbed his chin while his daughter wanted to know what had happened. She was not told. The thing became a muddle. Presently, though, she was allowed to guide her father down to River Street, to call on Mr. Mark. There was a lot of talk. A clerk went out with a green slip of paper and came back with some bills. Private Smith wrote his name painfully on a note for five hundred dollars, without interest, payable in five years after date, and wiped his eyes. Mr. Mark lifted Juliet Araminta up on his desk and drew a pencil around the coast of the United States on his big map, from New York down past Florida, below Cuba—it was below Cuba that the child saw her stillborn sister buried in the sea—and so straight on to the Isthmus of Panama.

"If there was a canal through here, Sawdust, you could sail right up to San Francisco."

Private Smith told her, walking home, that Mr. Hanna was just joking. There had been some crazy stuff in the newspapers about a canal through Nicaragua. But it stood to reason that you couldn't cut a canal through mountains. And she was now to help mamma and be extra good. They were all going down on a German steamer with Cousin Jim Holt from New York to Nicaragua and across to the Pacific slope. Cousin Jim had made the trip three times and would see them safely through. Nothing to be scared about—he was trembling with the thrill of it himself—and they would live at Cousin Jim's place near a town named Santa Clara. Juliet Araminta had no notions of geography or distance, and was much pleased, until dusk, when she was down at the station again and a distress came to her from the sound of Cousin Jennie's sniveling. But here was Mr. Mark. The slim female who was with him wore black clothes, in token of mourning for Mr. Lincoln, and glittered everywhere with jet ornaments; so that she seemed a figure incarnate from a fashion

(Continued on Page 66)

FROM "MARCUS ALONZO HANNA." COURTESY OF THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. COPYRIGHT 1912

The Prospect Street Homestead in Cleveland

Now you can easily find where advertised goods are sold

Articles . . . trade-marks . . . dealers . . . are listed in Bell System Classified Telephone Directories for your convenient reference

The quick, new way of finding where the articles you want to buy are sold: Look in your classified telephone directory

Busy men nowadays have little time or inclination to hunt around for the articles and services they need. They want to know *where* they are available—so they can telephone, or go there, without waste of time and effort.

A new feature has been added to Bell System classified telephone directories to help you locate stores and service stations handling the exact things you want.

It may be that you would like to buy a certain make of tire you have seen advertised . . . a battery or a typewriter . . . or you may need service for your automobile, your vacuum cleaner, or furnace.

Just look in the classified telephone directory for the name of the thing you want. Many advertised articles and services now appear there, listed alphabetically. With each is its readily recognized trade-mark, to aid you in identifying quickly and easily the things you want to buy. Beneath the trade-mark is a "Where to Buy It" list of dealers in your locality, their addresses and telephone numbers.

For your constant and convenient reference, dealers are listed under the name and trade-mark of the product they sell

The "Where to Buy It" feature is growing rapidly. Being new, it is still somewhat incomplete, but manufacturers and business men are welcoming it as an effective way to let you know where their products and services are sold. Additional articles are being entered as new editions of the telephone books are issued.

Your telephone directory still groups the listings (attorneys, locksmiths, electricians, clergymen, coal dealers, etc.) which have proved so valuable in the past. With the new "Where to Buy It" feature added, it becomes an even better guide to whatever is sold in your community.

In all your buying, your classified telephone directory will save you time and effort. Those in your home will find it helpful, too, in many ways. It is always handy and easy to use. Consult it freely.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

SIMONIZ
makes the finish
last longer

And prolongs those
FIRST FEW WEEKS OF
NEW CAR BEAUTY for years

You buy a new car! It is beautiful and you are proud of it! Now that it is yours, why let sun, rain, dust, dirt, traffic fumes, and other pirates of motor car beauty rob the finish of its lustre and brilliance . . . when Simoniz will keep your car looking new and beautiful for years. And, after years it will be worth more when traded in.

Whether finished in Duco or lacquer a new car should be Simonized at once. The hard durable surface of protection that Simoniz provides, guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Simonizing does more than keep new cars looking new. If your car is dulled and discolored, Simoniz Kleener will restore its former beauty by removing all dirt, stains and blemishes. Then Simoniz gives the finish lasting beauty and protection.

The sooner you SIMONIZ your car, the better.

THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Motorists Wise—
SIMONIZ

(Continued from Page 64)

plate. But she smiled, and Juliet Araminta had no time to be jealous of Mrs. Marcus Alonzo Hanna. There was a basket filled with fruits and sandwiches, and a smaller basket filled with garments cut, it seemed, for a baby. Mrs. Smith wept gratefully. Orion began to snuffle when Mr. Mark shook hands with him. Mr. Mark lifted Juliet up the steps of the tall car. She knew, now, that she was being taken from him forever. She wailed for hours and fell asleep with her nose pressed on a dirty pane of the lumbering car.

They woke her and told her to look out. It was dead night and the train was stilled on a siding among wet fields. But there was no darkness to hide the rain and the women huddled under shawls and umbrellas. Huge bonfires tinged the world; men and boys were feeding fence rails into the flames. An engine went past, with bayonets of guards flashing from the tender and streamers of soaked crape swinging curiously. Then all the women began singing Rock of Ages as the train came by. She saw lighted coaches filled with flowers, and an officer in white gloves, and she started to cry again, not knowing why. So Lincoln passed her.

II

AMONG the important towns of Eastern Ohio in the time of Andrew Jackson was New Lisbon, not a big place but a thrifty center of traders and farmers, who were dominated by a Quaker named Benjamin Hanna. He and his sons owned fine farmland, the biggest store in the county, shares in a mill and a good deal else. They traded east to Pittsburgh and west to Cleveland, acting as agents and forwarders for ironmasters and furnishers in Philadelphia. They dabbled somewhat in politics as well. One of the younger Hannas was a speaker in the primitive debates on abolition and prohibition. This was Dr. Leonard Hanna, the cleverest of the old Quaker pioneer's sons. He had been elaborately educated for medicine and practiced it successfully when he came back from an Eastern medical college, until he was thrown from his horse and damaged his spine. Then he lapsed into the mass of the solid family and did as his father and brothers did. The family was much admired. They were tall, imposing men with large eyes, gray or brown, and resonant voices. It was said that you could hear the Hannas singing a hymn or having an argument for the space of two miles.

Then they helped New Lisbon to ruin itself, with the best intentions. A canal was planned. The community would be connected by water with Pittsburgh and the Lakes. Rather distrustful of the oncoming railroads, the Hannas threw their weight into the project for the canal, and threw two hundred thousand dollars into its construction. It failed, after a long struggle. The section west of New Lisbon blocked from bad engineering. Banks caved in. A tunnel through hard rock cost immensely. Marcus Alonzo Hanna, Dr. Leonard Hanna's eldest son, must have lived as a baby in the sound of the word "canal." Meanwhile the railroads were built at a distance from the worried town, and this—temporarily—was the end of New Lisbon. People drifted away. In 1852 Leonard and Robert Hanna took what money they had left, made a partnership with a shrewd trader, Hiram Garretson, and moved to Cleveland.

In this partnership Dr. Leonard Hanna supplied the imagination. He was a nervous, handsome man, with strong prejudices and strong beliefs. Supposedly the firm of Hanna, Garretson & Co. was a wholesale grocery. It had that character for a few months, anyhow. But in 1853 Doctor Hanna made a tour of the Lakes on a sailing vessel and saw something inspiring. Hundreds of settlements sent out canoes and dories to ask if there was molasses on the ship, or a spare steel blade, or an awl for sale. Doctor Hanna saw a commercial light. He returned to Cleveland, and there commenced a series of discussions between the Hanna brothers of which young Marcus Alonzo was sometimes the audience. Robert Hanna was a natural conservative; Leonard was adventurous. In the end, the ailing doctor won, and the firm of Hanna, Garretson & Co. soon had steamboats in the Lake trade, dealing out supplies of all kinds at the smaller settlements, shedding passengers at the developing ports. The boats ran up to wild Minnesota, and came back with pig iron, salted fish and skins. When the Hannas voted for Abraham Lincoln in 1860, they were eminent men throughout the basin of the Lakes.

Marcus Alonzo cast his first vote for a President in 1860. He was born at New Lisbon in September of 1837, and left the town unwillingly in 1852 because he was already engaged to a pretty girl. His parents allowed him to believe that he was engaged, anyhow, and permitted the affair to drag along for three years. The boy was stubborn as the freckles of his flat face. When he was suspended from Western Reserve University in the spring of 1858, for faking the programs of the Junior Exhibition and successfully distributing his burlesque issue among solemn parents and professors at this entertainment, he was ordered to apologize to his mother for disgracing her, and would not. But the lady was rather pleased. She was from Vermont and so she despised men who gave in.

Mrs. Leonard Hanna probably affected her son's whole life. She was originally a Miss Samantha Converse. Generations of Huguenot and English Protestant ancestors supplied her traditions. Her parents came in their own carriage from Vermont to Ohio, with some silver plate and a deal of stiff pride. Miss Converse married Leonard Hanna and spent a fair amount of their years together in nursing him. She was cultivated, but not sentimentally so. Poverty was not an unfortunate condition in her eyes, but a disgrace. As a wealthy widow, she gave handsomely to charities, but she did so, says a lady who knew her well, with an air of simple contempt for people who needed charity. "Any reasonable man," she said, "can make a living." Her eldest child adored this erect, grave lady and generally did just what she told him to.

In the spring of 1861 he naturally was going to enlist in Mr. Lincoln's army. But Samantha Hanna knew that her husband was dying, whether his sons understood it or not. And only Mark comprehended the spreading and complicated affairs of Hanna, Garretson & Co. After he was suspended from college he went to work for his father. He wore a jumper and handled boxes in the warehouse, mastered double-entry bookkeeping and saw customers. Then he was sent out as a purser on the Hanna boats, or ranged through Indiana and Illinois as a primitive commercial salesman. His uncle, Robert, did not see Marcus Alonzo as a model of the young business man. "You shake your head," Mark Hanna said to William Osler on his deathbed, "just like my Uncle Rob." Uncle Robert's head shook. Mark was too much interested in picnics at Rocky River and the serious affairs of the Ydrad Boat Club. Money went through a set of slim fingers inherited from his father. He had no respect for office hours. His parents were not worried. The eldest son did not drink and he always slept in Prospect Street, at home. He might not be the model of a wholesale shipper and grocer, but he was a good boy.

So he had to be a good son in the spring of 1861. The very solid society of Cleveland was laid wide open by the President's call for volunteers. A fair half of the city's eminent men were Democrats. Mr. Lincoln, to them, was merely an amiable freak who had been elected to the presidency by a wave of the mob's emotions. Many of them soon seceded from this position, but some of them—and notably the great Daniel Rhodes—went on being Democrats. The Hanna family, logically, was Republican. Leonard Hanna even made a few speeches in the election of 1860. He fainted on election day and was insensible for hours. Marcus Alonzo faced the family's situation as well as he could. Doctor Hanna had not pulled together a private fortune. His income was his share in the firm's business. There were long discussions. Then Howard, the second son, went off to the war, and Marcus Alonzo stayed at home.

He then became pathetically conspicuous, as his friends got back to Cleveland on leave or furlough. He was a committee of one for their entertainment. His mother's carriage was out at all hours, supporting healthy young officers hither and thither. He gave dinners. He swept together parties of twenty and thirty for the play. He was to have given a supper on the night of his father's death in 1862. And, among poor people, it was known that Mr. Mark, at the warehouse, would find a job for any soldier's son. If there was no place in the firm's forces for a boy, there would be a note of recommendation to another firm, and a couple of dollars.

His pride had been hurt, but circumstances arranged a compensation. He met the compensation at a charitable bazaar in the spring of 1862 when she had just been returned by a school in New York to her parents in Franklin Avenue. Her name was Charlotte Augusta Rhodes, and she was very handsome, slim and erect. Marcus Alonzo's consideration of her qualities made him forgive her for being a Democrat's daughter. But her father, Mr. Daniel Rhodes, did not intend his favorite child to compensate any black Republican puppy for not being a soldier in the idiotic war, or words to that effect. His position in the matter was put as strongly as possible.

A romance in the Victorian form now progressed. Mr. Rhodes was unspeakably rich, for the period, entrenched in the coal and iron businesses and fortified by his natural iconoclasm of temper. One of his legendary remarks is that he respected nobody for being wealthy or respectable. And he adored his daughter. As it grew plain that Charlotte Augusta had fallen in love with Marcus Alonzo Hanna, it grew plain, also, that Mr. Rhodes had not. He was faintly related to Stephen Douglas, who had been defeated by Mr. Lincoln, and was not Marcus Alonzo one of Mr. Lincoln's screechers for freedom? He might be president of the Ydrad Boat Club and a thoroughly successful merchant, and moral as a church bell, but he was a Republican! Charlotte Augusta languished and shed tears. Her health suffered. In one of her father's more violent states of mind she dispatched notes to Marcus Alonzo by a brat named Asa Barnes, a gardener's son, and Marcus Alonzo set the boy up as a junior capitalist by paying him a dollar a note for a month of 1863. When Mr. Rhodes cooled down, the wretched child was living far beyond his means, and the withdrawal of revenue ruined him at a candy shop.

The society surrounding this battle was polite. A very strong transfusion of Connecticut took place in the early history of Cleveland. The men of business in the 60's wore tall hats, made in Connecticut, and many of them had diplomas from Yale College framed on walls of their offices. They took in culture casually from the same lecturers who were looking after their kind in Hartford and New Haven. When Henry Ward Beecher came to lecture on The Beautiful and bored Mr. Hanna to slumbers, the orator shook hands with people he had known as a child in Litchfield, and kissed their daughters. Erastus Gaylord's mansion or Mrs. Leonard Hanna's house on Prospect Street might have been built on Whitney Avenue in New Haven quite as well. So the affairs of Charlotte Augusta and Marcus Alonzo were not unduly aired, but everybody came to know what was going on, and ladies in skirts of seven layers gushed entreaties at Mr. Rhodes. He is said to have had little peace. He began to wilt in the spring of 1864. When Marcus Alonzo went off with a regiment of militia to defend Washington from Jubal Early's raid, Cleveland knew

(Continued on Page 69)

Quick Service, Here!

New Rubber Heels . . . ready in 5 *minutes*

. . . Skilled workmen give you new rubber heels in just 5 minutes this new way . . .

. . . a manager greets you . . . then in 5 minutes . . . your shoes are ready . . .

Now . . . with modern, convenient Shoe Service Stations found everywhere—there is no longer reason for going without the added foot comfort, the extra smartness, the springier step that heels of new, live rubber give you. . . . Courtesy is the watchword in these up-to-the-minute shops . . . courtesy with speed and comfort. Look for the one nearest you. Drop in . . . at lunch time or between stores when you shop. . . . See for yourself how simple and convenient it is.

. . . a comfortable chair . . . in a private booth . . . then, in 5 minutes, new heels for old!

Done while you wait . . . without inconvenience . . . at these Modern Shoe Service Stations

Just imagine! New rubber heels . . . ready in 5 minutes.

Old ones taken off . . . new ones attached . . . and you're on your way, in less time than it takes to buy 5 gallons of gas.

That's the new Shoe Service Station idea. Modern, efficient, up-to-date "Repair Stores" where rubber heels are attached without delays, waits or inconvenience.

In these Modern Shops a manager greets you. Ushers you to a comfortable chair. You remove your shoes . . . generally in a private booth . . . sometimes behind a screen . . . always with provisions for complete privacy. Then in 5 minutes . . . your shoes are ready. New-looking again. A real boon to smart appearance.

This Shoe Service Station idea, endorsed by Goodrich, has been created for busy people just like yourself.

In almost all of these shops Goodrich Rubber Heels are recommended and used—giving you better heels quickly.

Next time ask for Goodrich Rubber Heels.

Remember . . . Goodrich Heels have been especially designed for quick attaching. They offer longer wear . . . greater comfort, too. Because they're made with a special compound from super-resilient rubber.

Long wear . . . genuine comfort . . . smart appearance. Plus service of lightning speed. That's the Goodrich story.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Goodrich *Rubber Heels*

RCA

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

WALTER E. HOLLAND

CHIEF ENGINEER OF PHILCO Says:

"No matter what care and skill a manufacturer of radio sets may employ, the finest instrument that can be built is no better than its tubes. In the manufacture and testing of Philco Neutrodyne Plus Receivers, we use RCA Radiotrons, because they insure the fine reception of our sets."

Walter E. Holland

All radio engineers agree that after a year of average use the vacuum tubes in a radio set should be replaced throughout with new ones. Old tubes left in mar the performance of the others. For finer results completely reëquip your set with RCA Radiotrons.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • *New York* • *Chicago* • *Atlanta* • *Dallas* • *San Francisco*

(Continued from Page 66)

that an engagement was admitted. On September 27, 1864, Marcus Alonzo and Charlotte Augusta were united at Saint John's Church. Mr. Rhodes relieved his emotions by boxing the ears of Asa Barnes when he found the boy climbing through a window to see the cakes and bouquets of the wedding feast.

III

THIS sober quality of Cleveland kept the city from a sentimental festivity when the funeral train brought Mr. Lincoln's body to lie in state for a few hours on April twenty-seventh of 1865. Crowds passed under the mortuary pavilion, and the grave legend, "*Extinctus amabitur idem*," was admired by those who could translate it. But elsewhere, cities and towns enriched by the war showed what they could do. Mr. Lincoln had come eastward to his inauguration through communities in which a fortune, a factory and gas were unknown. His body retired below arches of evergreen twined with silken banners and lighted by colored globes. Ladies clad in fresh white gowns posed mournfully near the tracks in choirs of thirty and forty. Canvas pillars offered such painted consolation as, Go to Thy Rest, or, Ours the Cross, Yours the Crown. A certain millionaire in Chicago made himself permanently famous among journalists by sending a basket filled with champagne bottles and roses to Mrs. Lincoln, with his card. The train rolled to Springfield between incessant bonfires and illumined stations. At last he was entombed in a placid valley, close to a soothing brook.

War had altered the nature of American cities in the North, but our historians seemed to get as far as they could from discussing that change in the first retrospects of the struggle. They talked vaguely of prosperity caused by the opening of new mines in the West or the free farm lands parceled out under the Homestead Act of 1862. Two or three forthright essayists in religious papers and magazines did say what was true. Something definite and simple had taken place, and yet only a few were prepared to admit it. The war itself had built factories, enlarged mills, increased railroads and telegraphic services. All the trades and crafts had been put to its services. Labor unions forced a steady lifting of wages in 1862 and 1863. War tariffs had protected industries scarcely existent in 1860, until they bloomed and asserted themselves in unions and associations. A pair of German girls, who made artificial roses for milliners in New York before the war, sold a business and a trade-mark in 1866 for a hundred thousand dollars. A whole range of new, eminent families had been created, from the rawest materials, by the necessities of women's clothing. Metal buttons and clasps, corsets and such unseemly matters as the cheap lace for pantalettes lifted a thousand men nearer affluence than they had ever thought of being. While millions flooded in neat checks from Washington on the mill owners and gunsmiths, the civilians paid their hundreds to these protégés of the tariff. It was a boom, timed to the pulsation of cannon and rifles on the border of Virginia.

But the farmers had not enjoyed the fullest benefits of the war. Many rural opera houses date from the 60's, but there were not enough novelties of the playhouse and the shop loosed among the farms to distract the women from a strict and discomforting attention to the casualty lists. Sons not allured by the recruiting office were pretty often lured away by the riot in the oil fields of Pennsylvania and the wages at the mills. Population decreased and farms were abandoned in many regions. The prices paid for grain, meat and hides were high, but so was the cost of hired help. Women of substance plowed fields and reaped in Ohio and Indiana in 1863. Education slowed; a master would enlist or a teacher would marry, and the schoolhouse might close for months. Nor did these people misunderstand what was happening at the capital and in the field. The United States was already an uncomfortable topic to European essayists.

Its very peasants could read and write! "It will be curious," said Cavour, "to note the influence of this fact upon their wars and politics."

Yet this rural population derived an intangible benefit from the war and the wretched performance at Ford's Theater on April 14, 1865. A true folk hero had been born to them—an obscure man of the plain people who rose to speak equally with kings and to slay monsters. Mr. Lincoln did not rest in his tomb outside Springfield. Very soon his image was a phantom of rectitude fairly towering, while emotional rhetoricians and jobbers ripped his party into quarrelsome bits. His legend was invoked against "the money changers in the temple of Liberty" and "the pharisees of the Senate" and the divorced woman dictating patronage from her giddy drawing-room near the Capitol. Since 1900 he has again become a man, but for thirty years he was something else. His figure almost mingled with that of another gentle, bearded dealer in parables, a friend of the humble and outcast, once murdered on a Good Friday. Mr. Lincoln, the cool political humorist and strategist, vanished under a softer outline, and his orations, with their haunting Biblical music, were declaimed on Memorial Day to audiences truly reverent, hushed and tearful.

This cult, like all such reverences, must do some hurt. Mr. Lincoln had four times signed acts of Congress which, as it fell out, happened to work an infinite harm to this rural population. But smart men seized on the fact of Mr. Lincoln's approval to maintain in being some governmental policies, and the madness resulting brought on the grand political crash of 1896 and showed Mark Hanna in one of the most curiously twisted positions ever taken by an American, or perhaps by any adventurer in statesmanship.

FROM "MARCUS ALONZO HANNA," COURTESY OF THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. COPYRIGHT 1912

The House in New Lisbon in Which Mr. Hanna Was Born. It Has Been Changed by the Addition of One Story

Mr. Lincoln, quite guiltless of helping any rogue by deliberation, made himself the friend of the smart men with a few movements of the pen. The smart men should be examined before the signatures can be made to mean anything.

The adjective "smart," in earlier New England, was not a complete compliment. It was reserved for the symbolic inventor of the wooden nutmeg and his admirers. A smart man was a horse trader or a clock peddler, a licensed trickster excused for his humors.

Later, as the nation expanded, some of this primitive meaning passed away. Lincoln is called smart, with a sense of mere shrewdness, in old newspapers. But the adjective was still offensive enough to start an action in libel, in Ohio, in 1858. With Mr. Lincoln's call for volunteers a number of smart men quietly appeared, without military intentions. A silent "Yo, ho, ho!" had rung in their minds. Many of them knew the South rather better than the President did. This would be a war of some dimensions, and they made it their war.

Bull Run was hardly fought when a genius named Belknap arrived at the War Department with a large bill for packing sixty dead Yankees in ice and shipping them to their grieved friends in Boston. A methodical clerk referred the account to adjutants of the Massachusetts regiments engaged, and found that there were no such soldiers. Mr. Belknap vanishes. Other smart men follow him. Popular history has selected the name of Jim Fisk from this battalion, acting on the wise theory of blackening a black sheep to make the gray sheep whiter. As Mr. Fisk ultimately was killed in a row brought on by a courtesan, it does not matter about his general reputation. But, considering the mildness of his exploit in Washington, he seems a weak choice.

The smart men enjoyed that quality known to Italians of the Renaissance as *virtù*. They arranged their fortunes without relation to the safety of society. Congressional reports, records of Federal courts and the court of claims, the documents of the adjutant general and a hundred military orders exhibit the arrangements.

Twenty officers were disgraced and a pair of congressmen damaged. But the smart men continued. Rifles thrown away by ordnance officers in the East as unfit for real service were sold to General Frémont in the West. An expedition was dispatched to the Mississippi in rotten hulls for which the Government was often paying nine hundred dollars a day. Bayonets of polished pewter, tents of porous shoddy, coffee made of pulse and sorghum, carbines that exploded on the drill ground, blankets so long stored in Boston that water would not soak them to the thickness of a coin, and other versions of the wooden nutmeg were proffered to the Army by the smart men between 1861 and 1864. Sometimes nothing could be done. Sometimes the cases wound up as long tangles of smart lawyers and angry judges or commissioners. A few smart men were consigned to military prisons and common jails. It was the son of a philanthropist who was begged out of one military dungeon by Henry Ward Beecher, after the bright lad

(Continued on Page 72)

"Boss-I Feel Terrible

Please See What's Wrong"

DOGS can't quite talk, but they can suffer—mutely. Faithful, forgiving, loving, they deserve the best care we can give them. And it is a simple and easy matter to keep a dog healthy and happy when one knows how.

Famous Dog Book *Free* . . .

Polk Miller's famous Dog Book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable dogs. In clear, non-technical language, it tells how to care for dogs and puppies, giving the symptoms of all dog diseases and the best treatments for each. This book is free. We urge you to write for your copy.

Commander Byrd *chose* Sergeant's . . . . . .

After exhaustive tests, the Byrd Antarctic Expedition chose Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food to be used exclusively in caring for their dogs. The Expedition's success depends largely upon the efficiency of its dog teams. There could be no finer tribute to the efficacy of Sergeant's products. The same Medicines and Dog Food chosen for Byrd's "huskies" are on sale at your dealer's. Ask him about them.

Expert Advice *Free* . . . . .

Our expert veterinarian cared for Byrd's dog teams before their departure. He will answer, without charge, questions about *your* dog's health. Write fully.

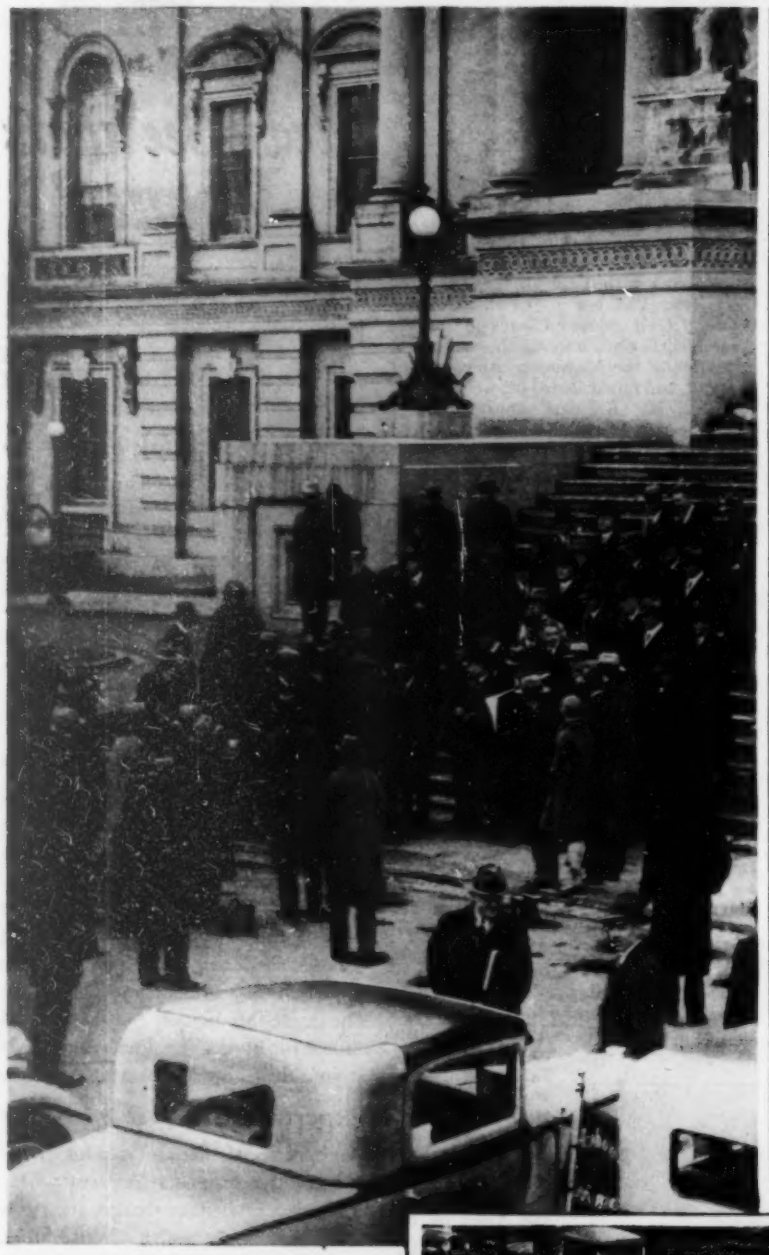
There is a tested Sergeant's Dog Medicine for every dog ailment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers' everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1079 West Broad Street : Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents
FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., *Toronto*

UNITED STATES SENATORS SILVER FLEET ON STEPS



Republican and Democratic Leaders Extend Official Welcome

Senators and Congressmen Sign Book of Good Will Greetings

15 Cars and 19 Pilots Pause on Demonstration Tour to Receive Greetings of Nation's Law Makers

Fifteen gleaming silver cars rolled up before the steps of the Nation's Capitol in Washington . . . Nineteen smartly uniformed pilots hurried into line before their shining hoods . . .

A courier hastened up the steps . . . disappeared through the great portal.

Then . . . at the door . . . a group of men. Senators, congressmen . . . lawgivers to the Nation. From below, a command . . . and as the group started down the steps, nineteen pilots snapped to attention.

The Silver Fleet stood at salute before the Congress of the United States.

* * *

Fittingly, the Silver Fleet . . . on parade before 120,000,000 people . . . was received in Washington by the elected representatives of the Nation.

Congressman Tilson and Congressman Garrett, Republican and Democratic floor leaders, signed the good will book.

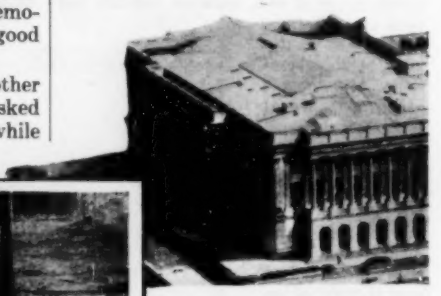
Senator Capper of Kansas and other members inspected the fleet . . . asked interested questions . . . Then, while cameras clicked and news reels ground, the last signature was added, the last inspection made.

Pilots slipped again behind wheels . . . motors hummed.

A double blast from the Flagship siren . . . and the Fleet wheeled away . . . down Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with crowds to watch another notable procession.

From the broad avenues of Washington the Fleet heads South . . . through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia . . .

Over the marl roads of Florida's coast line. Through a gulf-state win-



CAPITOL FROM THE AIR. *Passengers in Goodrich plane which accompanied Fleet to Washington got this view of the Capitol as they circled over city. Members of both houses of Congress attended ceremony on steps of center wing, almost in the shadow of the great dome topping the structure where the Nation's laws are made.*

SOLONS GREET ADVENTURERS. *Here's a view of some of the senators and representatives who greeted the Silver Fleet as they clustered at the foot of the steps of the Capitol. Behind them, the imposing structure where the Nation's laws are made . . . before them, a venturesome company of selected young college men, exploring the country in search of hardship and punishment for tires.*

HEADED FOR DIXIE! *Photograph at the right was snapped as the Fleet rolled out of Washington and headed South for Florida. Months of gruelling travel lie ahead . . . over good roads and bad on this great Nation-wide demonstration run from coast to coast.*

AND CONGRESSMEN GREET OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL

ter. Across the dry Southwest. Into a California spring . . .

Picture just what the first months of the tour hold in store for the fleet! The weather . . . the climate . . . the roads!

Sea coast and mountain . . . desert and plain . . . winding grade and endless straightaway . . . sand and gravel and rock as often as asphalt, macadam or brick!

On these cars are tires such as you can buy any day in the week . . . four ply, six ply, de luxe . . . run-of-the-pit casings identical to those any Goodrich dealer will show you . . .

The pilots are facing months of hardship, months of tough going, simply that you may see how Goodrich Tires perform on cars such as yours . . .

To demonstrate to you the unsurpassed dollar value of Goodrich Tires. Their rugged stamina . . . their great wearing power . . . their sure-footedness on any road . . . their enduring quality in the face of great obstacles.

So follow the Silver Fleet as it goes. Watch the dramatic record it unrolls. See tires just like those on the Fleet in the store of your own Goodrich Tire dealer . . .

Find out when the Fleet will reach your section of the country . . . And be on hand!

Examine the cars. Talk to the pilots. Watch their demonstrations.

In the meantime . . . while the Fleet rolls on . . . its thrilling story will be told in the pages of this publication. Watch for the next chapter.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

NO POLITICS IN THE FLEET! *Congressman Tilson, Republican floor leader, greets Commander Schaeffer, while Congressman Garrett, Democratic leader in the House, looks on. A non-partisan welcome.*

SENATOR INSPECTS FLEET. *Senator Capper from Kansas inspects the 15 silver cars of the Silver Fleet with Lieut. Schaeffer.*

FLIES TO GREET FLEET. *Commander Schaeffer and his pilots were waiting to receive Congressman Davey of Ohio when he arrived by plane at Bolling Field to take part in welcoming ceremony.*

THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements. **Silvertown De Luxe,** for the motorist who demands superlative style and outstanding mileage service. **The Famous Silvertown**—the standard quality tire of the Nation—the choice of millions of car owners. **Goodrich Cavalier,** a new low-priced, high quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers. Ask your local Goodrich dealer to show you these tires. He carries the exact size you need in stock.

Goodrich Silvertowns

The best shoe tree is a Family tree

Perhaps the real reason why Smith Smart Shoes keep their shapeliness so long is the three generations *of Smith shoemanship behind the building of every pair.*

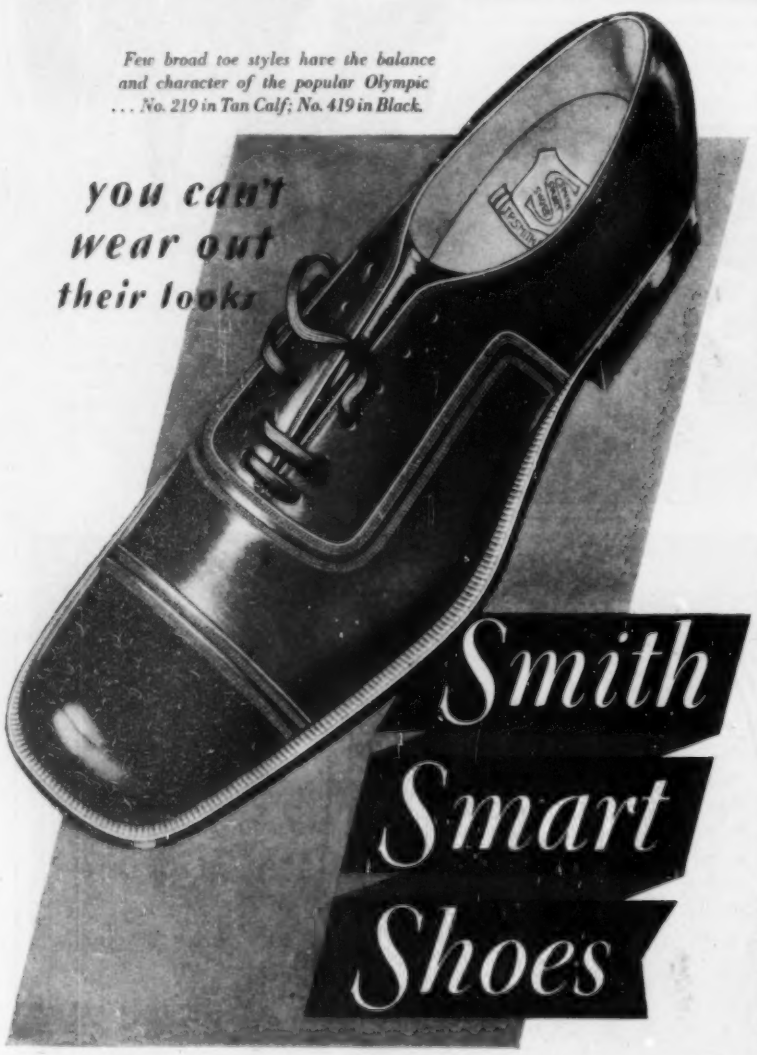
There is a mellowed art of hand-cutting and hand-fitting in these shoes. There is an old-fashioned insistence on leathers so fine that only 8% of the world's tannage will do. There is a scrupulous regard for small details of finish that the machine spirit overlooks.

That is the background of the enduring style *of Smith Smart Shoes; of the* rightness *of fit and feeling that make you prefer them always.*

Gentlemen's shoes, these. Yet they cost, on the average, five dollars less *than you expect shoes so fine to cost.*

TEN DOLLARS · *Some Styles to Thirteen Dollars*

Few broad toe styles have the balance and character of the popular Olympic . . . No. 219 in Tan Calf; No. 419 in Black.



The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of *Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women—Dr. A Reed Cushion Shoes for Men*

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 69)

forged a presidential proclamation so as to influence the gambling in the gold room at the Stock Exchange. Mr. Lincoln's suspension of the habeas corpus was criticized as an act of military tyranny. His reasons for the bold move to control the civilian populace seem plain after reading through some of the testimony in these affairs. But only Jim Fisk is remembered in the scandal. Once the names of others had the same sound, and their smartness smelled quite as evilly as did Fisk's sales of moldy blankets.

The smart men were not always urban or Eastern. In 1863 louts rode through Ohio asking farmers if they had any crowbait for the Army, and a Federal judge at Cincinnati lost his temper trying to explain to some hearty yeomen that they must not doctor up dying horses for sale to the cavalry and artillery. One of General Pleasanton's officers, in June of that year, presented the commander with an affidavit reciting that three animals just brought to the camp had been sold by him as useless before John Brown was hanged. In December of 1864, Charles Francis Adams writes scornfully of the Treasurer's report, to his father in London: "He does not state one principle in sound finance, but he makes a stately onslaught upon 'speculators in gold.' Why not also on those in flour and pork?" Waves of cynical talk passed among the regiments. Half of these men and officers came from farms. The tricks of the urban smart men may not have been fully comprehensible, but they did understand about horses and grain and pork. "My one interesting experience with deserters," Col. John McCook wrote in 1900, "was with two fine boys from Mr. Lincoln's own county. A sergeant caught them leaving camp in civilian dress and brought them to me. They told me honestly that their mother and sisters were practically destitute and were obliged to 'go out' as hired help by the day. You know how humiliating that was to a family. They claimed that men at home were getting rich by 'sharking' on provisions for the Army. . . . I got to work through Anson"—General Anson McCook, another of the fighting McCooks—"and had the matter referred straight to Mr. Lincoln. He looked after them. . . . He has been criticized for his leniency toward deserters. But I believe he knew what lay behind many of these cases. . . . The writers seem to neglect this whole phase of the war."

The phase may not have been so striking as the battles in which all the instruments of civilization were used for the first time, but it had an effect on American manners by the visibility of the proposition in 1865. Soldiers returned to find that shady people had become rich, conspicuously, through practices on the Government, and were bragging of their success. If a good many veterans joined the ranks of the smart men in the 70's—and a good many did—it was not because the war had made them callous to right and wrong. Our historians agree that a period of corrupt legislation, fantastic morals in business and ethical sloth commenced at the end of the war, as if the sound of Booth's pistol had released seven devils on the nation. But the Gilded Age set in with 1861. No phenomenon appeared after Lincoln's death that was not already plain at the close of 1862.

Mr. Lincoln, as is known, was obliged to sign acts of Congress under which an immense quantity of fiat currency was issued. These greenbacks, like all fiat currencies, were sure to be dangerous. Even Thaddeus Stevens fought rather timidly for the passage of the bill creating them in 1862. The Government was tempted and issued more and more of the things. In 1864 the amount of this fluctuating material reached nearly four hundred and fifty million dollars. Gold or silver was an unseen object; the public heard of speculation in gold, but the coins had vanished. In 1865 some of his soldiers who wanted to give Major William McKinley a token of respect on being mustered out of the service pooled greenbacks and bought a five-dollar gold piece from a jeweler. And from this greenback there twined out a number of financial superstitions, all derived from the one stem—a frozen conviction as to the American nation's powers in the way of money-making. This question would be settled, under Mr. Hanna's supervision, in 1896.

The greenback was not dear to Mr. Lincoln. He presumably viewed it with some distrust. But his other dangerous signatures were to acts of Congress that had his hearty support. It should never be forgotten that he was an expansionist. The United States were a curiosity among nations in that they could colonize within their own borders. Normans and Bretons were not being advised to leave home in covered wagons and plant themselves in Provence for the sake of richer soils, in 1840. Russians removed to Siberia only under a stiff compulsion. But the Americans could expand inside what they claimed as their boundaries, and Mr. Lincoln had grown up in the current of those migrations. He wanted to see the West colonized, and so he encouraged the movement by the Homestead Act of 1862, and by two most dangerous acts creating a railroad corporation with singular rewards, powers and privileges.

Nothing seems so harmless as the Homestead Act, granting settlers Western land if they would cultivate it for five years. Mr. Lincoln and everybody else thought westward to a prodigious vacancy. Through this arable waste the two railroads—the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific—would form a spine of commerce and help to the settler. Naturally, the railroads must be subsidized and they ought, also, to be granted some of this endless public land. Congressmen and senators argued a little as to terms. Four very smart men in the dim background of the enterprises smiled encouragingly. The lean and pensive Senator Sherman rubbed his beard and wondered—in silence—if trouble might not come of this. Nobody shouted "Look out!" And yet there had already been trouble in 1858 and 1859 over the subsidized railroad that was to make Texas a garden and a pasture. The dignity of the Senate had been offended by wild rows about the character of the road's directors and the uses of the land granted to the corporation. Now here came this new bill, granting strips of land ten miles deep on each side of the tracks and six thousand dollars in bonds to the directors for each mile finished. Mr. Sherman shivered, but he was a strong Administration man. In 1864 he shuddered again; the directors needed more help and were getting it—bonds and more bonds of the United States—although the rails were not being laid. And a hazy bill creating the Northern Pacific Railroad, with land grants and privileges, was stuffed through the Senate in a hurry. "These two bills," the old senator wrote in 1895, "prove that it is not wise, during a war, to provide measures for a time of peace." His shudders were just then being justified afresh.

Mr. Lincoln had lent his sacred name to the creation of fiat money, to the subsidies and grants creating railroads without any method of reversing the gifts save by more acts and more presidential signatures, and he set a precedent of free gifts of land to settlers. His name was not sacred yet, but it would become so when smart men were denying the right of government to unsettle them in their possessions or to shut off the lands in the West from their aggressive hands.

He had done these things simply as measures for the public good, for the consolidation of the Union and the happiness of the plain people. On the betrayal of his intentions by the smart battalion, there rose a series of political situations affecting precisely the people for whose good he signed his name.

He was thinking about the West on the last morning of his life. Schuyler Colfax was going out there on a tour. The President talked earnestly, deep in his chair.

(Continued on Page 74)

Only the flash of a hand

yet for 30 years it helped to mold the spirit of a Railroad · ·

A PALE ribbon of road snatched quickly by the darkness, a soft blur of lantern light, a white hand flashing for a second.

That's all the crew of the night freight saw as they thundered by the crossing at Nevada, Ohio. Yet, to hundreds of Pennsylvania trainmen, that waving hand became a symbol of the spirit of the Road. For the man behind that hand was more than a crossing watchman, he was a *railroad* man and the gallop of the Iron Horse throbbed in his blood.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred people who saw this watchman by his little hut must have thought that his only duty was to close the gates when a train approached and safeguard those who crossed the tracks. Technically that was correct.

But actually this Pennsylvania watchman, who recently retired on a pension, did more! He felt it was part of his job to contribute to the team-work that gets Pennsylvania trains through safely, swiftly, and on time.

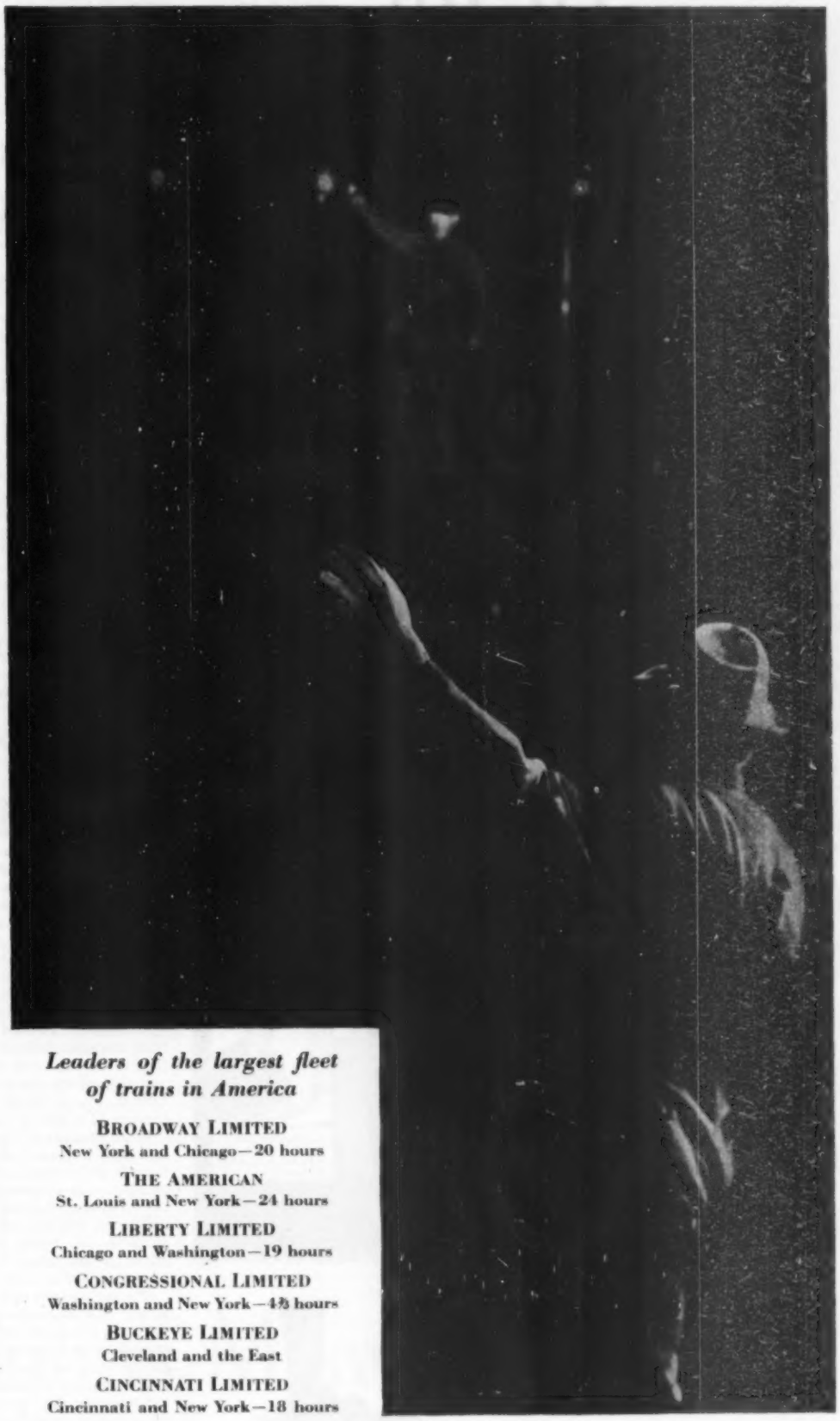
Shortly after his retirement a fellow-employee wrote:

"About the first instructions and advice I received when I entered train service was—'Watch the crossing watchman at Nevada!' There was not a trainman on the division who did not do the same thing.

"If we received a hot-box signal or a stop signal from that crossing watchman, you could bet your last chip that action would be taken, for his signal was never wrong. He knew his stuff. When the train was in good running order, he would wave his hand and many a man has felt better for seeing that friendly salute.

"And that friendly salute never failed for 30 years."

The Pennsylvania takes pride in the loyalty of its employees—a loyalty that has played a major part in molding the spirit of the Railroad.



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This garment has enough weight to keep you warm when it's as cold as 30° . . .
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It will keep you warm on chilliest days. When it's as cold as 30°. And when you're inside, with the thermometer around 70°, it will keep you cool and comfortable. Thus it prevents overheating, or quick chilling. Men everywhere are taking to it.

We developed a new material for this garment. Knit of long fibre combed yarn on *patented* spring needle machines into a very elastic fabric. It has just enough weight to ward off the cold. Yet it is so absorbent that it keeps your body dry and cool when you're indoors. And because it is so elastic, it gives easily when you stretch but always springs back to shape. *Hence, it always fits perfectly.*

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Kenosha, Wisconsin

NEW HOSIERY STYLES FOR SPRING

New Allen-A Hosiery styles for Men are now being shown in smart Men's Shops everywhere. In solid and fancy patterns. Priced 50c to $1.00 the pair.

Allen-A Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS

(Continued from Page 72)

He must get the disbanded regiments and the new mass of immigrants headed to the West. The mines and the railroads needed them. Gold and silver would pour eastward, destroying the national debt. It would not do to pack the Eastern cities with cheap labor and bring wages down when the mechanics were getting just pay. Mr. Colfax was to tell the Westerners that Lincoln had their interests at heart.

Mr. Colfax was thrilled. He went away and talked to senators and officers at a luncheon in Willard's Hotel. Mr. Lincoln had some new policy. It was astonishing how the country lawyer had learned to get at the pith of the country's condition. Mr. Lincoln was turning into a real financier. Colfax walked back to the White House after dark, and the talk went on. Now that the war was over, all these things must be attended to.

The gaunt man rocked in his chair and drawled until it was eight o'clock. Mrs. Lincoln came in, with her fan and her shawl, to remind him that he had promised to go to Ford's Theater. Oh, so he had! Well, Mr. Colfax could drop in tomorrow morning. He bowed himself away. The carriage was standing below the dim pillars in the pleasant night. Presently the people in Ford's Theater rose and applauded as Mr. Lincoln strolled into his box.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Beer. The next will appear in the issue for April twenty-seventh.

BAIT OF FALSEHOOD

(Continued from Page 40)

That seemed to be the extent of conversation with which Mr. Tucker was endowed. Either he was taciturn by nature or his anxieties in this emergency rendered him dumb; so presently the doctor gave over the idea of talk and settled down to what comfort was to be found on the drive. They whisked out of town, through darkened streets and past houses which were only blacker blots in a sea of blackness. Nowhere was a sign of life; no belated pedestrian, no roisterer returning to his home with matinal song; no supremely early riser saw them pass.

The car followed the main road for three or four miles and then turned northwesterly over that damp and rutted way which led through the lowlands, choked with black growth of spruce, which lay about the little lake. Beyond this they abandoned this rudimentary highway for one which tilted sharply upward; a road to be traversed only in low speed, with engine laboring and radiator boiling while the car pitched and heaved and tossed and jolted alarmingly. Off at the left the doctor could hear the pleasant tinkling of a brook as it hurried down the mountainside to the refuge of the lake.

"Hard going," he said to his companion.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Tucker.

Up and up and up they clambered. The doctor felt a sense of adventure, of pioneering. They seemed to be proceeding through primeval forest over a roadbed which was not a roadbed at all, but only the natural earth, hitherto unsullied by the passage of so exotic a creation as a motor car. At last they reached the top and debouched upon a clearing, or what had been a clearing, for it was evident in the darkness that the forest was about the business of reclaiming it for its own. Pointed conifers silhouetted their triangles harshly against the softer tone of the sky; and seeming to dodge in and out among the trees as the car advanced, was a yellow light marking the location of a human habitation.

Brant thought he never had encountered so lonely, so remote, so inaccessible a spot for man and woman to live, and for child to be born. He wondered what stretches of the earth opened before their eyes by daylight from this high place, or if even that pleasure—the lonely pleasure of peering off across vast spaces—were denied by the encircling timber.

The car stopped and Tucker alighted silently. As the doctor walked toward the house he felt about his legs the long grass of neglect, and started as there floated up to him from the distant lake the inhuman, ribald laughter of a loon.

"A place to die," he said to himself, "but what a place—what a place to be born!"

Tucker opened the door and conducted him into a lightless room and struck a match. This sufficed to illuminate their way to a door under which was a knife edge of yellow which seemed, to Brant, almost to make a sound in that silence.

"Is there a woman to help?" he asked, and Tucker paused with his fingers on the door knob.

"There'll be plenty to help," he said, and stood aside for the doctor to enter. Brant stepped into a room, manifestly a dining room, lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; a lamp with a checked and flaked green lid which cast downward a cone of light, so that the middle of the room was revealed while its extremities were in shadow. The doctor placed his bag on the table.

"Well," he said, "here we are. Now, let's see what we can do."

"It ain't," said a voice from the other shore of the lake of light, "what you kin do, but how you're goin' to be done by."

The voice moved forward until it became visible as a man; a tiny man, thin and unwholesome of face, with the terrible eyes which one sometimes finds in a man who hates the world because of his own calamity. A tremendous, ghastly grin showed great, white teeth in the cadaverous face, and a reedy voice cackled with laughter.

Brant recognized Lant Short, peddler of drugs, whom certain activities of the doctor's had transmuted into a fugitive from justice. Brant also recognized the incumbrance in Short's clawlike hands as a double-barreled shotgun. The doctor nodded.

"I take it," he said, "there will be no confinement this night."

"There'll be ample to make up fer it," said Short, and Brant thought that he spat and hissed like some malevolent, maimed cat.

Then, incongruously, came an odd, stifled cry of a child. It had an unnatural sound; a sound which impacted against the doctor's heart with greater shock than the sudden knowledge that he had been tolled here by men who felt that he knew too much to be permitted longer to cumber the earth.

"What was that?" he asked.

"A ghost," said Short, with a snicker; "lonesome and beggin' fer company."

"The inference being," said Brant, "that I am about to join it."

"You git the idee, doc." As Brant moved half a step forward the hunchback's voice lifted itself to a squeaking screech, "No ye don't! Stand still!"

"So," said Brant, "you think you can get away with murder—another murder."

"What d'ye mean—another murder?" demanded Short.

Brant did not explain. His eyes darted about the gloomy room in search of some straw at which he might clutch. Nothing was available. But if he could be given time something might happen. Things did happen, but somehow he must put off the moment of the commission of the act for which he had been lured to this house.

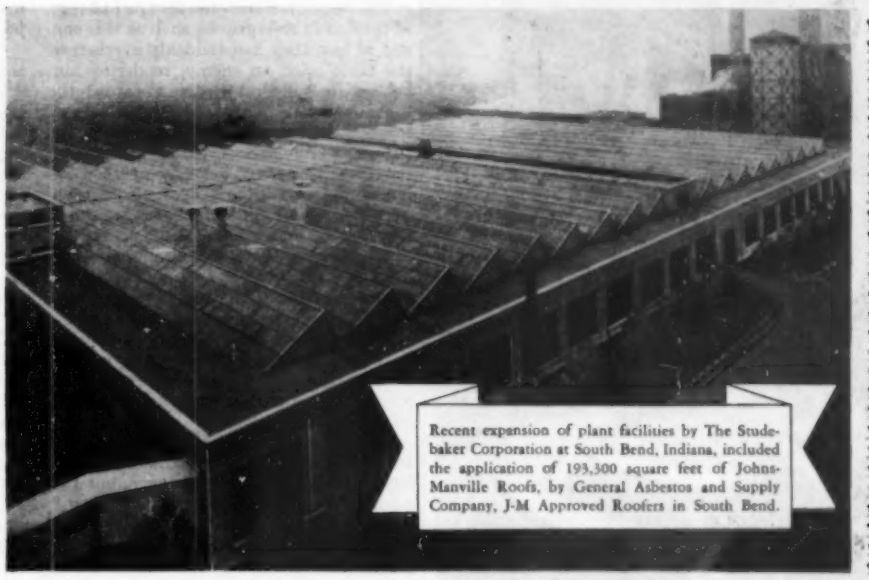
"People have got into trouble for murdering," he said.

"Who's goin' to know you're killed?" demanded Short. "Who seen you leave your house? Did anybuddy see ye drive through the street? Does anybuddy know who ye come with or where you come to?"

(Continued on Page 76)

The 1944 Studebaker *will be built under this* J-M Asbestos Roof

For many years to come the Roof of this Great Motor Car Plant will Cost its Owners Nothing for Repairs



Recent expansion of plant facilities by The Studebaker Corporation at South Bend, Indiana, included the application of 193,300 square feet of Johns-Manville Roofs, by General Asbestos and Supply Company, J-M Approved Roofers in South Bend.

THERE are nearly five acres of Johns-Manville Bonded Roofs on six of the new buildings of the Studebaker Corporation at South Bend, Indiana. More than half of the area of the new machine shop shown here is laid on the slopes of the "saw tooth" construction.

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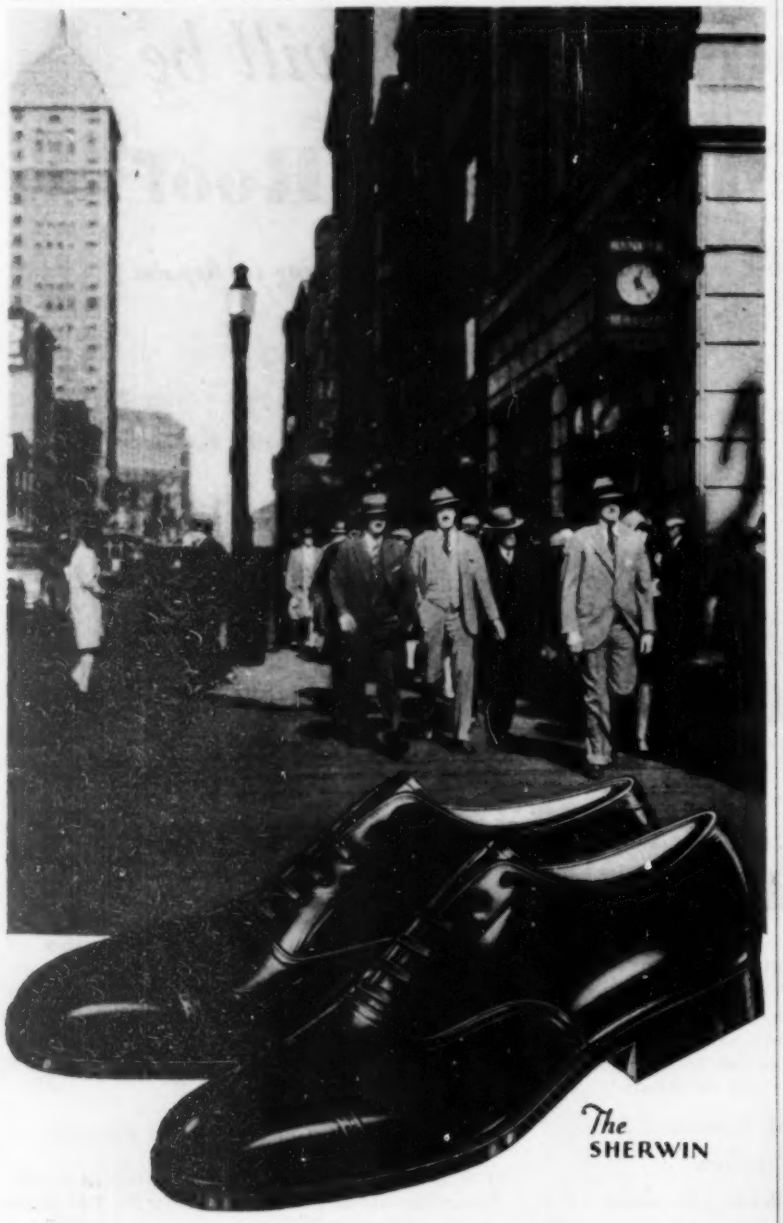

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COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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(Continued from Page 74)

"But someone will ask if I don't reappear."

"Who?" asked Short.

That was a question which required some answering. Who, indeed, would ask questions if he failed to reappear? And of whom would the questions be asked? Dick Bumpus might show some curiosity. The Peddy Orphan! She might want to know what had become of him. But who would be asked to find him? He almost chuckled at the humor of that query. Why, Sheriff Kay would be asked to find him!

"Any questions," said Short, "'ll git themselves answered before they git asked. You won't be the fust feller ever run away because he done suthin. I cal'late the officers of the law'll be the fust to discover you hain't to home when they come knockin' to arrest ye in the mornin'. I dunno jest what charge the boys got fixed up, but they'll 'tend to it thorough. No, doc, you don't need to worry about me gittin' into trouble over this. It hain't no trouble; it's a pleasure. And the lake's got some spots into it where bottom hain't never been found."

The doctor remembered that he had read of persons in emergencies such as this one, and of how they had suddenly overturned the table upon an enemy, rendering him helpless or vulnerable. He regarded the table and the antagonist whose head reached only a few inches higher than the red-and-white-checked cloth. But then, there was also Mr. Tucker, who stood behind with his back to the door. If the table were overturned upon Mr. Short, what disposal could be made of Mr. Tucker? If worst came to worst, some such expedient must be attempted, but not until the knuckles of death actually lifted themselves to rap upon the panel of the door.

Then, again, came that queer, unnatural cry of a child—a strangling sort of cry.

Short listened with ears which seemed to prick up like a dog's, and then he shrugged his deformed shoulders.

"I fussed away enough time. Ye might's well git ready fer it, doc. I hain't got no inclination to blindfold your eyes, but I'm a-goin' to count ten, and then you git it." He grinned again that wide, tooth-filled, death's-head grin. "One," he said—"two—three ——"

Now again came that strange, gurgling, coughing, childish cry, but nearer, more sustained, and above it lifted a woman's wail of terror. The door behind Job Tucker was thrust open and a young woman, slatternly, unkempt, with bare feet beneath the hem of a long pinkish cotton nightgown, came into the room stumblingly. There was a child in her arms.

"Job! Job!" she cried. "Suthin awful ails him! He's chokin'!"

It seemed to be true; the little one was convulsed by frightful efforts to draw breath into its tiny lungs.

"'Tain't croup!" said the woman shrilly. "It's suthin wuss. It's like he got suthin lodged in his throat!"

"Throw her out," said Lant Short, but the bearded man gave him no attention. He was gazing with eyes of fear at his child, helpless, suddenly bewildered by this catastrophe. His big hands reached out, opened and closed in that futile way one sees in big, dumb men when they realize their strength can be of no avail. Doctor Perkins darted a glance at Lant Short.

"Bring the child here to the light," he said.

"Mind your business!" snarled Lant.

"You mind yourn!" rumbled Job Tucker. "Doc, kin ye—will ye ——"

The black leather bag was already opened by the doctor's adroit fingers. "Under the light. Hold him very still," he directed. Then, holding the little mouth open, he made such exploration of the throat as was possible with his electric torch.

"Something foreign there," he said. "It is slowly choking the child."

He was thinking swiftly. The baby must have swallowed some object, which, unnoticed by its mother, had been sucked farther and farther into the tube, possibly swelling with the moisture of the throat. It was not to be reached from within—not without special instruments possessed only by a specialist. And it must be reached. It must be reached before many minutes elapsed, and it must be approached from without.

"Your child is choking," he said swiftly. "There is one thing to do."

Lant Short snarled something not to be understood.

"Don't annoy me," said Doctor Perkins, already laying out such instruments as he possessed and were suitable. "Tucker, you'll have to give the anæsthetic. Better put your wife out."

"Kin ye save him, doc?" the man almost whimpered. "Kin ye ——"

"If you keep your nerve," said the doctor. "You had plenty a minute ago."

"I shan't go," said the woman. "I shan't leave my baby."

"You, Short," ordered the doctor, "stand right here. Hold this electric torch steadily."

The man was pale. "Doc, I can't. I can't stand the sight of blood."

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Wow! That New Bootie Certainly Carries a Powerful Line of Hooch!"

"You could have stood the sight of mine."

"You do what doc says," rumbled Job Tucker.

So, swiftly, deftly, with steady hands the doctor prepared to operate in these strange conditions; made ready to save by the knife the child of the man who had lured him here to be killed by the bullet. As the anæsthetic took effect the baby lay still.

"Steady with that light," snapped Brant, and then, without any to assist, doing his best with what was at hand, he began his perilous search for the thing that was shutting breath from the baby's lungs. Knowledge and courage—those two commodities he possessed in abundance. A minute passed which seemed an hour. The room was terribly silent. Two minutes—three—four.

He had forgotten where he was; had shaken off awareness of his own peril as he sought to remove peril from another. At last he expelled a deep breath and tossed upon the table a small object which rolled slowly across the cloth, leaving behind it a distinguishable trail.

"Cork," he said abruptly, and lost himself again in the magical work of repairing such ravages as he had been compelled to make.

The woman stood, throughout these transactions, dumb, clutching the table in an agony of apprehension; the father stood at her side, face working, eyes staring with horrified gaze; Lant Short, green and wavering, dared not, for some strange reason, drop the torch he held and permit himself to be ill.

"Steady with the lamp," Doctor Perkins snapped at him, and he was compelled to obey.

At last the work was done, the last deft stitch taken, the last dressing applied.

"Will—will he live?" whispered the woman.

"He will—with proper care. We'll put him to bed now, and I'll tell you what to do. I'll carry him up."

He bent to gather the still little body in his arms when Lant Short arrested him. "You'll carry nobuddy nowheres," said the hunchback. The double-barreled gun was in his hands again.

Then silently a great arm brushed across the table, a huge fist struck the hunchback, so that he was lifted quite from his feet, to fall quivering into a corner. That was an action Job Tucker was well able to perform.

"Go ahead, doc," he said.

After a little lapse of time Brant returned to that dining room, to find Lant Short huddled and dazed in his corner and Job Tucker standing motionless beside the table.

"Why didn't ye skedaddle while ye had a chance?" Job asked.

"I came back for my case," said Brant. "Some hot water, please."

It was brought and the doctor went placidly about the business of sterilizing his instruments and replacing them in their case.

"Now," he said, as if he had been making an ordinary medical call, "you can drive me home. I'll get a couple of hours' sleep."

Job Tucker hesitated, evidently at a loss. The situation was too complicated for his elemental mind.

"I tell you," said Doctor Perkins, "what we'll do. We'll just forget about the other thing, eh? It's a bad night for killing anybody, don't you think? Of course I'd like to march your friend Short up to the jail and present him to the sheriff—just to see Kay's face. But I can't very well do that without great inconvenience to you. And your wife's going to need you hereabouts."

Short spat a sentence from his corner.

"Shet up," said Job Tucker.

"And there are some things for baby I've got to send back by you. Your wife knows how to use them. Suppose we get started."

"He kin sneak through the woods and git ye as ye go past," said Tucker.

"Then tie him up," said Brant genially.

That night drive was a silent one. Brant was weary, and Job Tucker drove with grim, expressionless face. At last they reached the village of Kidder's Dam and came to a stop before the doctor's house.

"Come in a minute and I'll give you what is necessary," said Brant.

The man stood, hat in hand, while the doctor selected from his store of drugs. Then he struggled to speak. Something was on his mind, but it was riveted there, and immovable. At last he pried loose a sentence.

"Some wouldn't 'a' done it," he said harshly.

"It was fortunate you came for me, wasn't it? Seems as if there was luck in it, Tucker. And by the way, you'd better tell Short to clear out of the neighborhood. He might get you in a fix."

"He'll go," said Job.

"And you," said Brant, "ought to give up murder as an evening's amusement. Learn bridge or checkers or cribbage. Cribbage is a grand game."

"I'll never tetch ye," said Tucker.

"Fine. I'd rather have a friend than an enemy. Stick by the house for the next week. Your wife'll need you. Good night, Job."

The man shambled to the door and paused, striving again to rack some observation free, but it was embedded so that dynamite seemed to be indicated. He waggled his head and moved his big feet and shifted his eyes about the room.

"I'll pay ye fur this, somehow," he said at last. "Even if they kill me fur it."

With which he shut the door behind him, and in a moment Brant heard the car drive away. He undressed and fell into his bed, to be claimed almost instantaneously by sleep. But this slumber was not to be uninterrupted. He was awakened by a pounding on the door, and opened his eyes to see the hour as five o'clock. Wearily he arose and walked to the front door, which he opened, not without irritation. There upon the stoop stood Sheriff Kay and two deputies.

The doctor smiled. "Good morning, sheriff," he said, genial at once when there was a situation to enjoy. "You come in force."

Big, genial, bluff Sheriff Kay was able to hide his shock, but not so the deputies. They stared as at a ghost.

"Mistake, I guess," said the sheriff.

"No charge against me, eh? Didn't come to take me to jail?"

"Not this morning," said the sheriff.

"Because, whatever it is, I've a slick alibi," said the doctor. "It was supposed to happen last night, wasn't it? And I bet you had splendid witnesses and everything. If, of course, I had turned up missing. A fugitive from justice, sort of, eh? Full of buckshot and in the pond."

"No luck," said Sheriff Kay genially.

"I think I ought to be fond of children," said Brant incomprehensibly to the sheriff. And then: "So you really don't want me?"

"Not this time," said the sheriff.

"No," said the doctor, "not this time. But you've riled me, sheriff. You've made me mad—even if you did play Providence for Job Tucker's baby. You might ponder some Scripture, Mr. Kay. The place where it says that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Or isn't that Scripture?"

"It's Shakspere," said the sheriff cordially. "Well, so long, doc. See you again."

"Next time I'll be seeing you," said Brant. "The truce is over."

"So I gathered. Well, good luck."

"Speaking of Shakspere," said the doctor, "there's the observation of Polonius which is so singularly apt that I ask you to ponder it until Monday. 'Your bait of falsehood,' he says, 'takes this carp of truth; and thus do we of wisdom and of reach, with windlaces and with assays of bias, by indirections find directions out. So, by my former lecture and advice, shall you, my son. You have me, have you not?'"

"Shakspere," observed the sheriff, "was a grand writer."

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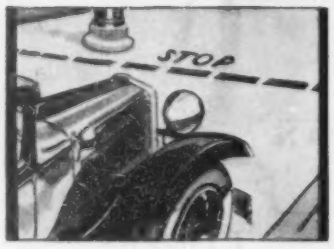

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is designed to grip the road across the full face of the tread; and this tread is built with many thousands of miles of Additional Non-Skid Mileage.

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The New ROYAL (extra heavy) is a truly modern achievement in tire engineering and tire manufacturing—as modern in its own field as the most modern production of the car makers.

In point of Safety, Speed, Braking, Steering, Durability, Economy, Riding Comfort and Style, it delivers to you the performance that you *must have* to get the best out of your car.

With its 6-ply structure of the famous Web Cord, it forms the perfect riding foundation alike for the heavier and lighter types of car, and is equally at home on the paved highways and on the backroads.

Finally, and as you might expect, the New Royal is the creation of the United States Rubber Company—with its brilliant history of Leadership in Rubber. Its staff of Rubber Technicians. Its vast Far Eastern plantations of 12,000,000 rubber trees actually producing rubber now. Its great factories. And its principle of being *right* in all matters pertaining to Rubber, its Manufacture and its Uses.

You will probably decide that the New ROYAL is a great tire. *It is.* Try it.

BECAUSE

higher speed, quicker braking and snappy pickup impose heavy tread wear—

THE NEW ROYAL

is built with deeper tread grooves and larger tread blocks, adding thousands of miles of Non-Skid life. Beside this is the thick rubber base below the tread blocks —an additional service factor.

BECAUSE

any tendency of a tire to "drag" on the road detracts from the fleetness of the Car of Today—

THE NEW ROYAL

is designed to give the combined Easy Running Quality of the ribbed tread, plus Traction and Safety.

UNITED STATES

Every man, every car, every driving condition, every purse, is served by this Complete New Line of United States Tires

THE NEW 4-PLY U. S. ROYAL

In all respects similar to the Royal (extra heavy) but built with 4-plies of Web Cord, instead of 6 plies. A most superior tire for the less severe driving conditions.

Now, the same set of principles that developed the New ROYAL as the maximum in Tires for the heaviest demands of the Cars of Today—also recognizes the fact that not every car needs, or is in position to benefit by the maximum in Tires—For instance:

There is the lighter car—

—and the large car which seldom if ever gets off the city pavements—

—and the station wagon, or old car used merely for hacking around, a few miles at the time—

—and maybe the son or daughter prizes some "collegiate" specimen with a lively engine, but small pretensions otherwise!

Anyway, there are thousands of cars whose need is for something *less* than the maximum. These too are provided with New Tires—strictly of *Today*—in this complete United States line—

The new 4-ply U. S. ROYAL
The new U. S. PEERLESS
The new TRAXION (*Delivery to United States Tire Dealers, about May 15th*)

THE NEW U. S. PEERLESS

A new tire designed expressly for those who do not feel the need for the maximum of tire engineering as found in the Royal (extra heavy) and Royal 4-Ply.

THE NEW TRAXION

Recognizing that, at any price one pays for a tire, he should receive sound engineering and manufacture, this New Traxion is produced. Nowhere else can so much tire be had for the price—and the man who accepts *less* is not getting the worth of his money. (At your service about May 15th.)

TWO OTHER FAMOUS "U. S." PRODUCTS

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A moulded sole Keds for both indoor and outdoor use. The sturdy outsole is tough enough to stand unusually hard wear. The Royal Tread also possesses anti-slipping qualities. Lace-to-toe style.

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Every "U. S." Royal is guaranteed during the life of the ball—it will be replaced at any time by your golf professional or dealer—1. If the cover cuts through; 2. If the paint flakes or chips off; 3. If the ball goes out-of-round; 4. If the ball fails to putt true.

RUBBER COMPANY

THE PRACTICE of labeling each light of "A" quality glass, originated by Libbey-Owens three years ago, came about through the insistence of architects, contractors and builders that some definite means be made available for identifying this superior Libbey-Owens product.

Today, throughout the entire glass industry as well as the building field, the Libbey-Owens label is recognized as the one definite assurance of unvarying high quality.

Thus Libbey-Owens has not only set a new high standard of window glass quality, but it has provided for the protection of those who specify, recommend and use Libbey-Owens glass, a positive means of identification.

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

LIBBEY-OWENS

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR

L/O SHEET GLASS

THE DIPPER

(Continued from Page 7)

"If only the girl could see him now," Aggie said gently.

But Tish glared at her.

"The only thing we can hope," she stated, "is that she does not see him."

We retired thoughtfully. I could see that Tish was pondering his problem, and at such times we allow her splendid intellect to work uninterrupted. Things were quiet enough until two A.M., when I heard Aggie screaming. As I ran toward her tent something large and lumbering crashed into me and knocked me down. Aggie maintained that Susie had come back and sat down on her chest while she devoured a jar of cold cream, and that she had carried off a package of Seidlitz powders. Aggie was considerably unnerved, but as no damage had been done, we went to sleep again.

While we were breakfasting the young man came back again.

"See here," he said. "I came to warn you. Are you sure your sugar is all right? I think Susie's poisoned. She went down to the creek this morning to take a drink of water, and I've never seen a bear act like that. She'll rolling around now, yelling and foaming at the mouth."

When we explained about the Seidlitz powders he was greatly relieved, and he ate a hearty breakfast of fish balls and hot waffles. But he seemed abstracted, at that.

He said that he had seen a car go by an hour or so ago, and that he was certain Suzanne was in it, alone.

"As certain as a man can be," he said. "In my condition all girls look like her, of course; but she wore a red tam o' shanter, and the way she held her head, and her pretty little nose and all that—and I know the very way she drives a car—as if she was thinking of something else."

"I consider that very hopeful," Tish said. "She has evidently followed you."

But he shook his head.

"She doesn't know I'm here," he said. "What I had planned was to get this stuff by heart and then spring it on her. She's been at a ranch near Cody, and I was going there later. I meant to ride in, rolling a cigarette with one hand and firing a six-shooter with the other—whatever a six-shooter is. You can't buy anything but automatics now. But what's the use? I can't roll a cigarette with both hands, and when I do I can't make them stick. I've got a tube of library paste, but it tastes something awful."

"Have you any idea where she is going?"

"None whatever. She was going to camp, from the look of her car."

"Camp alone?"

"Oh, she'll start alone all right," he said listlessly. "But it won't be for long. There will be rangers six feet deep around her in time. She's that kind."

Well, he went away and Tish, who was looking thoughtful, went fishing. The day was quiet, except for one incident. I was stirring up a cup custard for our evening meal, when we heard a horse galloping wildly through the woods. Mr. Armstrong was on him—we had learned that this was his name—and just as the horse passed us he fell off. He lay quite still, and we rushed up to him, but he was unhurt. He was simply lying there swearing quietly but terribly. I was glad that our dear Tish was not present. When he sat up he announced that he was through.

"I've stood a lot," he said. "I've been stung by wasps and thrown from horses and lived on beans and got a bear I don't know what to do with. Enough's enough."

As he was in no condition even to heat a can of beans, we prevailed on him to take supper with us, and as Tish brought in a nice string of fish, Aggie made a sauce tartare. I thought he would never stop eating, and as Susie had not appeared, we had a quiet evening. When he took off his chaps, and so on, he was a very good-looking young man. He said Suzanne was all right, but that she had been carried away by reading stories about cowboys on dude ranches, and so on.

"It's in her blood now," he said gloomily. "I wrote her that the bond business was fair, and she wrote back that nobody could think of bonds who had sat on a horse and looked at the stars! But you can bet your sweet life she doesn't look at the stars alone."

"She's doing it tonight," Tish reminded him.

"How do you know that?" he demanded. "I'd like to bet she's got three rangers pointing out the Dipper to her this minute. And she'll let on she never saw it before. That's the sort she is."

The next day he was gone. How he escaped from Susie I do not know, but I do know that she remained with us. Aggie never liked her, however, and one day Tish and I having been to a near-by settlement for food, we returned to find our poor Aggie hanging from the branch of a tree, while Susie stood on it and playfully swayed it up and down.

However, she was really a good-natured bear, and she was very useful to us later on.

III

IT MUST have been ten days later that we happened on Suzanne. We had been moving about with Susie on the trailer, camping here and there, and we found her quite by accident.

We had drawn into a grove beside a lake to make camp, when we heard a ukulele at a short distance, and a girl singing. Tish motioned us to be quiet, and when we had made our way through the trees we came in sight of her.

She was not alone, and just as we got within earshot a male voice said:

"It's a great place to see the stars. Look, there's the Dipper."

We knew then that it was Suzanne, and she certainly was not alone. There was one ranger setting up her tent and another one washing her dishes. She herself looked very pretty and fresh, sitting on a robe from her car.

"There's one thing I'll say for you Western men," she said: "You can do everything, from washing dishes to firing a gun. When I think of the men I know back home, sitting around clubs or playing golf, it makes me sick."

"It's sure the life, little girl."

She sighed and looked pensive.

"When I think that I have to go back to that," she said. "I who adore the open and the stars! Picture me at balls this next winter! I who so love the wild, and the creatures of the wild. The big shaggy buffaloes, the gentle deer, the cunning, friendly bears."

Just at that instant Susie walked into the clearing toward her, and she let out the most awful yell.

"It's a bear!" she screamed. "It's coming at me! Shoot it, somebody."

As we retired from the spot Tish's indignation was extreme.

"The little fool," she said furiously. "What a man like Mr. Armstrong can see in a girl like that is beyond me. She needs a lesson; that's what she needs. Camping! I'll bet somebody else has cooked every slice of bacon for her since she got here. What she needs ——"

She did not complete the sentence, but remained in deep thought during the remainder of the evening.

The next day was a repetition of that evening. The rangers being presumably occupied, two young men in plus-fours did Suzanne's camp work and listened to her ukulele, and in the evening three rangers came. As she was a very pretty girl, probably this was to be expected, but Tish resented it with what in anyone less broad of mind would have been sulkiness. She did not fish that day, but remained in camp, and late that night I wakened to see Susie tied to a tree, an unusual procedure,

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and Tish poring by the firelight over what appeared to be a map.

As I was weary I slept heavily, and was only roused by Aggie bending over me and shaking me.

"She's god!" she said, excitement always giving her an acute coryza. "Tish's god and she's left a dote! Oh, Lizzie, there's sobethig wrog! Sobethig terribly wrog!"

The note, however, told us very little. Tish had found it expedient to go to the cabin—an isolated spot in a remote corner of the park where we had once spent two days—and would meet us there later in the day at the crossroads. "Bring Susie," she wrote. "Also some canned beans and half a dozen packages of marshmallows. But do not come to the cabin. Stop at the crossroads."

"Stop at the crossroads!" Aggie said indignantly. "I'b stoppig right here. If she thigks I'b goig to walk fifty biles draggig that bear by the had, she can thigk agaid."

However, it was not necessary to walk, as we found that Tish had not taken the car. Our bewilderment was extreme, but there was nothing to do but to obey. I can drive a little, and so we proceeded to break camp and prepare to depart. Here a most untoward incident occurred, probably due to my preoccupation. In attempting to start I unluckily put the car into reverse, and to my horror we backed rapidly down a bank and into the lake.

In this connection I should like to say that, Aggie notwithstanding, we were never in any danger whatever. By standing upright in the car our heads were well above the surface, and Susie indeed appeared to enjoy it. I recall that in some manner or other she caught a fish and ate it with apparent gusto.

Nevertheless, time was lost. It was fully two hours before a passing car discovered us and pulled us out. While waiting, however, we had abundance of time in which to discuss the mystery. Aggie was convinced that Tish had been abducted and had written the note under duress.

"We bay dever see her agaid," she said dismally.

But I was filled with dire forebodings, which I kept to myself. From where we stood in the water we could see Suzanne's camp site, and it appeared to be deserted. Also there was no sign of her car, and once more in agony of mind I saw our dear Tish as I had seen her the night before, poring over a map.

It was late in the evening, and raining, when we reached the crossroads, but there, to our joy, was our comrade, safe and sound.

True, she looked worn and somewhat battered, as though she had been through a struggle of some sort, and there was a long scratch across her cheek. But she was cheerful, and almost exalted.

"Did you bring the beans and marshmallows?" was her first question.

She listened absently to our explanation of our delay, glanced at Susie, asleep in the rear of the car, and at once took the wheel.

"We shall have to take a roundabout route," she said. "I came by a short cut on foot, but with the car —— You haven't seen Mr. Armstrong, I suppose?"

"No," I said.

"Well, that can wait."

It was then raining hard, and the road was growing worse. We rattled over rocks and sank into mudholes, and once Aggie wailed that Susie was holding onto her and squeezing her to death. But it was not until dusk had fallen that we finally mired down in a deep hole, and nothing Tish could do was of any avail. We were in a remote portion of the park, far from any tourist travel, and to add to our discomfort a cold wind was blowing.

It was quite dark when Tish finally abandoned the effort and walked ahead to look for a camping spot. When she returned there was hope in her voice.

"There's a cow lying in the road just around the bend," she said. "If I can slip a rope over its horns it will pull us out. A cow is tractable but strong."

I immediately got out the tow rope, and Tish made a loop in it. Then we tied the free end to the car and she disappeared into darkness. It was only an instant later that things began to happen. There was a terrible jerk, and Susie was hurtled into the air and out into the road. The next moment I saw Tish running toward us.

"Untie that rope!" she called. "It's not a cow! It's a ——"

But I heard no more. We were off on the wildest ride in my experience. For some little time the creature kept to the road. Then it turned, and of what followed I have only a dim and confused memory. Once I am sure we went through a stream, and again over a burned forest. It is well enough for Tish to ask why I did not set the brakes; so far as I recall I was not stationary in one spot long enough to set anything. I do not even know when I lost Aggie.

But all is well that ends well. At the end of two miles, according to Tish's later estimate, the car brought up against a tree and the rope broke. I could hear the creature galloping off, and knew that the adventure was over.

Nevertheless, it was some time before I could compose myself, and almost dawn before I was able to sleep. The day had been an eventful one, and I am not so young as I once was.

At daybreak Tish and Aggie found me, having had no difficulty in tracing my progress. Tish said that the rope was over the creature's horns before she realized that it was a large buffalo, probably male, and that it was then too late to do anything.

She examined the car, and found that, except for losing its lamps and mudguards, it was still intact.

"They are certainly powerful animals," she said thoughtfully. "And how the Indians ever killed them with bows and arrows I cannot understand. However ——"

She then inspected our location, and declared that if we had chosen it, it could not have been better. With which cryptic remark we set to work to make camp, asking no questions. Tish herself had disappeared, taking with her the beans and marshmallows. When she returned we were astounded to find that she had brought with her a number of camp delicacies in cans and bottles, but she offered no explanations.

Indeed, almost her sole remark, I recall, during the evening was when she asked if we had any idea of where Mr. Armstrong was to be located. When we said we had not, she frowned slightly.

"He must be found," she said. "Not necessarily at once, but soon. If only the idiot hasn't left the park! It would be like a man," she continued, with that clear vision of the other sex which never fails her, "to let somebody else do the work and take the risks, and then run off."

It was the next morning that Aggie, whose day it was to police the camp, came to me with an agonized look on her face. Tish was again absent on one of her mysterious errands.

"She was out last night, Lizzie," she said. "I saw her go. And she took Susie with her, on a rope."

"If you will spy on her ——" I began, but she interrupted me by holding out a piece of cloth with two small holes cut in it.

"Do you know what that is?" she demanded. "It's a mask, and Tish had it on last night. Where did she go? Where did she get six cans of caviar, three bottles of olives, and all that deviled ham? She didn't win it in a raffle."

And just then Tish came into camp and heard her. If she was indignant she concealed it, and her voice was kindly, even tolerant, when she spoke.

"The question is an ethical one, Aggie," she said, "and probably beyond your comprehension. But it is this: When I find a problem with a possible honorable and happy solution, I feel that I am justified in going to any lengths to work it out."

"What lengths?" Aggie demanded in a terrible voice.

"I have removed Suzanne from an environment obviously unsuited to her, and certainly unsettling. She is safe at the cabin; she has a roof over her head, beans to eat and coffee to drink, and a bunk to sleep in. If she knows enough to fill it with leaves she will have a good bed. All she lacks is men to do the work for her and show her the Dipper."

"And you think she'll stay?" Aggie asked scornfully. "She's got a car, hasn't she?"

I shall never forget the forbearance in Tish's voice as she replied:

"She has, indeed, a car, Aggie. Unfortunately it has no gasoline in it."

"She's got two legs. If everybody doesn't know that it's not her fault."

"But Susie has four," said Tish kindly. "It is strange how she dislikes Susie, for Susie likes the cabin. All I have done has been to throw a few marshmallows on the roof at night, and it is really surprising how much time that bear spends on it."

Well, it appeared that she considered that Suzanne was really a nice girl, only temporarily gone wrong, and that she felt that a brief lesson, with Mr. Armstrong later effecting a rescue, was all that was needed.

Later on she told us further details. Of the kidnaping she said little, save that it had been only necessary to threaten Suzanne with a revolver, and that the girl had showed considerable courage. She had indeed thought that Tish was a man, and had tried a number of small coquetries on her, but naturally without effect.

But Tish felt that Mr. Armstrong ought to play a part in all this and that the first thing, naturally, was to find him. Her plan, therefore, was to leave Aggie and myself on guard, so to speak, and herself to take the car and if possible locate him. She had found a vantage spot on the hill over the cabin, and there we were to watch, unseen. To prevent a chance intruder from driving into the cabin lane, she had already set up a sign, "Keep out. Danger." And she felt that all was well.

Early the next morning, therefore, she took her departure and Aggie and I began our vigil. Only a day or so ago I found my notes, as I had kept them.

Monday, Aug. 6th: S. waited inside the cabin until Susie got off the roof and departed. Then she gathered firewood, but it was green and would not burn. Cried a bit. Made fire at last. Put coffee on and opened can of beans. Coffeepot upset and coffee spilled. Got more water for coffee from creek. Beans burned while doing so. Gave up, kicked coffeepot and upset it. Has had nothing so far all day. On Susie appearing again ran into cabin.

Tuesday: Tried to wash some clothes in creek. Lost soap, as it floated away. Followed it for a time, then gave up in despair. Imagine it is only soap she has. Large moose around cabin today. Wonder if Tish thought of this possibility? She has given up trying to build fire and is eating cold beans out of tin cans. Evidently loathes them, but needs nourishment.

Wednesday: She has been trying to gather firewood for cabin, as nights are cold. Dropped a piece on her foot and sat down and cried. More beans. In intervals between Susie has been carrying leaves into cabin. Looks pretty dreadful. Hair all out of curl and face black with smoke. Stopped gathering leaves today to shake her fist at mountains.

Later: In desperation, at three P.M. made attempt to escape. Filled pockets with cans of beans, looking at them with hatred, and got hat and coat. I was obliged to rouse Susie from sleep and send her down. Think she is out of cigarettes, as Aggie saw her powdering dried leaves and rolling them in paper.

IV

WHEN we got back that evening Tish was in camp. She stated that Mr. Armstrong was on the way, and that he had wanted to come in the car, but that she had persuaded him otherwise.

"If he is to rescue her," she said, "it should be done gallantly. And this is his one chance to assert his superiority. He should dash in and, more or less, throw her over his saddle and gallop away."

I regret to say that here Aggie laughed. Tish looked at her coldly.

"You think it funny?" she inquired. "With two young lives to make or break, you can laugh?"

Aggie sobered at once, and we made our reports. Tish seemed satisfied, and in the glow of her approval we set about preparing the evening meal. It was after we had eaten that an incident occurred which had an important bearing on the next event. Susie had come in and was looking for scraps, and as she got in the way Aggie struck her sharply on the nose. But it was not Susie. It reared up to an enormous height, and we then saw that it was a silver tip, or grizzly; the most dangerous of all bears.

However, our dear Tish is always reliable in an emergency. While it was still standing, waving its paws and growling, she hurriedly took the top off the pepper box and flung several handfuls of pepper toward it. It at once began to sneeze and soon beat a retreat, but our poor Aggie also inhaled some and was in great distress for several hours.

It was late that night when Mr. Armstrong got in, and I don't know when I've seen a man look so unhappy. The way he glared at his horse when he had crawled off it was simply poisonous.

"Aren't you going to unsaddle him?" Tish asked.

"No," he said bitterly. "Let him sleep in his clothes. I do."

"Sit down and you'll feel better."

"Sit?" he said. "Sit! I don't wish to be indelicate, ladies, but to the best of my knowledge and belief my sitting days are over." He then looked about him and sighed. "But if you have a nice hollow somewhere handy for my right hip bone, I'll lie down."

Well, he looked terrible. I don't know when he had shaved, and the orange fur of his chaps was simply filled with burs. Also he said that he felt itchy all over, and that he was liable to poison ivy.

"But it may only be hives again," the young man observed gloomily. "I've had them off and on, or rather in and out, for a week."

He was more cheerful after we'd made him some coffee, however. He said that if he had the luck to get home with his sanity intact, the only horse he would ride hereafter would plug into a lamp socket, and at last he asked about Suzanne. He listened intently while we told him.

"And no rangers?" he asked wonderingly. "No ukulele and no Dipper? Are you sure you got the right girl?"

When we reassured him he drew a long breath. "Ladies," he said, "you have worked a miracle. And beans? You said beans? She hates 'em. She always did. And they're starchy too. She doesn't eat starches."

And then at last he lay back and laughed, for the first time since we had seen him. He was quite nice when he laughed. He had good teeth, and he really looked very boyish.

"Now let me get this," he said. "All I have to do is to ride in, throw her over the pommel of the saddle—or the cantle, I never can remember which it is—and carry her off. Is that it?"

"You'll have to carry her off from something," Tish observed.

"You bet your sweet life I will," he said heartily. "From rangers and cowboys and all the male sons of guns who have turned her pretty little head out here."

"You'll have to rescue her."

"Rescue's my middle name." He lay still and looked up at the sky. "You see," he said, "she's all right, back home. She's more than that; she's wonderful. And I had her, all right. No Dipper business either. I never could find the blooming thing in the sky. It's only this summer ——"

His voice trailed off and Aggie, who always loves a lover, put a blanket over him as he slept.

While I worked over his chaps that night, combing them and removing the dead

(Continued on Page 87)

for this

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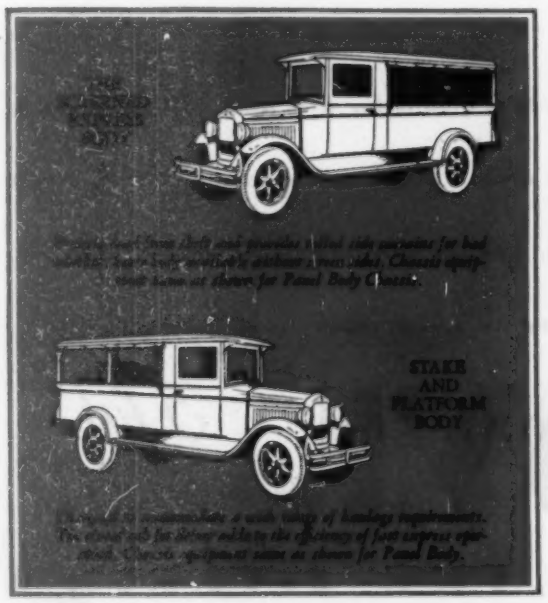
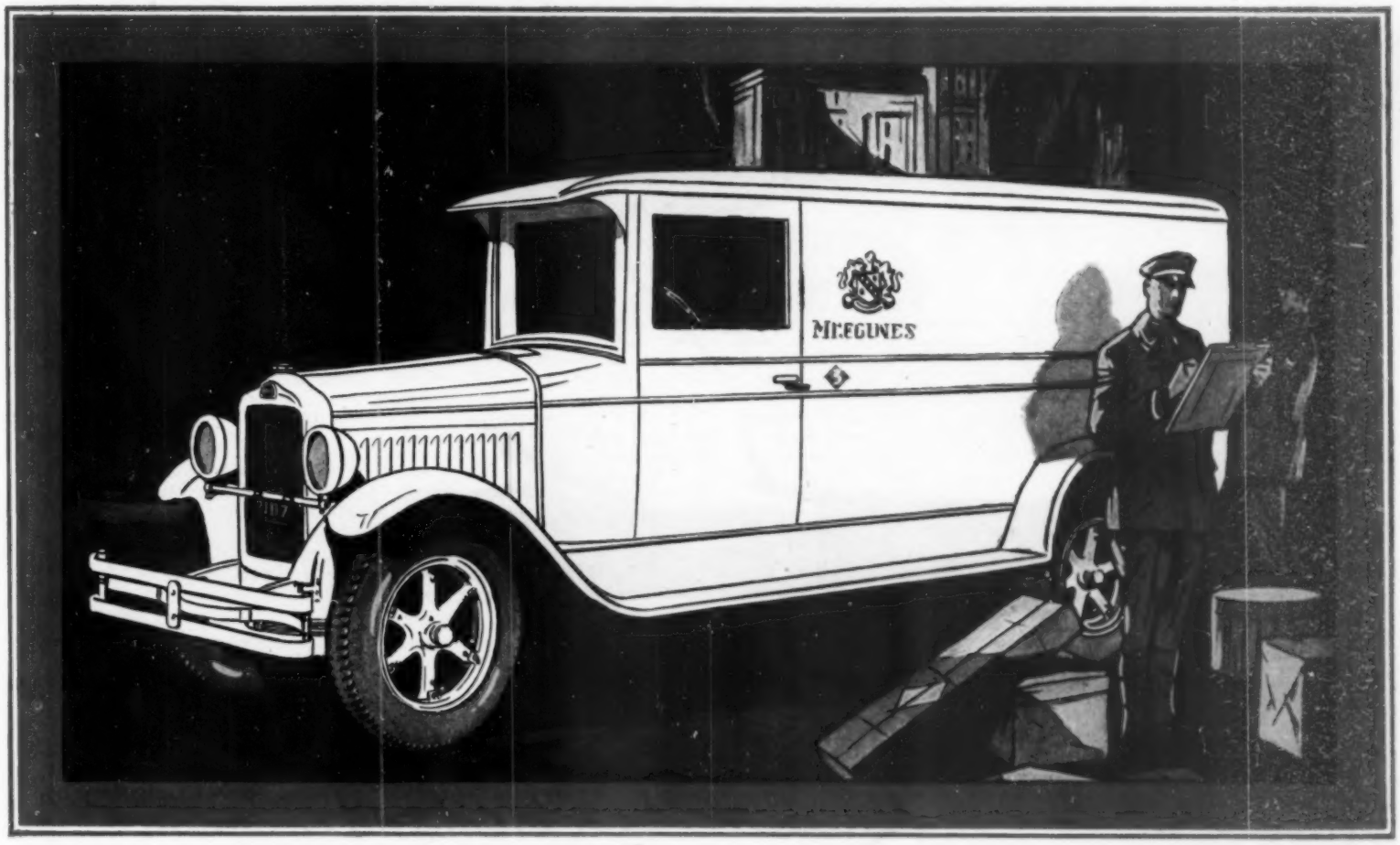


THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND



The newly created Panel Body by Bender shown mounted on the new White Six Light Delivery Chassis. Combines advanced style with complete driver comfort and practical utility. Available in a new range of color combinations. Chassis alone, including newest lighting and starting equipment, bumper, vacuum feed system, air cleaner, hot-spot manifold, rebound front spring plates, and complete equipment ready for body—$1850, f. o. b. Cleveland.

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Engine: Six-cylinder, special White design, 3½″ bore, 4½″ stroke, L-head. Removable cylinder head with fully machined combustion chambers. Dynamically balanced, seven-bearing, large-diameter crankshaft. Aluminum pistons, double Invar struts.

Lubrication: Pressure feed to all crankshaft, connecting rod, camshaft, piston pins, chain idler and accessory drive bearings. Pistons, cylinders and cam followers lubricated by throw-off from crank cheeks. Clean oil assured by exclusive White reversed-flow screening. Oil circulation by gear-type pump in crankcase.

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Induction System: Air cleaner and hot-spot down-draft manifold. Carburetor with accelerating pump. Breather connected with carburetor air intake, preventing escape of crankcase fumes.

Gasoline Feed: Vacuum system with tank under driver's seat.

Ignition: Battery ignition with automatic and hand-controlled advance.

Transmission: Model 60—selective type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Model 61—four speeds forward, one reverse. Wide-face gears of case-hardened alloy steel. Large-diameter shafts with heavy ball and roller bearings.

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3-Ton Chassis (High Speed)	$4600
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WHITE

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OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

February 6, 1929.

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Oil City, Pa.

Gentlemen:-

SUBJECT: "Question Mark" Flight.

The three Wright Whirlwind Motors that carried the plane "Question Mark" through its record-breaking flight of 150 hours, 40 minutes and 15 seconds, at Los Angeles, were thoroughly examined by our engineers after the plane landed.

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(Continued from Page 52)

leaves, small twigs, burs and certain insects which he had picked up, Tish at last told us of her plan. On the following night, from the hillside, we were to fire a number of shots, being careful to shoot into the air. Then, in the midst of what must appear to be a deadly attack, Mr. Armstrong was to ride to the rescue.

"He ought to be able to do that," she said. "Even a man in the bond business should be able to ride a hundred yards. But he must shave and have a haircut. I can cut his hair; I used to do Charlie Sands' when he was small."

Naturally she emphasized the need of haste. Nobody could tell when some ranger would ride in, or a tourist disregard the sign and discover her. We retired at last, although I have reason to believe that Tish made a final excursion that night, scattering marshmallows around the cabin as well as on the roof, and that to this may be laid certain of our later difficulties.

Unfortunately, when Mr. Armstrong wakened the next morning it was evident that the attack would have to be delayed. Poison ivy or hives, both his eyes were swollen almost shut; and after retiring into the woods, he returned to say that his entire body was in a similar condition. He had even lost interest in Suzanne, and as he felt better in water, he spent a part of the day immersed in the creek.

Tish carried his luncheon there and placed it on a bowlder at a distance. She said he was quite pathetic, and that even if Suzanne wandered so far—which was unlikely—she would never recognize him. Also that he was almost frozen, as the water came from a glacier above.

The delay was trying, but by the next day, Aggie having made him starch poultices for the worst spots, he was much better.

We made a reconnaissance that day, and my notes are as follows:

Friday: She has apparently taken a dislike to the cabin, and has spent most of the day in her car, with doors and windows closed. As far as observable, has eaten nothing all day, nor built a fire. Through glasses her expression is desperate. Advise immediate action.

As a result, the attack was set for that night, and we spent the remainder of the day in grooming Mr. Armstrong. Fortunately Tish found a pair of clippers in her odds-and-ends box and was able to give him an excellent Western haircut, running the clippers well up the back of his head and over his ears, and so leaving a heavy thatch above. This so changed his appearance that when she gave him the mirror he almost dropped it.

He did not seem very pleased, observing that his hair grew slowly, and that it was right to be thorough, but not too thorough. And when he found that his hat was now slightly too large for him, he seemed even more upset.

"Well," he said, "thank goodness I've got ears. If I hadn't I'd have to wear it around my neck and cut eyeholes in the crown. However ——"

By nightfall everything was ready, and we moved in single file to the brow of the hill. All was still below, and a young moon bathed the landscape in faint beauty. But all was not well with us. As we approached the edge Mr. Armstrong's horse gave undeniable signs of being nervous, and Mr. Armstrong himself was undoubtedly uneasy.

"See here," he said. "Why can't I simply run down after the shooting and save her? What do I need a horse for? I've about as much chance of carrying her off on the cantle ——"

"Pommel," Tish corrected him.

"—— on the pommel, as I have of growing an extra pair of legs. Not that I couldn't use 'em if I had them. It would take a fellow with four legs to sit this beast."

But Tish was insistent, and he was finally able to mount. None of us, I fear, had the faintest idea of what was to come, but we had no more than fired the first volley when the horse bolted at a terrific rate.

Luckily—if there can be any luck in such a situation—it headed directly down the hillside and toward the cabin, and Tish directed us to hold our fire and to listen. As far as we could tell, however, it did not pause at the cabin, or even hesitate, and we were left to face a dire and ignominious failure.

It was not until we had waited for some hours and neither Mr. Armstrong nor the horse had returned that our brave Tish decided to make an investigation and, creeping down the hillside, disappeared from our sight.

We did not see her again for many hours!

Never shall I forget those hours of tension. Dawn found us still there and revealed no sign of life below. Our dear Tish, Mr. Armstrong and his horse had vanished, and our hearts were fairly sick with apprehension.

Nor was this lessened when Aggie suddenly caught me by the arm and, sneezing violently, pointed beneath.

Suzanne was getting out of the car and slowly and warily approaching the cabin. When almost there we saw her stop and pick up something, and catching up the field glasses, we saw that it was a revolver; undoubtedly the one we had loaned Mr. Armstrong, and which must have been shaken from its holster during his wild ride.

But what was our horror to see her level the gun at the cabin door and pull the trigger, not once, but twice. Had she heard movement within, and was Tish, that dauntless woman, inside the cabin and at her mercy? We could not tell.

I draw a curtain over the following three hours. Suzanne had once more retired to her car, but never relaxed her vigilance. However, from where she sat the roof of the cabin was hidden from her, and it was here that we at last perceived signs of life. A shingle or two was seen to move, and through this came a dear familiar hand, waving cautiously to us. She lived. Our beloved Tish lived and awaited rescue.

"We must save her, Aggie," I said. "We must get that girl away."

"I'm not going near her," Aggie retorted. "She's dangerous. Anyhow, that's Mr. Armstrong's job, although what he wants of a hell cat like that is beyond me."

"She'd be gentle enough if she had some real food, Aggie."

"She can starve to death for all of me," Aggie retorted bitterly.

But what else was there to do? I finally proposed that we wander in on her from the rear, pretending to be picking flowers, and that we then attempt to coax her with us to camp, holding out the inducement of a hot meal; and this we proceeded to do. We had one bad moment, however, for we were close behind her when Aggie, who is susceptible to certain of the wild flowers, sneezed violently. Suzanne whirled and fired at us point-blank, and the bullet knocked my flowers out of my hand. But the next moment she had dropped the revolver, and such a look of relief was observable in her face that my heart was touched.

"Sorry!" she said. "Apologies and so on. I didn't sleep last night and I'm a trifle nervy."

"Dervy!" said Aggie, sneezing again. "If that's all you cad say, after tryig to shoot two idoffedsive wobed ——"

"This is no place for inoffensive women," she said briskly. "With game poachers shooting all around, and a grizzly bear in my cabin."

Aggie opened her mouth to speak, but I silenced her.

"A bear? Are you sure it is a bear?" I asked gently.

"Of course it's a bear," she said, eying me. "This place is full of bears. I didn't know there were so many bears in the world. When I get out of here I'm heading back East, and the only reason I'm not flying there this minute is because I haven't got wings. By the way," she added, trying to look casual, "I'm offering a premium on ham and eggs and twenty gallons of gas, if you know of either in these parts."

When I said we had both she almost burst into tears. She didn't look or act like the girl with the ukulele, and later on, indeed, we found the thing, and it looked as though she had deliberately put her foot through it. She went with us without a question; indeed, she said very little on the way to camp, except once when Aggie mentioned rangers.

"Rangers!" she said. "Don't talk to me about rangers. I've been kidnaped, starved and lost for a week, and has any ranger taken the trouble to look me up? He has not."

Well, she was half famished, and after she had eaten, and borrowed some soap and taken a bath, she looked like a different girl. But she stuck to her story about a grizzly bear in her cabin, and both Aggie and I began to grow uneasy. We knew it was not Susie, as Susie had been carefully tied up in the woods and was still there, and at last Aggie slipped away and came back with a white face.

"It's true!" she gasped. "And they're both there with it—Tish and Mr. Armstrong. They're in the upper bunk. Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie, to think of her at the mercy of that savage beast!"

"Nonsense! What did she say?"

Suzanne was asleep by that time, and Aggie cautiously felt in her pocket.

"I got on the roof," she said, "and she gave me this list. She says not to give the girl any coffee tonight, so she will sleep, and we're to bring her these things. She hasn't given up, Lizzie. She said she meant to turn defeat into victory. She made the list with Mr. Armstrong's fountain pen."

"Yes," I said scornfully. "He'd lose his revolver, but he'd keep his fountain pen. That's men for you!"

But I confess that the list puzzled me. It, too, lies before me on my desk, written on the back of an old envelope. It runs as follows:

(a) Ropes from trailer.
(b) Provisions: flour, baking powder, salt, coffee, condensed milk, bacon, eggs.
(c) Sewing basket.
(d) Reflector oven.
(e) Bottle of glue. [Mr. A's library paste lost from pockets when horse ran away.]
(f) Bottle of cordial.
(g) Large skinning knife.
(h) Revolver.
(i) Bottle of chloroform liniment. [This last being used on occasion by Aggie for her rheumatism.]
(j) Bath sponge.
(k) Hammer and nails.

As Suzanne roused just then, I put the list away and we prepared supper. It was evident that Tish, though uncomfortable, was in no immediate danger, and so Aggie baked some of her delicious cup custards, and once more Suzanne ate heartily.

But we gave her no coffee, and soon she was yawning again.

"Sorry," she said. "If I ever get back to a decent bed again, believe me I'll stay there." She was thoughtful for a moment. "Queer thing, life," she said. "I turned down a—well, a boy friend in the East—after I came out here. But he doesn't look so bad to me now. Maybe golf and bonds —— They're not exciting, but they're safe."

Here she yawned once more, and before long she was asleep.

We lost no time in preparing to depart, and soon we were on our way. We were hardly out of camp, however, before Aggie tripped over something and dropped the tin oven, and Suzanne sat up and yelled. I went back and quieted her, and so at last we reached the cabin.

Tish heard us, and called to bring the chloroform liniment, sponge and ropes to the roof, and this we did. There followed, in a very short time, a terrific commotion within; indeed, from the voices, it was at one time apparent that the positions had been reversed, and that the bear was in the upper bunk and our friends below. But following that came a period of quiet, and

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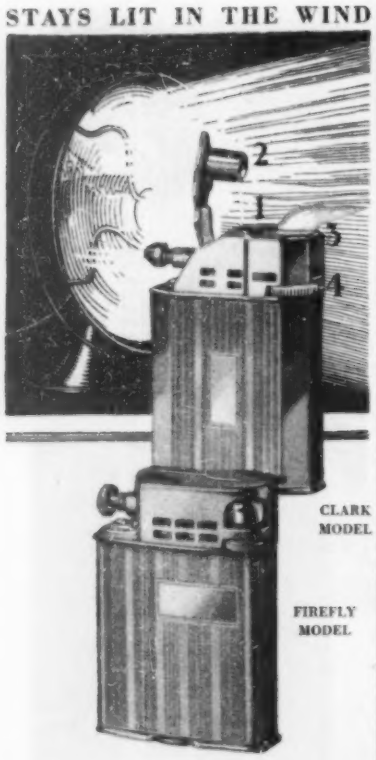
STAYS LIT IN THE WIND



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the soothing odor of chloroform was noticeable.

It was not long afterward that Tish's buoyant voice called us in, and we were able to light a portion of candle left uneaten by the bear, and to survey the scene.

The bear, roped and tied, was lying on the floor, and a sponge soaked in liniment was fastened to his nose. The remainder of the cabin was completely wrecked, and standing with his back to a corner was Mr. Armstrong.

"Ladies," he said, "someone has said that the further he went West, the more convinced he felt that the wise men came from the East. In the vernacular, he said a mouthful. I'm through. I'm done. Henceforth I am for the great open spaces of civilization."

But Tish looked at him coldly.

"On the contrary," she said, "you love the West. It cannot be too Western for you. You hate selling bonds. You are never going back. You are henceforth a free and untrammeled spirit."

"Oh, have it your own way," he agreed with enthusiasm. "But it's going pretty strong to tell any man he's a free and untrammeled spirit when he's had the seat clawed out of his breeches."

"Your breeches will be repaired as soon as you give them to us."

"Ladies," he said in a shocked voice, "even a free and un——"

"You can go outside and hand them in."

"Outside?" he said. "In that wind? I don't want to seem to complain, but I'm liable to colds, and as all I have beneath is a pair of unmentionables and one or two adhesive-plaster dressings ——"

Well, he went finally, but not before he had asked all about Suzanne.

"So she's all right," he said when we had told him. "And she hates the West, does she? Well, that makes two of us, bless her little heart. And if that's the case, Miss Tish, why any more?"

But Tish was firm. She said that Suzanne was only convalescent, not cured, and that the only thing now was to go on to the bitter end. He agreed finally and, having handed in his garments for repair, proceeded to the roof. As he hammered he insisted that what we heard was his teeth chattering, but Tish ignored this and together we put the cabin in order.

I must confess that we were still in the dark as to what she intended, and that it was with a certain bewilderment that we observed certain of her actions. For example, it will be recalled that, although she never smokes, and indeed considers it degrading in a woman, she had learned some years ago to roll a cigarette in Western fashion.

This she now proceeded to do, rolling a dozen or so and carefully fastening them with glue. At the same time she instructed me to mix up and cut out a batch of biscuits and to place them in the reflector oven, ready for baking, and when Mr. Armstrong returned she gave him a careful lesson in how to slice bacon and properly break eggs into a frying pan, and also in making coffee.

"If I go on I'll be a good wife for somebody some day," he said.

But he seemed quite cheerful; once, indeed, standing with his arms folded and his foot on the prostrate bear, and asking to have his picture taken.

It was daylight when we left him, and when Suzanne wakened we were getting breakfast. Well, the sleep and a little soap had done wonders for her, and she looked quite pretty again. She eyed Tish, but without suspicion.

"I didn't see you yesterday, did I?" she said.

"No," Tish told her. "I was not here. I was studying the wild life of the West."

Suzanne only yawned and stretched.

"You can have it," she said.

It was after breakfast that Tish told her she had been over to look at the cabin, and there was certainly no bear there. Only a good-looking young man who was building a fire.

"Quite handsome," she said, "and evidently a Westerner, from the way he went about things."

Well, Suzanne had brightened at the start, but at the word "Westerner" her face fell.

"You can have him too," she said morosely.

But later on she stuck her hands in her breeches pockets and started off, and as soon as we were certain she was going to the cabin, we followed her at a safe distance. Tish went and got Susie, and took her along on a rope, for some reason of her own, and we were able to get fairly close.

I must say that Mr. Armstrong did us credit. Tish had fixed him before we left, and his chaps were where they ought to be and he had taken off his nose glasses. He had a revolver hanging on his hip and one of the cigarettes Tish had made in his mouth, and he had built a fire in front of the cabin and was turning over frying bacon with the skinning knife, which is about a foot long.

Maybe he really did not see her at first without his glasses, for he gave a very fine start and said:

"You!"

Well, I don't know that I've ever seen a mortal being look as astonished as she did when she recognized him.

"Jim," she exclaimed. "What in the world ——"

"Just a moment," he said. "I don't want these biscuits to burn. . . . Well, this is a surprise! Who'd have expected to see you in this part of the world?"

"You knew I was out here."

"That's so, too, when I think about it," he said. . . . "Look at those biscuits, little girl. Ever see better biscuits? . . . Yes, I knew you were in the West, but the West's a big place. When I think how much of it I have yet to see —— I want to put some eggshells in the coffee."

She stared at him as if she couldn't believe her eyes.

"When did you get here? To this cabin?"

"I dropped in—let's see! It was sometime yesterday, wasn't it? Or the day before. I don't pay much attention to time when I'm out like this."

"Was there a bear here when you came?"

"Sure was. . . . Would you like a cup of coffee? I think coffee's at its best in the open, don't you?"

"If you'd only quit babbling," she said angrily. "What became of the bear?"

"He's inside. Roped up. Can't kill a park bear, you know."

Suddenly she sat down on the trunk of a tree and ran her hand over her eyes.

"I think if I had a cigarette ——" she said weakly.

Falling Springs, Near West Union, Iowa

"Surest thing you know. Wait a minute and I'll roll one for you. That's what you like, I believe."

He went into the cabin and, coming back, presented her with one. He stood watching while she took a puff or two.

"When I think of the Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes I used to smoke," he began, "I —— What's the matter with it?"

"It's simply poisonous," she said weakly. "It—it tastes like glue."

He looked offended at that, and asked her if she would have some breakfast, but she only shook her head.

"You're sure? No bacon and eggs?"

"Nothing, thanks."

"Well, you don't mind if I eat, do you? One thing I've found out: This open-air life does give one an appetite."

"Does it?" she said without any spirit whatever. "I'm glad you like it. I never thought you would."

"Like it? It's the only life, my dear."

He had poured himself some coffee, and now he sat down on his heel. Unluckily, he had forgotten his spurs, and he jumped and dropped his cup. But our dear Tish fortunately created a diversion at the moment. She loosened Susie, and Susie went toward them on the run.

Suzanne leaped and shrieked, but Mr. Armstrong only smiled.

"What!" he said playfully. "Afraid of a common everyday black bear? Now a grizzly, that's different, but this sort ——"

Here he hit Susie a smart smack on the nose and I thought the girl's eyes would pop out of her head.

"Go away and be a good bear," he said. "Don't you see we have distinguished company? Go in and look at big brother inside, all nicely roped up and everything."

Suzanne was gazing at him fixedly.

"It is you, I suppose?" she said. "It looks like you. It sounds like you. But if it is you ——"

"Why, of course it is, my dear child. If there is any difference, it is that you only knew the office slave, not the man. Thank God, that's over."

"The office slave would at least have asked how I got here."

"But, my dear," he said in a hurt voice, "what business is that of mine? Once, I grant you, I had the right, but now —— You see, Suzanne dear, the East without you was empty, so I came West. Here I have found myself, and here I shall probably stay. I find that I love the wild and the creatures of the wild—just a moment; I'll give the little bear a biscuit—and I dote on the open spaces. Give me a horse and some cans of beans, and I ask no more. Let me sleep under the stars, gazing up at the Dipper and—and the rest of them, and I am happy and content."

"And that's all?"

"That's all, lacking you, my dear."

"And if you had me?"

"I love you, of course," he said. "Perhaps I never really found you until I lost you, if you know what I mean. Alone under the—the Dipper, I can think of you. On my staunch and sturdy horse, following the white trail over the hills, you have belonged to me as never before. I shall always remember you, my dear."

"You'd rather dream of me than have me, I dare say," she said sharply.

"A dream is better than nothing, my darling."

"I can't do it," she wailed. "I love you. I was just a fool, that's all. But I can't stay out here. I want to go home. I want to sleep in a bed and sit in a chair. I want a decent haircut and a manicure, and if I ever see another bean I'll scream. You can take your choice—me or—or the Dipper."

"And that's final?"

"That's final."

He drew a long breath. Then he started toward her. His spurs caught in a twig and almost threw him, but when he recovered his balance his arms were around her. I looked at our dear Tish, and she was faintly smiling.

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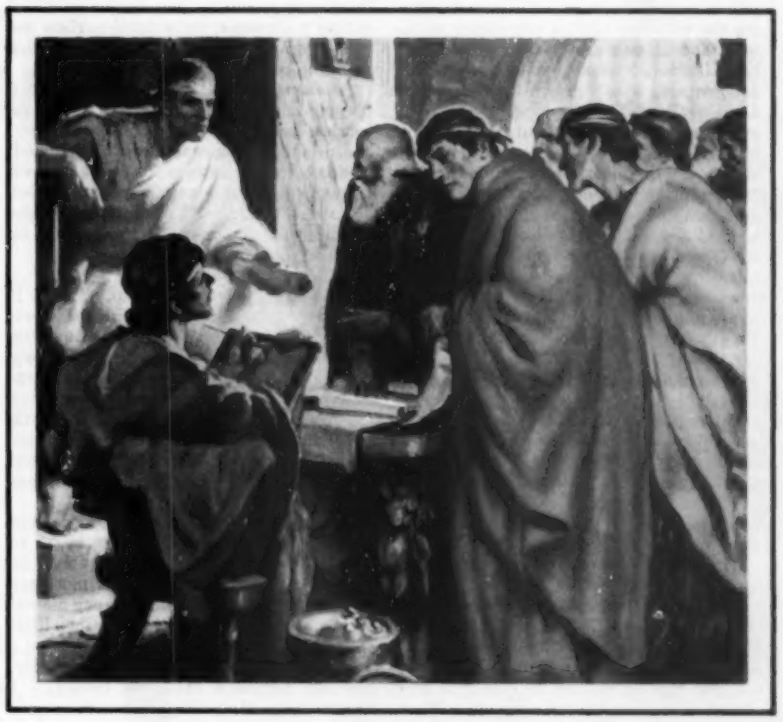

The Emperor Justinian codified and restated the principles of Roman law and conduct

Packard enjoys a priceless reputation in the fine car field. It has been earned not alone by the unchanging quality of Packard cars, but as largely by the established Packard principles of doing business.

"Packard principles" is not a mere phrase. These principles—settled rules of action in public relations—have existed in substance since the founding of the Packard company. As early as 1909 they were put in writing, and in 1925 carefully codified, simply stated and published for the benefit of the nation-wide Packard organization and its growing clientele.

Today these fixed principles guide every Packard man, from chief executive to humblest employee, in courteous, dependable and just dealings with appreciative customers. For Packard reputation is not only a reward—but a continuing responsibility. No Packard man is allowed to forget the significance of the Packard slogan—

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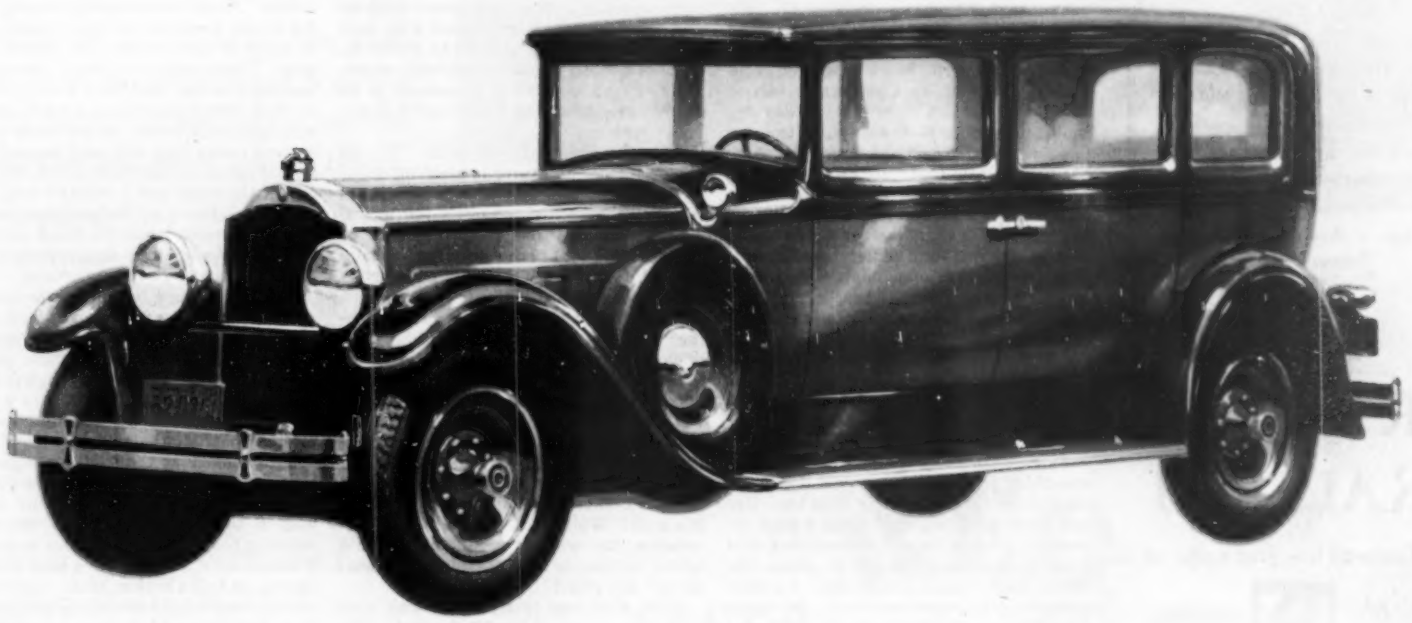

What's all the shouting about?

IT WAS a simple enough hunch — that a lot of pipe lovers secretly craved a milder mixture than they'd been smoking. We gave it to them — literally — a free tin to every man who asked for it. And now so many tobacco connoisseurs are cheering for Sir Walter that we can scarcely make enough of it. Isn't it time you too discovered how good a pipe can be?

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Dept. 9, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

MR. MASSEY AND MODERNISM

(Continued from Page 23)

poetry and plays the piano all at the same time, he must be a centipede or something!" And he broke into a loud, boorish laugh in order to applaud himself properly.

Enid got red and gave him a pretty fierce look, but young Mr. Prang didn't seem to notice anything, and we got up from the table just then and went into the living room, so Eddie's rudeness appeared to be passed over and covered up. He was wearing the bitterest kind of expression on his face, and it was pretty incongruous, because Eddie's complexion is a fresh pink and his nose hasn't grown up and settled down yet, but has the look of being left over from when he was about ten years old; his eyebrows are so light, too, that they aren't very distinct; and when he frowned in this bitter manner with them I had to look away from him myself, because I was afraid I'd laugh and hurt his feelings more. He went over to a window seat across the room from the piano and slumped himself down there, alone, making some clucking noises in his throat, while Mrs. Massey and the girls grouped themselves around young Mr. Prang and made a polite little fuss over him and asked him if he wouldn't play something for us. He was modest about it at first and said he hardly felt up to it, but when Enid asked him if he wouldn't play one of his own compositions, he made up his mind rather suddenly that he would comply.

"I'll play a thing I call Remnants for you," he told her. "I wrote it yesterday, after our talk in the studio."

Then he sat down at the piano and lifted his hands above the keys, but waited until we'd seated ourselves, so there would be complete silence. He was just going to begin when Eddie made some more clucking noises in his throat, and kept on until Enid stopped him by looking at him in a way that would have hushed anybody. Then all at once young Mr. Prang hit the lower part of the keyboard with a crash almost startling enough to bounce me out of my seat. For about two minutes he banged the bass notes, with his foot on the loud pedal; you never heard such an uproar in a private house, and just when I thought my ears couldn't stand any more of it he quit as suddenly as he'd begun and commenced to twiddle two of the highest treble keys. He went on tinkling those two keys, without touching any of the others, for about as long as he'd banged the bass; then he swept the whole keyboard up and down a few times with both hands. After that, his arms dropped down to his sides, he leaned back, and Mrs. Massey, wanting to be polite, said, "Perfectly wond——" But this was a mistake, because he wasn't through—not nearly through.

He rubbed both hands over his head, mussing his hair up considerably, shook himself all over in a violent sort of way and leaned forward as if he were going to jump right out of his chair and over the piano; but he didn't do that. He lifted his hands pretty high and brought them down again with another dumfounding crash; then he put them up again and crashed again, and kept on crashing for a while; then he twiddled the high keys some more, till a person could hardly make out to bear it, and after that he more or less settled down, as it were, to making a terrible noise with all parts of the keyboard. It went on for seven or eight minutes, I should say, though it seemed a good deal longer to me, and I couldn't make head or tail of it myself, try as I would to understand what he was up to.

There wasn't any doubt that he meant something and that what he was doing had significance for him, and for Enid too. Her face wore what you might call a rapt expression, though, in all the pounding and noise that seemed almost to shake the house, there wasn't a note that I'd been brought up to regard as music. Of course I knew the world wasn't standing still, and that just as only a few people can understand the Einstein theory, so there might be art that ordinary people like myself would probably be ignorant about because it had gone so far beyond the standards of our youth that it couldn't be understood by the multitude, so to speak. Certainly it isn't modest, and usually it isn't wise, either, for a person to set himself up as a judge of what he doesn't understand; and when we try to sweep away everything we don't understand by just booing at it and calling it nonsense, we're liable to show our own ignorance and get into as much trouble as Eddie Bullfinch did that night.

So when young Mr. Carlos Prang stopped playing and sat a minute or two with his tousled head bent forward over the keyboard, showing he was almost exhausted, as was certainly natural after all he'd been doing, I didn't say anything, and neither did Mrs. Massey or Clarissa. We thought best to leave comments to Enid, who'd be equal to the occasion.

She gave a great sigh.

"It's enormous!" she said. "I like it better than anything you've done! Remnants is the perfect title for it. One feels precisely that mood in Nature absolutely expressed in your music—the reverberations of that thundershower yesterday among the hills of Jasper and the little frightened twitterings of the birds scarcely daring to think that it is over—thunder and crashing winds, and then the little cheepings in the underbrush ——"

She was going on; but he swung around on the piano bench and his face began to look a little red. "Well, yes, possibly," he said. "But what I meant was more my own mood after you'd gone—strong mental and emotional agitations in me—then little thoughts ——"

"Yes, of course," Enid said hurriedly, and she turned a little red herself. "I meant that. More like the reverberations of an emotional strain—the stronger feelings, and then the little wandering imaginings, like birds' cheepings ——"

"Well, no," he said—and he was getting redder—"not exactly like birds' cheepings ——"

"No, not like that," she put in. "By birds' cheepings I meant just the emotions that have that detached feeling about them. Of course, it's all mental ——"

"Exactly," he said, and he nodded, seeming pleased to find her in agreement. "Yes, you get precisely what I meant."

"Yes," she told him, "I get it because your playing expressed precisely that very thing."

She nodded back to him, and he nodded to her again, and they both looked satisfied and pleased—especially pleased with each other, which didn't please Eddie Bullfinch, as he proceeded to make everybody aware. He spoke up in a voice he seemed to be afraid someone would think wasn't sneering enough.

"Ain't it gur-rand!" he said. "It's all about thunder and turrible crashing winds in the mountings—only it ain't! Oh, listen to the little birds cheeping in the underbrush—only they don't!" He turned to me. "I hope that piano's insured, because most of its works are certainly out of business now. My gosh!"

Enid jumped up, and her eyes were flashing; she was pretty mad. "Eddie Bullfinch!" she said.

He got up too. "Wasn't it wonderful how you knew precisely what Mr. Carlo Sprang was playing?" he said in a coarse voice. "Carlo says he played about going into fits or spasms or something right after he had a talk with you yesterday afternoon, and you say, 'Oh, sweetie, what lovely thunder!' My gosh! Which is it—Carlo having convulsions, the way he would after you'd talked to him, or is it cheepings or something? My gosh!"

Well, Enid was pretty upset with him. "You march out of here!" she said. "Go straight home! Try and get out of the house without breaking anything too!"

Eddie drew himself up, looking as severe as could be managed with a face like his. "I bid you good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Massey," he said. "I bid you good evening, Clarissa." Then he stalked out, and would have accomplished this with considerable dignity if his foot hadn't slipped on a rug; but he caught himself before he got clear down and went the rest of the way to the door without further accident. When he was going down the piazza steps he shouted back, "Oh, what pretty cheepings the birds do make! My gosh!" And after that we could hear him whistling sarcastically as he went down the road.

All together, his outbreak left things pretty embarrassing in the living room, so Mrs. Massey and I went out on the piazza. George Bullfinch, Eddie's older brother, came for Clarissa pretty soon; and then Carlos played some more for Enid alone, and they seemed to have recovered themselves and to be getting along together quite well.

Enid talked pretty crossly about Eddie Bullfinch the next day at luncheon; but she was unusually polite to me, and once she came around to my chair and put her cheek against mine and talked a little baby talk to me, so I was fairly sure she wanted something, and she usually gets it when she sets about it that way. I asked her what she was up to, and she invited me to drive over to Mount Jasper with her.

"I want you to see the wonderful things they make there," she said. "They have a communal studio where they all exhibit—a place that's just overflowing with the most fascinating works of art. You will come with me, won't you?"

Well, I wasn't sure I wanted to go; but on the other hand I did kind of want to. That is to say, I was uneasy about it, but curious to see the wonderful things; so I told her I would.

III

JASPER was a right pretty place in a grove of pine trees on a hillside, with some one-story cottages scattered around a larger building that was the studio where the artists exhibited their works and had concerts and theatricals, Enid told me. We got out and went in there, and it was a big room with a skylight, and the walls were pretty well covered with pictures of all sizes. Besides that, there were some long wooden tables, and the tables had things on them made of plaster-of-Paris and terra cotta and carved wood, which Enid told me were the statuary. Also, there were some people in the room that she said were artists. They were standing around, looking at the works of art they'd made; two or three of them were right good-looking girls. There were a couple of young men wearing overalls; and there was an old man in black velvet pantaloons, a white sweater and high, black boots; he had white whiskers and pretty long hair, and seemed to be a great talker, though he stayed at the other end of the room and I couldn't hear what he said. I didn't try to hear him, for that matter, because I was too much surprised by the works of art to do anything except use my eyes and go staring around.

The first thing I felt about the pictures was that there was more bright fresh paint on them than I'd ever seen on pictures before, and this gave the whole place a pretty gay and lively effect; but it dazed me a little, too, as if I'd got into a paint factory that had been blown up by an explosion that left the walls standing. But when I looked at the pictures separately the liveliness I'd felt at first glance wore off pretty fast. Right in the middle of one wall of this art gallery there was a big painting that made me nervous as soon as I looked at it. It was of a man with no clothes on and a broken neck; anyhow, he had his head lying down on his left shoulder in a way he couldn't have accomplished if his neck hadn't been broken; but his

(Continued on Page 92)

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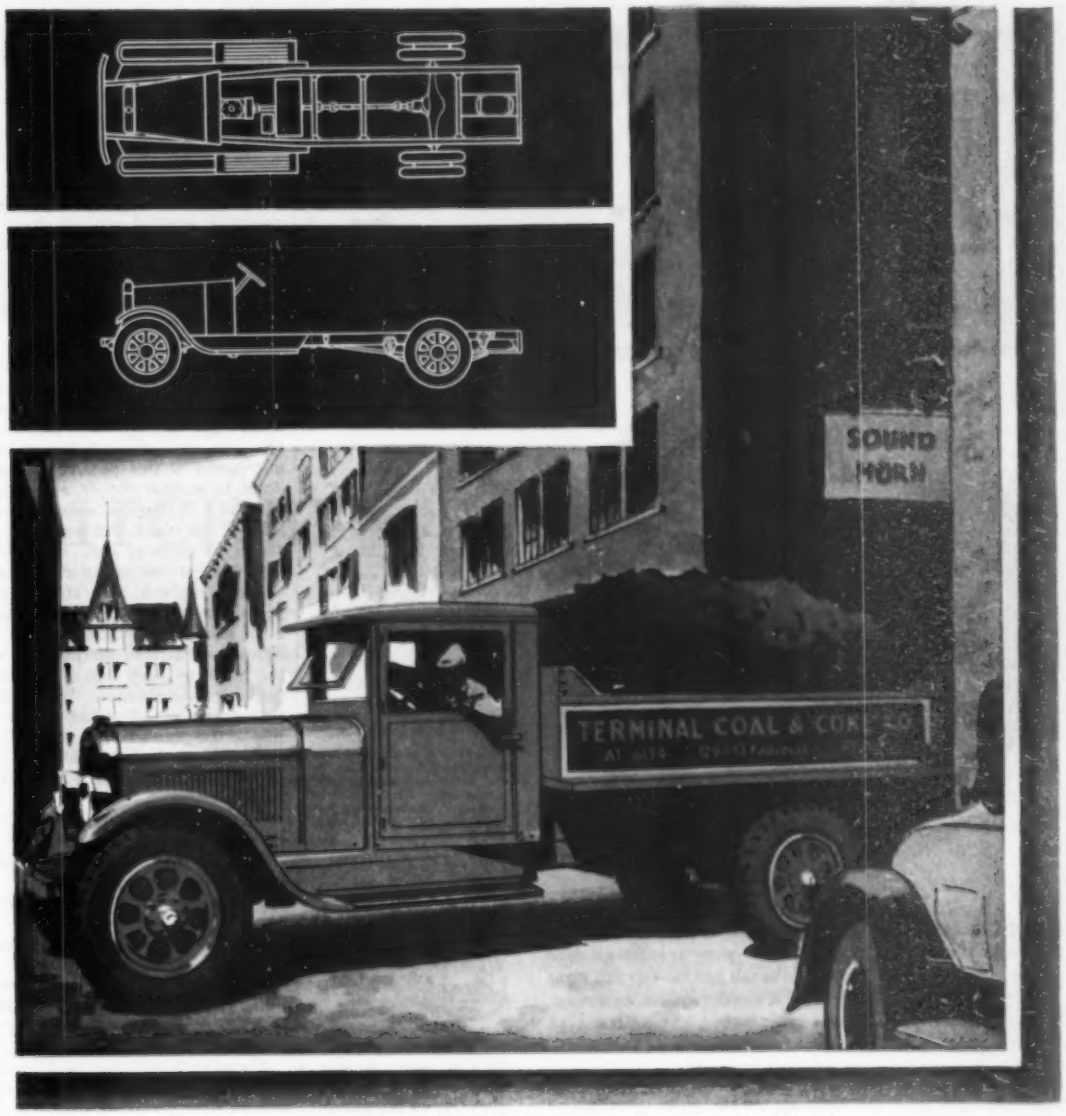
Like Men Have Never Known Before



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GUESTS LEAVE IN DISGUST
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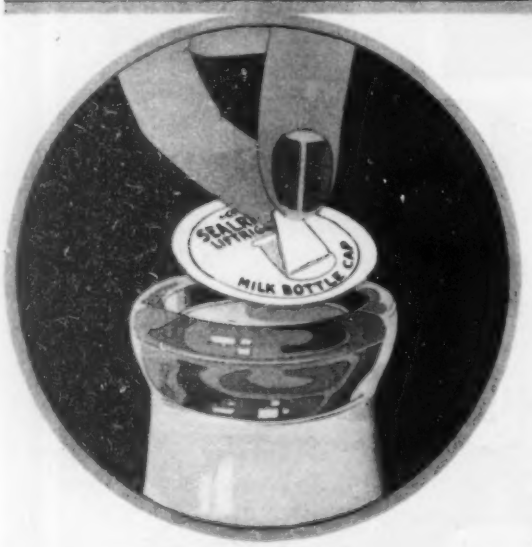

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(Continued from Page 90)

expression didn't seem to indicate that he noticed anything much the matter with him. He was bright orange, with lavender eyes and blue hair; his legs were not the same length, neither were his arms, and he was standing among some green derricks and other machinery.

Well, I didn't want to talk like Eddie Bullfinch, but when I looked at this orange man with the broken neck and other accessories I couldn't help giving a little jump, as it were, and saying "Oh, murder!" And I was sorry, because I saw that my behavior was mortifying to Enid. Her expression showed that, and she asked me to please contain myself, because this picture was one of the finest in the exhibit and had been painted by Abner Lorry himself, who was the talkative old man in the whiskers and velvet pantaloons.

I had a feeling that I'd better go outdoors and stay there and give up trying to gain any education in what Enid felt was art. But even if I'd been alone I don't believe I could have done it, because once a person gets into an exhibition like this, of the newest in art, he's pretty nearly compelled to see it through. Something holds him and fascinates him. After he's seen one blue-haired, lavender-eyed, orange-colored man, without any clothes, but with a broken neck, drooping around among green derricks, bright pink cogwheels and violet pistons, he's got to see more; he can't stop there.

The picture next to the broken-necked man wasn't so large, but didn't seem to me any more natural, so to speak. I couldn't make out the subject exactly, although Enid told me the title was Morning. It appeared to me that something pretty disturbing had happened to a woman. There was a big, two-inch plank—at least it looked like a two-inch plank to me—painted from one corner of this picture catter-cornered down to another corner, and a good many parts of a light green woman were on both sides of the plank, but not connected with the other parts of her. Half of her face, with one eye looking out at you, was on one side of the plank, and, about a foot lower down, the other half of her face was on the other side of the plank, and her arms and legs were scattered similarly up and down the plank on each side of it, but without much correspondence. What was pretty bothering, the half of her face on the right side of the plank had an eye in it, and the other half on the left side of the plank had two eyes in it. I had to ask Enid to help me out.

"Would she originally have had three eyes?" I asked her.

She only looked distressed. "Oh, dear!" she said. "Oh, dear!"

"Well, she seems to have been split up by that plank and ——"

"It isn't a plank," she whispered crossly. "It's a shaft of morning light. When a shaft of light crosses your vision of anything you don't see the thing itself. The thing is scattered and you only perceive its meaning."

I tried to take this in, and I went over it in my mind, looking at the floor so as to be able to concentrate on what she'd said. It was elusive, you might say; one minute it would appear to have some sense in it and the next minute it wouldn't; it was like something slippery that you think you've got grasped in your hand, until you look up and see it flipping its tail at you around a stump and disappearing into the underbrush. So I thought it might be helpful maybe to look at the other pictures; but they didn't do me much good. Some of them were of trees that didn't look like trees—that is, you could tell they were meant for trees, or dead weeds likely, or something—and some were of houses that were falling down and had wiggling doors and windows; and quite a number struck me as pretty entirely wild.

Afterwhile I saw I wasn't going to be helped by the paintings to digest Enid's explanation, so I turned to the statuary, and got more confused than ever. There was one something-or-other carved out of wood; it was shaped like a slim banana two feet high, with a copper wire sticking out of the top of it and then running through the middle of about a dozen large glass disks like buttons, and the title of it was Flight. There were some plaster-of-Paris things, each one with the title Portrait, that looked something like human heads partly worked on by head-hunters and given up as bad jobs; and there was a terra cotta group that upset me almost as much as the orange-colored man had. It seemed to represent a woman maybe and a man maybe—you couldn't tell; neither of them had arms, and the lower part of them was made of square blocks. Their heads were shaped like cylinders, and they didn't have any features, but there was a title at the base of the group: Card Players.

This absolutely stuck me; I was timid of asking Enid about it, but I felt as if I'd have to. "If I get what you were telling me," I said, "all these pictures and statuary aren't pictures and statues of things as they are, but represent their meanings. Is that right?"

"It's a groping," she said. "It's a groping."

"But a while ago you told me ——"

"I know," she explained. "But it's a groping too."

"I don't exactly get you, Enid," I told her. "Do you mean that the spectators have got to grope for ——"

"Oh, dear me!" she said. "No true artist of this modern day is content with the old worn-out forms of expression. The kind of things you like represent the merely photographic. Mere photography isn't art. The modern in art is the expression of meanings and is also a reaction of the nervous system to objects."

"Whose nervous system?" I asked her, because I was trying to follow her as closely as I could.

"The artist's," she said. "The artist's and the spectator's too."

"Then, if I understand you," I told her, "my nervous system's included, because I'm one of the spectators." I pointed to what seemed to be the picture of a pretty unpleasant chair with the perspective reversed. "For instance, that chair over there—if that's what it is—represents not a chair but the reaction of my nervous system to a chair. Is that it?"

She looked annoyed. "In a way, yes."

"Well, in what way?" I asked her. "Because I don't feel like that about a chair at all. I haven't got any such nervous reaction to one, and if the person who painted it feels that way about chairs, I don't feel as if I'd have any congeniality with him. I simply wouldn't like him, and that's all there is to it. I wouldn't like him!"

"What's the matter with you?" Enid asked me, and she frowned, staring at me. "You aren't talking connectedly and I don't understand what you mean."

"I was just expressing what I thought was the reaction of my nervous system to one of these works of art," I said. "I was trying to express just what it is, and if you understand them I think you ought to be able to understand me."

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Oh, dear!"

"In other words," I went on, "I'm a spectator, and you said the reaction of a spectator's nervous system is what's expressed in these works of art, and also that the picture of a chair yonder isn't the picture of a chair, but is the picture of the meaning of a chair, and besides that, it's a groping. Am I right so far?"

"Oh, dear!" she said, and she looked pretty impatient with me. "That picture is the self-expression of the artist who painted it."

"You mean he's expressing himself and not a chair?"

"If you're going to talk that way," she said, "I haven't anything more to say to you!"

"Well, but look here," I told her; "that isn't fair. I'm simply trying to find out something that you seem to know, and I think you owe it to me to put me wise. So

(Continued on Page 95)

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Here are some of the many boons that a second look at this photograph discloses. The broom-closet at the left has a door that doubles in duty. You can swing it down into an ironing-board, adjustable in height by pressing a latch. There's a sleeve-board too.

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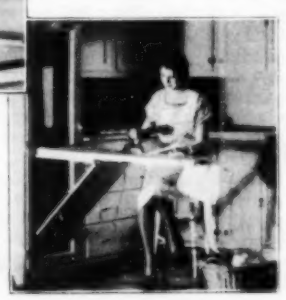
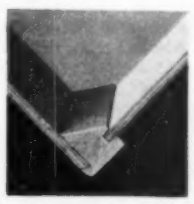
Left: The cutlery drawer obligingly tilts forward as you open it. Likewise the sugar and flour bins tip downward . . . easily refilled.



Right: When is the door of a broom-closet not a door? When it can be changed in the twinkling of an eye to an ironing-board of just the proper height.



Above: The Curtis reinforced sanitary corner that lends added strength.

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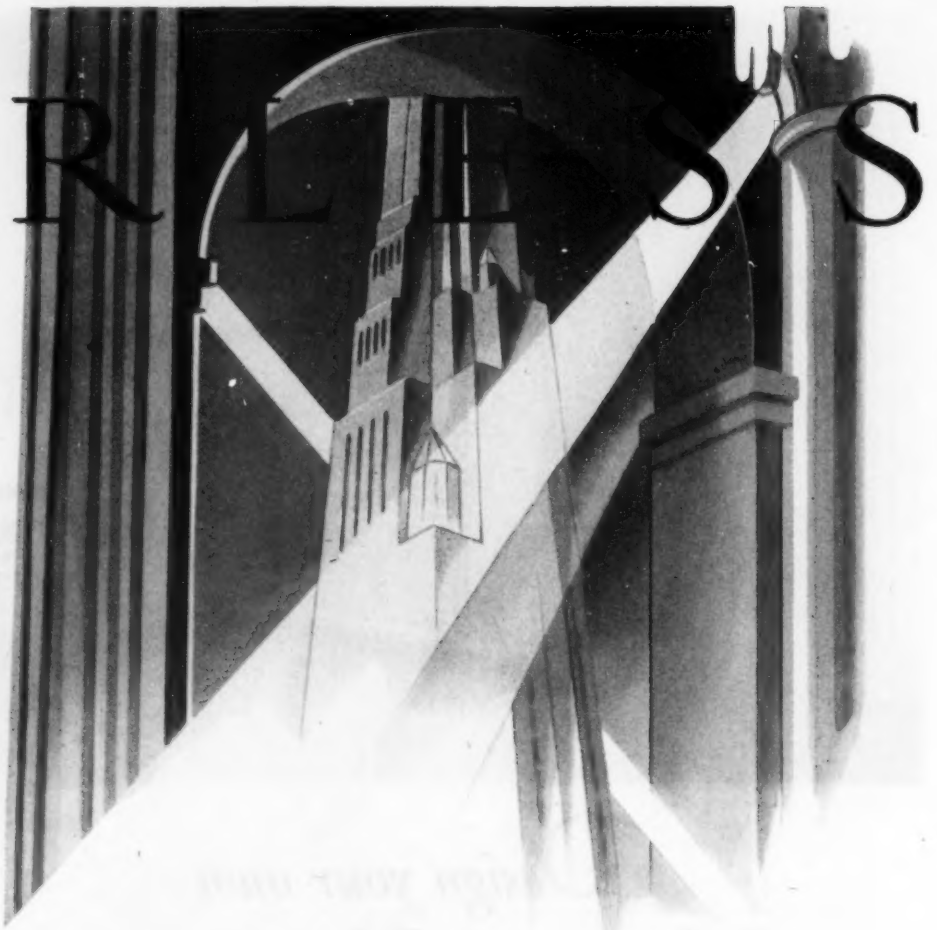

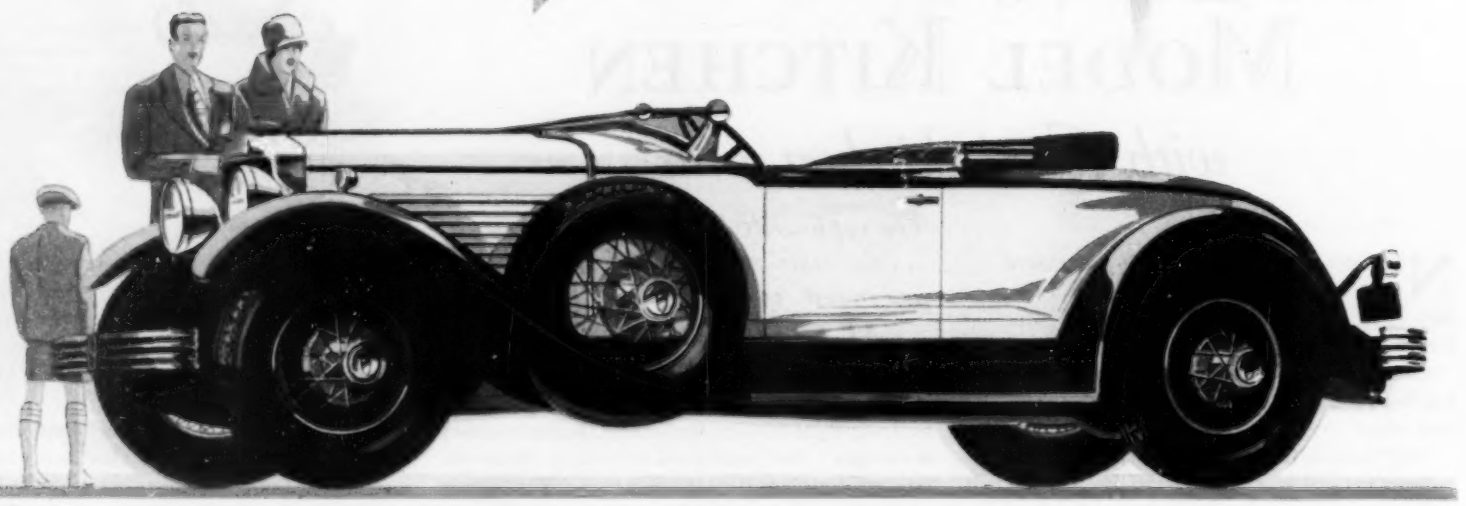

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(Continued from Page 92)

far, everything you've said has confused me almost as much as the works of art do themselves. Why can't you reason with me a little?"

"Because works of art are not made to be reasoned about," she said crossly. "You're not supposed to reason about them; you're supposed to feel them."

"So that's it, then," I said. "You aren't meant to think about them; you mustn't let your mind get to working about them, at all. I think I begin to understand, Enid. When you come in here you mustn't have any thoughts; you're supposed to check your brains outside and slide in with only your feelings operating. In that case, ought I to look at one of the works and get to feeling like crying, maybe, or laughing or something?"

She'd have been madder with me, probably, if she hadn't seen that I was speaking in good faith; but even as it was, she didn't like it. "You certainly are dumb!" she told me. "These pictures and sculptures represent a return to the elemental and the primitive—the absolutely simplest, natural way of looking at things."

"You mean when a child or maybe an Indian looks at a chair, that's the way he ——"

"It's the way he would paint it," she interrupted, "and that gives forth its elements in the simple, primitive way. In other words, the work is purely subjective; it represents abstractions of thought—purely abstract thought and conception."

"I'm gone again!" I told her. "I thought I was beginning to get hold of it, but I've slipped. If it's abstract thought, then you don't check your brains outside; it's your emotions you leave out there. A spectator has to look at these card players, for instance, and use his thinking apparatus solely. He mustn't let his emotions get worked up over the fact that this supposed lady and gentleman are not playing cards and haven't got any table to play on, or cards to play with, or faces to use in concealing what kinds of cards they aren't holding, or even arms and hands to deal with if they did have cards. The spectator is expected to see an abstract conception of what card players are really like. Well, I seem to be getting hold of it again. The thing that bothers me worst now is that it seems the title is the most important thing about this work of art, because no spectator on earth would believe that the group had anything to do with card playing except for the title. That bothers me considerably. It seems too much like a little insignificant man that nobody pays any attention to until he gets people into the habit of calling him doc or colonel, and I've always had an impression that a work of art would mean something whether you knew its title or not. Somehow it doesn't seem just right to me that the important thing about such a work should be the title. That appears to me to throw things all out of balance. You see, the trouble is, Enid, if you bought one of these works of art, for instance, and lost the title and couldn't remember it, say, then you wouldn't own a work of art at all; you'd only have a chunk of terra cotta or plaster-of-Paris or wood and glass or maybe some lively paint on canvas. Am I right or am I getting confused once more?"

I was afraid this would make her mad again, but it didn't seem to. She took hold of my arm and began to stroke my sleeve affectionately—a way she has that always pleases me and makes me feel pretty indulgent toward her. "You're a dear cute old Pops," she said. "I knew that was what you were going to work around to!"

"What was what I was going to work around to? That if you bought one of these things you'd have to keep hold of the title or else ——"

"No," she said, and went on, speaking quickly, "I knew you intended to buy something, and I think it's perfectly lovely of you, because, of course, there aren't many people up to appreciating such things, and the artists have all made tremendous sacrifices to keep the colony going." And then, before I could get my breath, she called to the old man in the white whiskers and velvet pantaloons, "Oh, Mr. Lorry, I want you to meet my father. He hopes to have the honor and pleasure of owning ——"

"Murder!" I said, and I began to be scared. "See here, Enid ——"

But before I could get any further, Mr. Lorry was shaking hands with me, and young Carlos Prang had come in from outside and joined us, and Enid was talking to both of 'em about which work of art I ought to select. I was most of all afraid she'd want me to buy the orange-colored man with the lavender eyes and blue hair among the derricks and things, but I found I needn't have worried about that because Mr. Lorry explained that it was a loan exhibit—merely an example of his earlier manner, he said. It was owned by a museum somewhere that had bought it just after it was awarded the Coptus medal, whatever that was.

"I think I know what would please you best," he said. "I imagine you might perhaps care for one of the more obvious things. My own suggestion would be Morning."

That was the three-eyed lady scattered along the plank or shaft of morning light, and I simply couldn't bear the idea. "It might be—it might be too expensive," I told him, because I couldn't think of anything else to say, right quick. "I don't believe ——"

"Oh, no," he said, "it's extremely moderate—only three hundred dollars—but perhaps one of the sculptures ——"

"I think he'd like both," Enid put in, and she kept stroking my coat sleeve and used her prettiest voice. "What we really want are some things of Mr. Prang's—at least to begin with."

Mr. Lorry nodded and looked benevolent. "Mr. Prang is the painter of Morning," he said. "That was one reason I suggested it, knowing your interest in his work."

"Yes," Enid said, "we're going to take that, of course, and I'm simply crazy about his Card Players. That's the first thing father suggested our buying."

"Well," I said, "I didn't exactly ——" I was pretty thoroughly embarrassed, and with my free hand I got out a handkerchief and mopped my forehead; then I coughed a while, trying to think what to do. I knew Enid was too much for me, and I couldn't do a thing with her in the presence of these artists, whose feelings I didn't want to hurt, of course, especially as she'd got their hopes all raised up, as it were. I thought my best procedure would be to temporize in some manner until I could get out of there and talk to her alone; so, after coughing some more, I said, "Of course, with so many interesting things to choose from, it's very difficult to make up one's mind. Perhaps if we'd go home now and come back some other day ——"

Enid cut me off; she reached up, patted my cheek and laughed delightedly. "That's just the thing," she said. "We could pick out a number of things that we'd like to choose from and take them back to Mary's Neck with us in the car, and then some other day, as father says, Mr. Lorry, we could bring back the ones we don't want. That's just splendid! And in the meanwhile we'll have the inspiration of living with wonderful things!" She picked up the terra cotta Card Players and two plaster-of-Paris Portraits and handed them to young Mr. Prang. "Put those in the car, Carlos," she told him, "and we'll take Flight with us. Father will carry that." This was the wooden banana with the glass buttons on top, and she pushed it into my arms while she went on talking. "I'll bring Morning myself, and this other wonderful terra cotta that Carlos did—the one called Cosmos. There! Let's get out to the car with our treasures!"

She pushed me ahead of her, and went on prattling and chattering, and before I knew it—I was so dazed and upset—she had all those terrible things in the rumble of the runabout, with a rug under them to keep them from being damaged by jolting, and we were on the way home.

"You cute old Pops!" she said to me. "I knew it was in you! You really have a feeling for art, after all, and you've begun your education. You'll be a connoisseur before you know it, dear old Pops!"

Well, inside, I was pretty cross with her, but she was so gay and happy, feeling that she'd done something for this colony, in general, and Mr. Carlos Prang, in particular, I suppose, that I didn't have the heart to cast a wet blanket over her proceedings; at least not just then. So I only grunted in as objecting a way as I could and decided I'd get Mrs. Massey to do a good deal of sitting on her after we'd got home. When we got back to the cottage, though, I helped her and Zebias Flick carry the works in, and we put them down under one of the living-room windows, with Morning leaning back against the sill and the sculptures in a row in front of it.

Zebias showed considerable curiosity; he looked at the exhibit quite a while, with his lower jaw moving; then he said, "Them objects ain't antiques. Ef you paid antique prices fer 'em, somebody's made a dollah offen of you."

I was just going to tell him that nobody'd made anything yet offen of me for these objects, when Clarissa came in and said Eddie Bullfinch had been waiting around all afternoon to see Enid; and she hadn't any more than told us this, when Eddie was heard outside, calling Enid's name.

Enid turned to Clarissa. "My heavens! Lock the front door! I don't want that moron around here!"

Clarissa was willing; she locked the door just as Eddie bumped up against it, and then he rang the bell a while and whistled, but pretty soon seemed to give up, because we heard him tramping down the piazza steps.

"Thank heaven, he's gone!" Enid said. "Clarissa, will you look at these wonderful things Pops is going to give me as the beginning of my modernist collection? Did you ever know anything so glorious?"

Clarissa didn't seem excited at all, but she put her arm around Enid's waist and tried to be sympathetic. "I suppose they're beyond me," she said. "But probably I'm too literal-minded, as you tell me, dear. Anyhow I'm glad you enjoy them, and I think Pops is fine to be so generous with you. Probably you'll want to keep them in your own room, because ——"

She didn't get any further, because something happened just then. The two girls had turned away from the exhibit, and I was starting to go outdoors with Zebias Flick to tell him about some work I wanted done. All our backs were toward the window, which was open, and Eddie Bullfinch had decided to come in that way.

"Somebody must 'a' locked the front door by mistake," I heard him say as he pushed up the fly screen; and, seeming to be in a hurry, he tried to vault from outside into the room, and partly succeeded.

Anyhow he landed pretty scramblingly among the exhibit and, before he got through, the plaster-of-Paris groups were a complete wreck, the slim banana part of Flight was broken in two, with the glass buttons in bad condition, and he had one foot through Morning. Enid screamed and made a dash for him, and, not understanding her meaning, he squirmed his foot out of Morning and did heavy damage to the terra cotta Card Players and Cosmos. As I figured it up, about seven hundred and fifty dollars would cover the expense of his coming into the house in that informal way.

Eddie made it clear he didn't think it would be so expensive. "What are you making all this fuss about?" he asked Enid, who was already fairly close to hysterics. "What kind o' worthless junk is this anyhow?" And as she told him what it was, in a pretty screeching voice, and added to that a good deal about what she thought he was, he sat down on the floor and began to examine the pieces and try to fit them together. "Works of art!" he said. "You can't put that over on me! These are some kind of puzzle, maybe, and prob'ly a little glue'll fix 'em up." He pulled together the torn edges of the hole he'd made in Morning and examined the picture. "My heavens!" he said. "What was all this anyhow? Was it meant to play a game like parcheesi on or something?"

"Parcheesi, you moron!" she told him, shouting. "It was Carlos Prang's masterpiece, and all you've cost my father by stepping into it is three hundred dollars! That's just one item too!"

Eddie began to laugh in his coarse, silly way. "Come off!" he said. "Be serious! Act your age, or if you can't, why, anyhow be serious!" He looked up at me. "Mr. Massey, in justice to yourself, you oughtn't to let her go around telling people you'd spend three hundred dollars for something like this. You wouldn't, would you?"

"I had hoped I wouldn't," I told him. "Up to the time you called on us this afternoon, I hoped that."

This seemed to startle him. "Why, for Pete's sake!" he said. "Listen! These things look just as well the way they are as they would if you stuck 'em together again; but if somebody's got the nerve to charge you anything for 'em—actual money—why, I expect I'd better get busy. Zebias's prob'ly got plenty of glue out in his workshop in the garage, and he and I'll just pile all this truck in a basket and take it out there and fix it up."

He'd begun to pick the pieces up, but Enid sprang at him, took him by the collar and pulled him away. "You let them alone!" she shouted. "Don't you dare! You're nothing in the world but a frightful little vandal, and I never want to see your face again as long as I live! You march straight out of here and go home!"

Eddie got up, looking hurt. "Did you say this was some more of Carlo's doings, like the cheeping birds, f'rinstance? Is this the way he puts in his time over at Jasper Mountain, loading up things like this on your father, so that he has to pay actual money for 'em if some accident happens maybe or something?"

"If you say another word," Enid told him, "I'll have Zebias Flick put you out of here!"

"I don't have to be put out by any Zebias Flick," Eddie said, "because, in the first place, Zebias wouldn't do it unless you paid him a lot extra for it, and he wouldn't do it anyway, and in the second place, I'm going myself, thank you! I don't usually hang around any place where some of the family don't care for my society. . . . I bid you good afternoon, Mr. Massey. . . . Clarissa, I bid you good afternoon."

So he went out, and Enid, who kept on being in quite a state of mind, began to pick the pieces of statuary up and try to see where they belonged. But after I'd watched her a while I saw that it was a pretty hopeless idea, especially with the terra cotta and plaster-of-Paris sculpture. If you had a regular kind of statue, so to speak, that was broken, you'd know that the legs and arms ought to go onto the body of it, for instance, but with this modernist art you couldn't figure out where any of it belonged; and so, afterwhile she had to give up, and I tried to console her a little.

"There's nothing to do," I told her, "except for me to figure out the total and send a check over to Mount Jasper, and that ought to satisfy you, Enid, because you'll have the pleasure of knowing that you've helped the colony that much anyhow. And, though of course it's more expense than I'd expected to be put to, I don't want you to worry about that."

She was wet around the eyes and kind of sniffling over the ruins; but at this she looked up, surprised. "Oh, yes," she said, "that part of it's all right." And then she kind of choked. "I'll never get over it. Such a beautiful little art collection absolutely ruined in ten seconds! I'll never, never get over it!"

IV

BUT she did; at least, she did temporarily. It was an afternoon only about a week after that when Mrs. Massey and

(Continued on Page 98)

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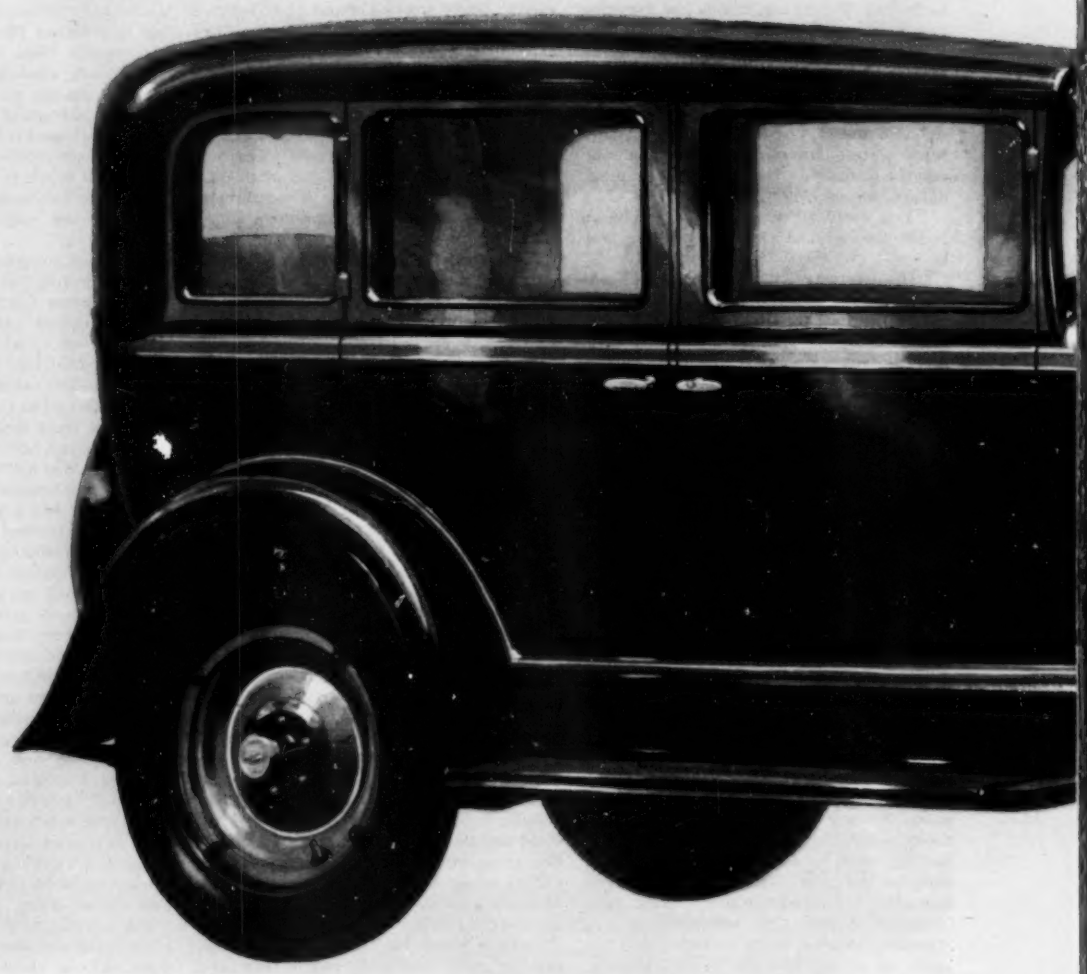

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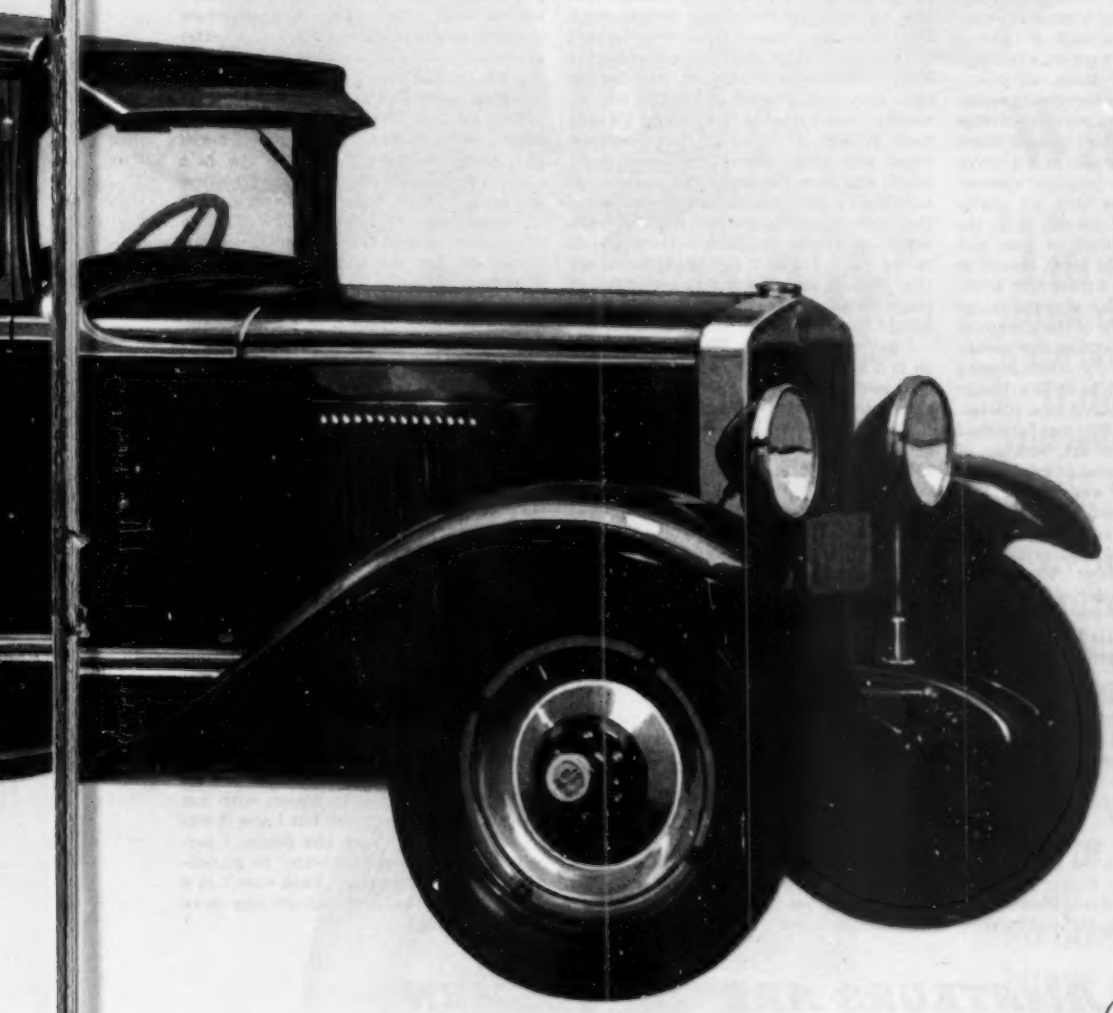

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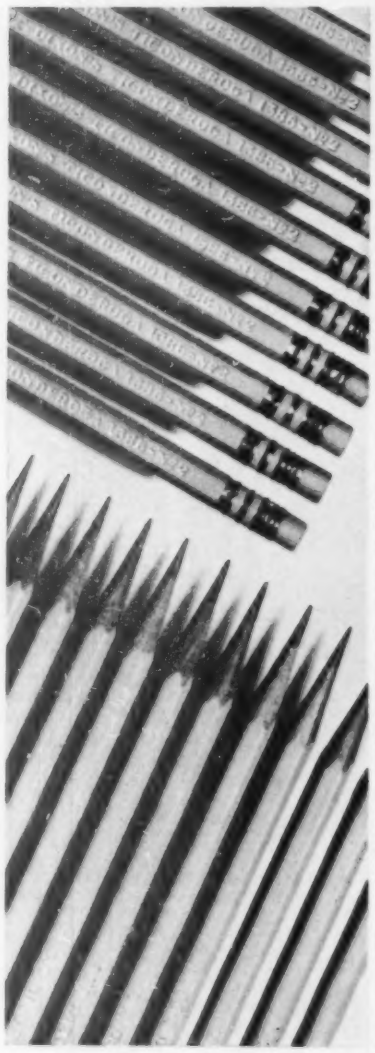

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(Continued from Page 95)

I had persuaded the girls to take a family drive with us, and we got back home about five o'clock and walked into the living room to find a surprise waiting for us. Enid gave a loud cry of delight and ran toward the window that had been the scene of Eddie's accident, and she dropped on her knees before it. There was another little collection of works of art, standing there where the first one had been before Eddie landed on it, and I could only surmise that Mr. Carlos Prang had heard of what had happened and decided to make it up to Enid by bringing over some more works of art from Mount Jasper and leaving them for her. It seemed pretty nice of him, though I didn't feel any pleasure myself.

There was a picture quite a lot like Morning; it had a man or woman or something on both sides of a shaft of light or plank, but one part of this person's face had two eyes and the other three, all pretty blurry. There wasn't any terra cotta sculpture in the outfit, but there were five clumps of plaster-of-Paris, and there was a wooden statue that looked a good deal as if a heavy curtain rod might be the principal element of it; there was a brass strip set neatly down the whole length of one side of it; the base of it went into a block of lead, and on top there was fastened what looked to me as if it had once been a glass door knob, and just below that a pair of metal wings stuck out of the rod. Two of the clumps of plaster-of-Paris were something like human faces, though not much; the others seemed more like models of a few child's blocks scattered around and molded into plaster-of-Paris; but naturally a title was furnished for each of these works of art, because, of course, otherwise the spectator would have been in trouble. A card was stuck in one corner of the painting, and it had Evening printed on it; there was another card leaning against the base of the curtain-rod thing, and it said The Soarer. Each of the facelike messes of plaster-of-Paris was labeled Portrait; one of the others had a card bearing the word Daffadils, another was called Football Players, and the fifth one, Womanhood.

Well, nobody could have been more delighted than Enid was, and, of course, her mother and sister and I were pleased for her, though it couldn't be said that either Mrs. Massey or Clarissa showed any very enlightened comprehension of the collection itself, and Mrs. Massey admitted that if the titles got mixed up she wouldn't be able to put them back in the right places. "I think I could get The Soarer put back right," she said, "on account of those wings, because they're really splendid; but frankly, I'd be stumped to know which was the Football Players and which was Womanhood."

"How about Daffadils?" I asked her, and it seemed to me curious that this word wasn't spelled correctly, because I thought both Mr. Abner Lorry and Carlos Prang would have known how to spell it. In fact, there were three things about the collection that made me suspicious of it: one was this wrong spelling; another was the messiness in the way the paint looked to have been put on the canvas in Evening, because, with all the queerness of the pictures over at Jasper, I'd noticed that anyhow they had a workmanlike appearance, as if the people that made them knew how to handle their materials; and the third thing that set me to thinking was the fact that the wings on The Soarer were so much like real wings. Indeed, those wings seemed to have the very photographic quality that Enid had told me wasn't art, and besides this, they had a familiar look to me—so much so that I tried to think where I'd seen them before. Then all at once I remembered and knew where they came from, which was from the cap of the radiator on somebody's automobile, and it struck me they were probably the last relic from the wreck of Eddie Bullfinch's Dorio-grecco racing car. I didn't say anything about this, though, and I began to get so full of laugh inside over that fool boy that I could hardly trust my voice.

I got more so when Mrs. Massey went on in a kind of dreamy way, and said, "It does seem, Enid, that a person ought to be able to tell daffodils from football players."

Enid jumped up—she'd been down on her knees, exclaiming and gurgling with delight over the works of art. "That's the same silly old criticism," she told her mother indignantly, "the same old worn-out platitude of literal-minded people everywhere that never can reach any higher than the cheap photographic plane! If you can't appreciate wonderful things—true works of art like these—at least I think you could learn not to say anything about them! They're wonderful! They're ——"

But here she was interrupted, because Eddie Bullfinch crawled out from behind the sofa, where he'd been lying, and he looked happy and pretty well pleased with himself.

"I certainly feel relieved to hear you say so, Enid," he told her, "because Zebias Flick and I ——"

That was as far as he got; she began almost to scream, right away: "Go out of here! Don't let him come near them! Don't let him get in this part of the room! Take him outdoors! Don't let him ——"

Eddie shouted louder than she did: "Listen! Haven't you got sense enough to listen? I'm not coming anywhere near 'em. If I did, I wouldn't be very apt to break 'em, would I, after taking all the trouble to make 'em for you myself?"

"What!" Enid shouted. "What did you say?"

"Of course I did," he told her, and you could see he hadn't been trying to be funny about the works of art, but was in simple, honest earnest. "I didn't want Mr. Massey to stand all that loss just for nothing. I think maybe they're kind of punk myself, but you've just said these are anyhow as wonderful as the others. They certainly ought to be, because I got Zebias Flick to help me in his workshop, and we certainly put in many's the long hour on 'em! I don't believe there's two other men anywhere could have made these things any better and since you like 'em, why, I'm going to make a lot more for you. It's kind of interesting work, and I and Zebias ——"

But by this time she was screaming louder, so he couldn't make himself heard any more, and pretty soon he saw he'd better go; he was only upsetting her worse and worse. "Well, dog-gone!" he said, kind of desperately. But she was calling on Zebias to come and carry the collection out to the ash can and didn't pay any more attention to Eddie.

I felt some sympathy with him myself, he was so disappointed, and I said, "Enid, aren't you a little too hard on the boy? You can see he's got himself really interested in art while he was making these things for you with such good intentions; he really must have worked pretty hard over them, and when a person does that he nearly always gets to believing that what he's making really represents what he's trying to make it represent. Besides, there's no reason to think that with a little study even Eddie Bullfinch couldn't do about as well as anybody else at such work, and if he'd give a little more attention to his spelling he could master the important feature of putting the proper titles to his works. Also, it might be a great saving in expense for me, because Eddie only needs a little pocket money now and then, if we could buy from him ——"

Well, I didn't mean to be disrespectful about things that a great many intelligent people besides Enid do respect; I just couldn't resist trying to reason with her idiotically in this manner, but I saw it was better to stop. In fact, like Eddie, I perceived that it would be better to go outdoors—better and safer. Enid wasn't in a mood to be talked to about art any more for quite a while.

AMATEURS ARE GENTLEMEN

(Continued from Page 13)

in a jam, and it's bound to make the N. G. A. persnickety for a while."

So all Hombrun did was to pay Stevenson Smith's salary and accompany him in a drawing-room to the state tournament. His protégé justified Hombrun's faith gloriously. Smith was the sensation of the show. In the qualifying rounds and semi-finals no opponent carried him beyond the fourteenth hole, and in the finals, Smith slodged through a pouring rain to win the championship with a chip shot dead to the pin on the sixteenth.

Sports writers waxed delirious:

A fair-haired, grinning youngster fresh from a college campus trudged his way to the State Amateur Championship at Fair Hills Country Club this afternoon, defeating Alex Wegner, three times State Champion 3 and 2 in the most startling golf upset of the year. The new champion, Stevenson Smith, twenty-two years old, played a game of national-championship caliber all the way, and is hailed by experts as a new stylist of unbeatable soundness and incomparable technic. His features set in a fighting face that is to be reckoned with. . . .

After the banquet given in his honor by Wesley Hombrun at Fair Hills, the new state champion remarked: "Well, that's that, Mr. Hombrun. Now, I guess I can settle down to business at the plant."

"Huh? Business? With the Autumn Open at Pinehurst only a month away, and the Miami Beach Open in January, and the Ormond Beach show in February; with maybe a hop out to the West Coast—I'd like to play that Riviera course at Los Angeles, myself—and these won't more'n keep you in trim for the Western Amateur and the Western Open."

"But, Mr. Hombrun, I can't afford to ——"

"Who said you could? You're working for me, ain't you? And if I want to go to Pinehurst for some golf I can take you along, can't I?"

"Well, it doesn't seem just right for me to impose on you, Mr. Hombrun."

"You ain't imposing on me, young feller! Tell you what I'll do, if you want it to look a mite more regular. I'll make you my private secretary. How's that?"

Well, how was that?

At first the boy thought of saying, "No, Mr. Hombrun, I don't want to play golf all my life. I want to become a business man."

As he hesitated, Hombrun bellowed: "Tell you what I'll do, boy! Just to show you my appreciation of your worth I'll raise your salary! Three hundred a month, that enough? No, by jingo, four hundred!"

Four hundred a month for traveling to winter resorts with all expenses paid to play golf?

On the club car going to Pinehurst, Hombrun got into an argument over the disqualification of Tom McWeyn, former Western Amateur champion. The investigating committee had ruled that in giving his name to a golf shop in Chicago McWeyn had forfeited his amateur standing.

"That feller is a disgrace to the game," said Wesley Hombrun. "He oughta have been kicked out long ago."

A nongolfing cynic asked, "Don't see why. He just did in the open what all these so-called amateurs are doing."

"We got to keep the old amateur game clean, that's why. Professionalism, if carried too far, will ruin any game. Look at football; the only thing that saves it, by jingo, is the strict rules the colleges had to enforce."

(Continued on Page 100)

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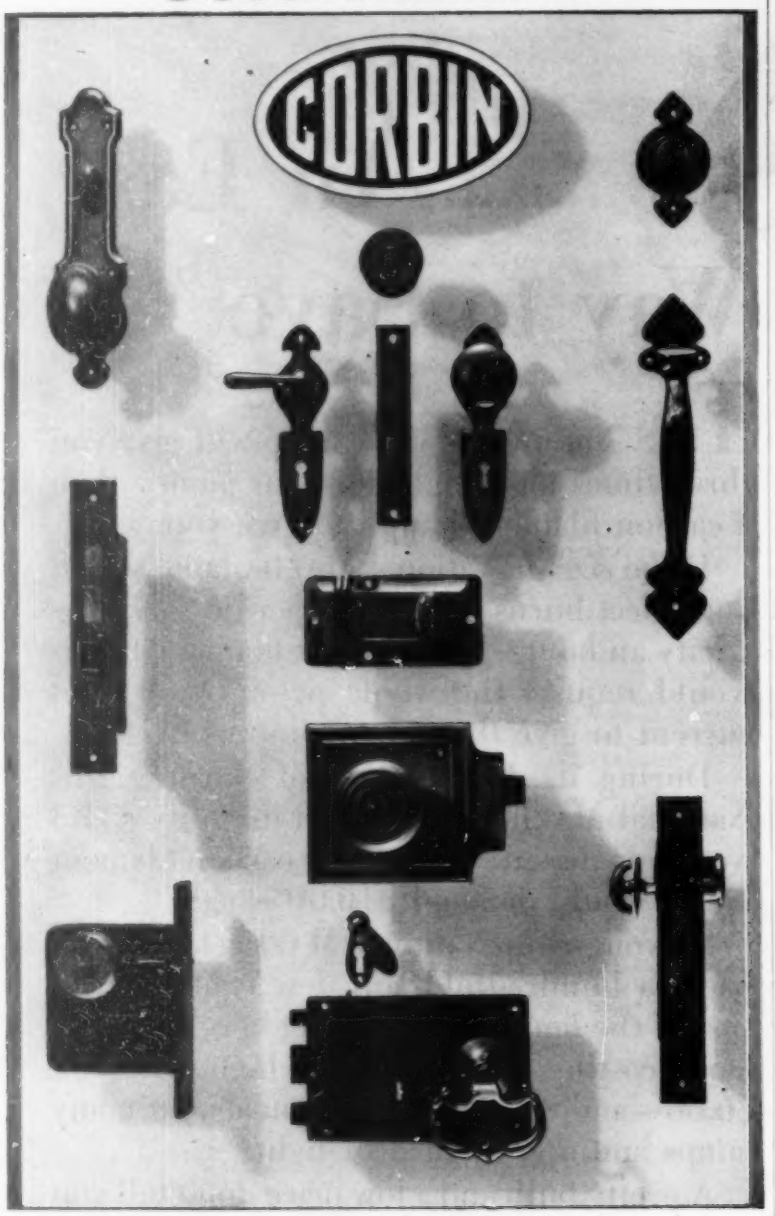

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I don't believe there is a strictly amateur football team in any major college in the country," scoffed the cynic, "and I'll bet there isn't one strictly amateur big-time golfer either."

Vociferously, Hombrun defended the simon-pure amateurism of a dozen first-rank amateur golfers. Listening, Stevenson Smith was very thoughtful.

Hombrun appealed to him: "Ain't I right, Smith? Ain't I right in saying that the amateur side of golf is the only thing that keeps the grand old game alive?"

"Ye-es," said the boy, "but I think they were a bit hard on McWeyn."

"They gotta be, my boy—they gotta be. A man's either an amateur and a gentleman or he's a pro. That's the difference."

During that winter's campaign, Stevenson Smith learned the difference. Hombrun developed into an insatiable barnstormer. Pinehurst, White Sulphur, St. Augustine; Riddell's Bay, Bermuda; the Edgewater Gulf show at Biloxi, the La Gorce Open at Miami Beach, a Ten-Thousand-Dollar Open at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Smith won the latter and got a nice silver cup, while the high pro walked off with the ten thousand dollars. The boy felt rather glum about it.

But Hombrun, who had cleaned up seventeen thousand in side bets on Smith, was generous:

"Let 'em have the purses, my boy," said he. "They've got their living to make out of golf. Thank heaven, you're an amateur!"

He met a lot of pros and he met a lot of amateurs that winter. The pros were a weather-beaten, morose crowd, with some exceptions. Good golfers followed them around; the cognoscenti of each club gathered about them in locker rooms. The amateurs were gayer; country-clubbers, with women in the majority, made up their galleries; they were talked to in club lounges and danced with at dinner affairs.

Stevenson Smith found himself trailing with the pros, usually. He liked their talk, or lack of it, and his own game was a pro's game. Smith was a medal player. One noon at Hot Springs he heard Malcolm George, a pro who had won the British Open twice and the United States Open once, telling how pros are treated at St. Andrews and other British clubs.

"You don't rate stopping at the club or drinking in the bar," George reminisced good-humoredly. "If you want a drink, you walk down the road to a pub. I was going out for the afternoon round at Muirfield one time, when a high mucky-muck stopped me and said: 'I say, my man, barge over to the veranda and get my chair cane, will you!' . . . Huh? . . . Oh, yes, I got it for him."

The pros he became chummy with looked askance at Wesley J. Hombrun. Smith avoided explanations whenever he could. Mike de Jaeggers, the Western Open champion, pressed the point while he and Smith were walking in from a round at Pebble Beach late in February.

"Who's the loud-mouthed bozo who bet the five grand on you against the field, Smith?"

"Mr. Hombrun—Hombrun Packing Company. I work at one of his plants."

"He gives you a good deal of time off for tournaments, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

De Jaeggers sighed.

"I wish I'd had a boss like that. I wouldn't have had to turn pro to make a living. Pretty soft, Smith."

Well, in a way it was. He traveled in private cars or club cars. He trailed with Hombrun's crowd during tournaments. He even got invitations to house parties from the wives of Hombrun's friends. Girls would have danced with him, too, had he been bold enough to ask them. But even in this background—the world of tournament galleries and dinner dances—Wesley Hombrun dominated him. He saw that Smith got to bed before ten o'clock every evening, pretending that he was turning in, too, in an adjoining club or hotel bedroom. The boy, lying awake, heard Hombrun slip quietly out again. It made him feel like a race horse; in a sense he had come to occupy that position. He was Hombrun's golf shooter, on whom Hombrun was winning thousands of dollars.

Yet, the very fact that he was winning money for Hombrun helped to ease his conscience at accepting his pay envelope every week. Moreover, he was getting more tournament play than any other American amateur of his caliber. It showed in his game.

In a year's time he had won the Western Amateur Championship, was runner-up in the United States Open and reached the third flight in the United States Amateur. Stevenson Smith had become a golfer of national reputation.

He began to learn some of the perquisites of an amateur who stands in the first ten. A golfing magazine made him contributing editor; his contributions were written by a staff man—In This Issue: Stevenson Smith Writes on the Short Game. Meaningless fundamentals for duffers. A newspaper syndicate had him report the United States Women's Championship—that is to say, he told his impressions to a reporter who was ghost-writing for no less than five amateur and pro golfers.

"How would you characterize the day's play, Mr. Smith?"

"Why—uh—Miss Collett and Miss Van Wie and Mrs. Pressler—they were all in good form. Miss Collett is steadier and—uh—she ought to win, I guess. You fix up the rest of it, Joe."

He was even worse at sea when interviewed as to his own style, or when called upon to give advice to beginners. How did punk golfers get to be good golfers? He honestly didn't know. Privately, he doubted whether duffers could materially improve their game, if they worked twenty years.

"How do you correct a tendency to press, Mr. Smith?"

"Why—uh"—let's see, what had Hagen said about that?—"I guess the best way would be to choose the right club for the distance and try to keep from socking too hard." Himself, he seldom pressed, and when he did so, it was because he was thinking too far ahead of the shot, or some such vague reason. As well to ask Heifetz how to play a minuet, or Eddie Cantor the secret of pace on the stage.

"I think we ought to have something on the follow-through, Mr. Smith. Let's see, now, how do you ——"

He tried to tell reporters sometimes, in his inarticulate, blushing manner, that he didn't know how he could shoot two above or two below 70 day in and day out. They misinterpreted his stammering, wandering evasion as modesty; afterward he would read the detailed, learned analyses of his golf style and say to himself: "Do I do all those things every time I step up and paste it?" In his heart he knew that golf—championship golf—was none of these lessons for duffers, nor all of them combined. The ten consistent strokes in eighteen holes which separated him and fellow champions from thousands of 80—and some days, 75—golfers was a magic margin.

It didn't come from applied mechanics or deep breathing or rhythm or timing or head-down-and-carry-through diagrams. It came from a state of mind, an emotional balance; a something which, if you didn't discover after six months with the clubs, you'd never, never find.

But Stevenson Smith was learning. He let his ghost writers concoct what they pleased and collected neatly engraved checks every month. His income from the magazines and syndicates and from the Hombrun Packing Company was now about eight thousand dollars a year. He could have made much more by placing judicious side bets on himself, but he was afraid he'd get to thinking about the bets after the first tee-off. Once he had dubbed

(Continued on Page 103)

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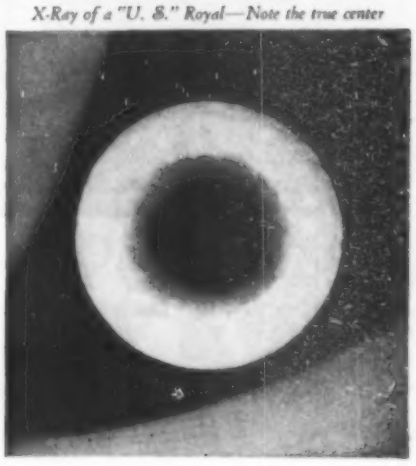

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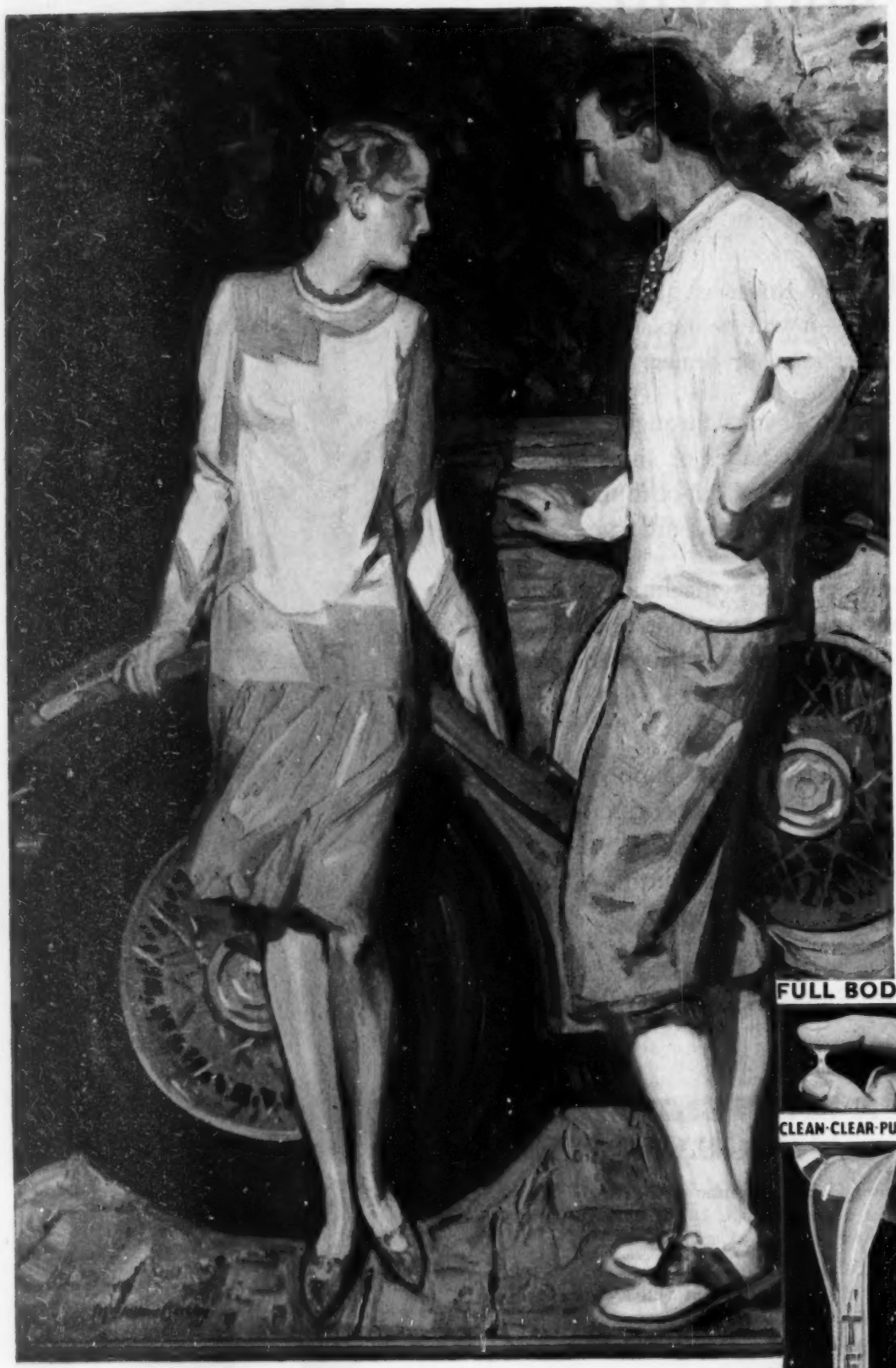

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TEXACO
GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

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a drive by neglecting to turn the four dots of his ball squarely on top as it rested on the tee; in another tournament the flash of a gallery goddess' pink skirt in the corner of his right eye had ruined a niblick pitch.

Hombrun took his now famous protégé home to show him off for a month in April. Hombrun was all for tackling the British Open in May. But Smith, pointing for another try at the United States Open title that June, rebelled. He insisted on trying to do some work at the plant.

"Hell's bells, Stevie," howled Hombrun, "we could clean up across the pond!" Hombrun had started calling him Stevie after he won the Western Amateur title.

A flash of the old doubt was in the boy's voice.

"I ought to do some work to earn my salary, Mr. Hombrun. Technically, I'm supposed to have some visible means of support aside from golf, you know."

"You have, ain't you? You're on the pay roll at the plant. How much you stay there is nobody's business."

"I've got to lay off anyway," said Smith shortly. "I'm going stale."

"Oh," said Hombrun, pious golfer, "that's different. Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

Still, he didn't get in much work that month. When he had been home four days he went out to the Marling Terrace Club for a practice round. Roscoe Barnes, the pro, was teaching a girl.

"Miss Westerman, I want you to meet the Western Amateur champ. Mr. Smith, shake hands with Miss Westerman."

Barnes and Miss Westerman were just starting out.

"I'd invite you to join us," said Miss Westerman, "but I play so wretchedly you'd be bored to tears."

"Mr. Smith don't mind that," said Barnes, trying to be socially diplomatic. "He's played with worse golfers than you. His boss, for instance."

"Sure," said the boy, reddening, "I'd like to play along."

They sat down to rest at Number Five tee.

"It must be wonderful to be a golf champion. Don't you feel outrageously superior to dubs like me?"

Stevenson Smith felt anything but superior.

"Golf championships don't mean very much," he said.

"No, it's just a game," she agreed; "but it's great to be good at anything one does."

Her phrase, "just a game," stayed with him.

He was thinking about it when she spoke again. "Tournament play must take a great deal of time away from your work, Mr. Smith."

His work?

"Yes," he said, "it does. It takes too much time."

"But of course, you've put this club on the map. This town too. That's something."

"Yes, I guess that's something."

She was a plump, sturdy-legged little girl, and to Stevenson Smith's startled gray eyes very, very pretty. He didn't even remember to note what kind of a game she shot that afternoon. As a matter of fact, she'd never be a Glenna Collett. And she didn't care. She had taken up golf to reduce the plumpness which the Western Amateur champion thought particularly charming.

Wesley J. Hombrun was agreeably surprised to note that his Stevie argued no more about working a full day every day, and went to the club every afternoon. But when he found the cause of this faithful practice he grumbled.

"Stevie"—jocularly, but worriedly—"you ain't going to fall in love with the National Open less'n a month off, are you?"

"Nothing like that, boss," said the boy.

But he was in love, all right. Miss Westerman's first name was Joan; her father did something connected with cotton; she was a new arrival in town and the most recent member of the club. She didn't have a great deal of money and would expect the man she married to support her.

A week before he had to leave for the tournament, he took her to a dinner dance at the club. His first real attendance at a dinner dance. She seemed very willing to sit out all but the first and last dances. In between, they talked on a bench near Number One tee.

"I think it's wonderful, the progress you've made in business with so much time away, Steve."

He shook his head. "No. About the only thing I've done is to win a lot of silver cups."

"But you have a good position, haven't you?"

"No, it's not so good, Joan."

"Why, I thought ——"

He started to blurt out the truth—the whole wretched truth. But he let his voice trail away in the May night.

They talked inconsequential golf chatter for a while. All the time he was thinking: "Supposing I quit Hombrun. What then? Back to the street-construction job? Or supposing I quit golf for a bit and see if Hombrun won't let me work into a real job? . . . No, Hombrun wouldn't. He wants me to be National Amateur champion. He's set his heart on it. They all have—Stewart, the whole bunch here. And I ——"

The girl said, "Well, you'll be leaving for the tournament pretty soon, Steve. Then, I won't see you for a while. How long will it be?"

If he won, Hombrun would want to start on another campaign until the National Amateur show. "Meet the National Open champion, Homer. And sa-ay, ain't this young feller gonna breeze home in the Amateur! Who's got smart dough that says he won't? Hey?"

"It'll be too long, whatever time it is, Joan," he said.

She was a straightforward little girl. "I feel that way, too, Steve," she said.

He kissed her; at first awkwardly, but he improved rapidly with practice.

Just before it was time to go in for the last dance, she remarked, "Just to be polite, you might ask me to wait for you, at least, Steve."

That brought Stevenson Smith to his feet, conscience-stricken.

"Joan," he said, "would you marry me if I turned pro?"

"Turned professional? You mean, gave golf lessons and sold clubs and played for money? Why, Steve, how funny! You're jok——"

"No," said Stevenson Smith, "it isn't funny. It isn't funny, Joan."

But he saw that to her it was. It was grotesque. It was unheard-of. Golf was just a game; you played it like a gentleman. Amateurs are gentlemen.

"Come on, Joan; let's go in," he said.

It was the last speech she could get out of him on either golf or love that evening.

Next day he said to Wesley Hombrun: "I'd like to go to Sunset Hills this week, boss. I want to get used to that course."

"Why, sure, Stevie. Good idea. I'll go along. The rest of the boys are coming up on a special train, Sunday. They've bet their socks on you, my boy."

The thing he meant to say stuck in his throat. He hadn't got himself straightened out.

Besides, the boys had bet their socks. He was in pretty deep. A golf champion doesn't throw it all overboard without a struggle. Nor does a young man who loves a girl want to find himself out in the cold world without a job. Not after he has learned—as he had—that Miss Joan Westerman possessed other admirers.

Well, the boys didn't lose their socks. Stevenson Smith wasn't so hot in the National Open, but it was a show that owned the world's record for blow-ups. Willie Gunther, who won the title in 1922, had a bad nine the first day and was out. Hilary Phelps, another favorite, picked up after a brainstorm on the sand-trapped dog-leg of Number Seventeen two days in succession. The spirit spread, and duffers all over the land chuckled when they read the list of 78's and 84's. Smith kept his card well salted with birdies and was out in front on the final day. But everybody agreed he'd have to do better to stand any chance of beating Jackson McHale in the Amateur show.

The boys from Marling Terrace put on a big jamboree at Sunset Hills after the tournament.

Secretary Stewart made a speech, introducing Wesley Hombrun. Wesley Hombrun made a speech introducing the new Open champion.

Stevenson Smith, who had been sitting in glum silence, got to his feet. All he said was: "Thanks, fellows."

Up in Hombrun's suite, afterward, the millionaire danced a jig and roared:

"Stevie, what's eating on yuh? You're the Open champ of these United States! You're just as good as National Amateur champ right now! What's the matter?"

"The newspapers are right," said the boy. "I'll never beat McHale match play. I'm a medal player."

A wide, shrewd grin spread over Hombrun's fat, red face. He broke into a paunchy guffaw.

"Don't worry about McHale, my boy," said Hombrun. "He ain't gonna play in the Amateur show."

"Why?"

"I've protested him, that's why. I've got the goods on that hypocritical blanketyblank! He'll be disqualified when the committee meets next week."

Stevenson Smith stared. "You protested him? Why? What's he done?"

Hombrun snorted in righteous indignation. "Done? He's been an agent on the Q. T. for a big golf-course-building outfit—Lansom & Company. I've got the goods on him. I can prove he used his standing as an amateur golfer to throw business to his company, and that on one job in Los Angeles he got a commission of eighteen hunderd dollars. Eighteen hunderd dollars! Imagine that!"

The boy continued to stare at Hombrun. He pulled himself erect.

"Listen, Hombrun," he said, his voice harsh; "go ahead and protest McHale. But a lot of good it'll do you! A lot of good! I'm going to withdraw from the Amateur show. And I'm going to tell the newspapers why. I don't need to tell you. You ought to know why."

"Withdraw? Hell's bells ——"

"Don't you know, Hombrun?"

"Stevie, I swear—is it that girl?"

"No," said the boy levelly, "it isn't that girl. I'm withdrawing because I'm not an amateur. I never was an amateur from the day they gave me a membership at Marling Terrace. I wasn't an amateur when you paid me a salary for doing nothing but play golf. I wasn't an amateur when I trouped about the country winning money for you."

It was a national scandal; in golfing circles, at least. But nobody, apparently, gave Stevenson Smith any credit. The newspapers which had run his ghost stories on golf chopped out that part of his confession and sporting editors commented generally that Smith was a cheap sport not to withdraw quietly and forget it. The golfing magazine which paid him an unearned salary as contributing editor said editorially: "It comes with poor grace from Mr. Smith at this late day to blame his own commercialism on the game that gave him a chance to be an exponent of its highest standards."

The board of governors of the Marling Terrace Country Club promptly expelled Smith. Talk in the locker room was most virtuous:

"I suspected what was going on, but it was up to Smith to quit quietly, instead of giving this club a black eye."

(Continued on Page 105)

Shivers Cost Strokes!

EVER notice how you go "off your game" playing the last few holes on a Spring day when the wind is "nippy"? Beat the cold hazard by having a Puritan V Kote handy—ready to banish the shivers! Light in weight—12 smart colors—two roomy pockets to carry golf balls or "smokes"—and fits so comfortably it never hampers your swing! It's the coat of a hundred uses. Puritan Golf Hose—to match—provide a new sense of comfort! At good stores everywhere—write for name of one nearest you.

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(Continued from Page 103)

"Aw, he's a publicity hound."

"What I hate about it is that the general public will see something wrong about all amateurs."

Wesley J. Hombrun had a withering farewell: "All I will say, young man, is: You ain't a gentleman. Good day."

Roscoe Barnes, the pro, dropped around at dead of night to Stevenson Smith's apartment. "It'd cost me my job, kid, if they found out I came here. But I just want to say I think you done right, and every pro in the country would tell you, privately, the same thing. And if you want a job—well, that new course at Oakmoor is about ready. They'll pay five-grand guaranty, anyway, and let you run the golf shop."

The boy was staring at an array of silver cups on the top of his trunk. He grinned rather bitterly.

"Thanks, Ros, but I'm not looking for that sort of job. You might find out for me where I can hock these." He waved a hand to indicate the cups.

"Most of them is just silver plate, kid, but if you're in earnest, I'll send a friend of mine around."

Nobody protested the entrance of Jackson McHale in the National Amateur. He won quite handily for the third successive year.

Stevenson Smith didn't even read the news reports of the tournament. He was too busy hunting a job. As soon as he found one he intended asking Miss Joan Westerman to marry him. He was thus emboldened because all she had said when they met after the biggest scandal that ever shook the golfing world was:

"Well, you're a fine one! Running off that way over a silly game of golf. I got so mad when I heard them talking out at the club, I gave it up for good. I hope you have too."

TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 27)

latter's family had been killed by savages while on a journey ten years before. Shrewd and calculating, he was uneasy as to what claim the girl might have upon her father's former holdings.

"See here," he said to Buckner. "We mout as well git to the bottom of this land matter fust off. Except I've worked brother James' land these last ten years, it would have gone back to bresh and be wuthless now. It do seem that the girl ortn't to feel no claim to ary acre of it. I'm a righteous man and a just one. But it don't seem squar' to me that she should have claim to any of that bottom land ahead of my own issue."

His own issue, ranging from a son and a daughter of something over White Fawn's own age down to an infant in arms, gazed upon this new cousin with varying degrees of curiosity and hostility. The older ones, dulled by oxlike labor without a spice of excitement or amusement to leaven the uninteresting, unremitting toil, stared stolidly. The younger ones, from whom all spontaneity had not yet been crushed, were shyly friendly.

"Claim or not," Buckner said shortly, "she will not exercise it. She will be guided by what I say in the matter. Consider the land yours for taking her in and treating her well until I come to take her away."

"You take her away?" the woman queried suspiciously. "Well, I couldn't say as we'd let ye. From what Major Donner says, ye're a wild and wasteful man, with a heathenish disregard for all proper Christian authority."

"If he deems himself and his pompous officiousness the pillars of proper Christian authority, then there can be no doubt as to my disregard of it," Buckner declared coldly. "But what has Donner to do with it?"

"Nawthing much, exceptin' that he's a godly man and wouldn't speak ill of ary man without jest cause and provocation," the woman said.

"But even Donner might make mistakes," Lander hastily interposed. "This man seems just and squar', considering the reasonable view he takes as to the girl not having no just claim to James' land."

It was evident that he feared to anger Buckner lest he should reverse his decision. Haughty and arrogant he seemed to be, instead of becomingly pious and conforming; so one could not easily predict how he would act. And they had it from Donner that he was fierce, even savage, and averse to all regulated authority.

"Very well," said Buckner. "We will leave it that way. The land is yours for providing a temporary home for White Fawn until I can come for her. And come for her I shall, whether with your permission or without it."

White Fawn's eyes flashed with loving pride at this declaration. When he had asked her to go with him from among the Shawnees, she had thought of nothing else than that she was to go to his lodge as his wife, according to Indian custom. Then, upon discovering that she was to be left among these strangers, who, she gathered, were her relatives and under whose authority she would henceforth remain, she had been sadly bewildered. But now his purpose was clear. Then another thought roused her apprehension.

Tonk-a-naw, her Shawnee father's brother, had succeeded that father as head of the lodge upon her parent's death. Tonk-a-naw had been considering the price that the redcoat, Kemper, had offered for White Fawn. She understood that Lander, the brother of her dead white father, was now the head of her lodge among the whites, as Tonk-a-naw had been among the Shawnees. Individual ownership of land was of no value to an Indian, hence never included in offers made by aspiring husbands to the head of a lodge for the purchase of a wife. But she had learned that the reverse was true among the whites—that land was their most-prized possession. The substance of the conversation regarding the land in question, she interpreted from the Shawnee point of view, and was vaguely troubled by the hesitancy of her aunt. The woman, she believed, was insisting that Buckner pay a greater price.

"Is it, then, that the present head of my lodge refuses the price Talk-with-birds offers for White Fawn?" she inquired of Buckner in the Shawnee tongue. "And can you not pay the price that they demand?"

Buckner's eyes lighted with swift amusement as he divined her interpretation of the conversation, then deepened with sudden tenderness as he grasped the inner significance of her words. For years he had been so occupied with war as to have given no thought to taking a woman to wife. On the whole, having observed the restrictions that such family ties saddled upon a man, the idea had been vaguely distasteful to him as a probable drag upon the freedom of his actions. Yet marriage had not served to operate that way among the red men. White Fawn would understand that a man must wander where hunting, war and other pursuits of men chanced to call him. There had always been a deep bond between them. It came to him now, for the first time, that perhaps his former disinclination to contract a civilized marriage had been occasioned, without his being actively conscious of it, by some hidden knowledge that White Fawn was his predestined mate. Gazing now upon her loveliness and the rapt affection in the pansy-blue eyes that looked into his own, he knew it. What other course ever had been open to him? The knowledge came to him with something of a shock. She had been his, wholly and unreservedly, since that first day when he had allayed the fears of a tiny white captive. Always she had known that she belonged to him. And he, too, had belonged to her from that first day, but he had had no active consciousness of the fact. But he was conscious of it now.

"The price will be ample. No price would be too great to pay to the head of White Fawn's lodge, so that she may come to the lodge of Talk-with-birds as his woman," he said in the Shawnee tongue. "These matters are arranged differently among the Long-knives and they think more of what the man has to offer the bride of his choice than of his offering of a high price to the head of her lodge. Always the thought of White Fawn will warm my heart to life, as the rays of the sun stir to life the roots of the corn so that its grains may ripen to seed. . . . But I go now to the fighting."

"Go, loved one," she said. "But if you do not return, the heart of White Fawn will shrivel and turn hard as a grain of corn, picked while in the milk, shrivels when dried in the sun without having ripened to seed."

VII

THE flatboat glided smoothly down the broad bosom of the Ohio.

"Work her over a bit more to the left," Buckner ordered. Two brawny black men tugged at the great oars that were mounted on the bulwarks, one at either side, while a third slave manned the after sweep. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the great boat edged closer to the left-hand shore.

"Enough! Steady her! Don't let her get into slack water!" Buckner said.

Lucia Harper, sister of his uncle's wife, turned mischievous eyes up to him.

"Are you afraid that the very air of that northern shore will poison us?" she demanded. "And I had pictured you as so bold and fearless," she mildly scoffed. "Instead, I find you cautious to an amazing degree."

He nodded, smiling down at her. They gazed at the age-old forest that decked the Ohio shore. Save for the usual flights and voices of birds, there was no sign of life. The forest floor beneath those ranks of mighty trees seemed but peaceful dells that had never known the tread of human feet. But Buckner knew that deadly menace lurked there—deadly still, after months of incessant warfare.

His uncle's wife, Becky, joined them and rested her hand on his arm.

"Your eyes always rest on the wilderness shore, never on the Kentucky side," she chided. "Does your heart, then, so yearn for the wilderness that you cannot even turn your gaze on the settlement side? Myself, I find the Kentucky shore lovely—the site of our future home, the new Virginia."

"It is not only the wilderness shore but the Indian shore," he said, indicating the Ohio side with a nod. "I have no desire to let the boat drift into slack water under that bank, and within easy musket range of lurking savages. And you'll find that there is more wilderness than settlements—a hundred to one—even in Kentucky."

"Soon there will be peace, as the Indians come to understand us," Lucia predicted. "Then there will be quiet homes over there where all is now wilderness."

"The Indians understand us all too well now," Buckner said. "Peace will be only temporary, for the very reason that you mention. A single year of peace will induce white men to attempt to settle on the Ohio side in violation of all treaties. Then the savages will rise again and go on the warpath, knowing that if they do not they will be driven from the Ohio as already they have been driven westward beyond it."

"Then what will be the end of it all?" Lucia wanted to know.

"The end of the Indian," Buckner prophesied. "The Indian will fight to the last to retain a part of his lands, and as long as he retains a square foot of land that the whites can take from him, they will never rest satisfied until it is taken."

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HATS for MEN

THE Knapp-Felt Gedney lends authority to the perennial popularity of the snap brim hat. The turned-down effect is not compulsory, however. It looks well either way.

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"There is a note of sadness in your voice as you prophesy the fate of the red men at the hands of the white," Lucia chided him gayly. "I believe you like them better than you do your own race."

"I have fought on the side of my race," he said a bit coldly.

It was that occasional cold aloofness that piqued the girl. She was accustomed to the charmingly obsequious suitors who, on the surface at least, deferred to her point of view in all matters. She could not know that Buckner's heart was back in a little backwash settlement in Pennsylvania where the girl White Fawn dwelt among harshly righteous people from whom he was anxious to take her. He was all impatience for this journey to end so that he might be free to go to her.

"I know you have fought on the side of your race," she conceded.

"But my sympathy goes out to the Indians as a vanishing people," he said. "Already the more intelligent among them realize the inevitable end. There is a calm despair among them, and they fight only to delay the finish. Too proud to become the despised and landless vassals of a conquering race, they prefer to die. And as for liking them, they have many good traits."

At this point a settler named Harmon, who had lost his land in the boundary dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia and who was going to Kentucky to seek out new holdings, came up to make some inquiry of Gilpin, who had been standing behind them.

Buckner turned to look back at the three flatboats that followed, strung out for half a mile in the current of the Ohio. The leading boat, on which he stood, carried his uncle's family, Lucia Harper, three black male slaves and two female servants, together with Harmon, Gilpin and half a dozen young Virginians who desired to become members of the Buckner colony and to take up land adjacent to that which the elder Buckner would file on under his warrants.

The Buckner household effects also were stored on the leading boat, together with several wagons. The next two boats, loaded with livestock, were manned by additional slaves and by a dozen settlers who, like Harmon, had lost title to their lands through boundary disputes and were heading west to take up new land. It had been at Buckner's suggestion that those men, accustomed to the rough life of the border, had been selected as members of his uncle's colony in preference to choosing the entire personnel from among young Virginia blades of no frontier experience. The rear boat contained the families and household effects of such of the settlers as had not elected to leave their families behind until such time as quarters and defenses could be erected on the new holdings. The two Hernes rode that rear boat with the settlers.

After assuring himself that all was well with the following boats, Buckner's gaze returned to the Ohio shore and ranged ahead. Boats now came down the Ohio almost daily, and the savages, lurking along the wilderness shore, took heavy toll. They would scarcely set off in their frail bark canoes to attack such a strongly manned flotilla as this one, from which the whites could fire upon them from behind bulwarks. But it was inconceivable that they would make no attempt whatever to take such a valuable prize.

"Your precious savages haven't discovered us yet," Lucia Harper said brightly.

Gilpin, the occasional bawling of cattle and squealing of pigs reaching his ears from the boats behind, allowed his eyes to inspect the film of smoke that ascended from the four cook fires of the boats, then turned a quizzical gaze upon her.

"No doubt thar's a few braves among the allied tribes of the Ohio that ain't yet larned of this expedition," he commented dryly.

Buckner, gazing far ahead, said suddenly to Gilpin, "Drop back to the cattle boats. Don't let them put in toward the shore."

Following the direction of Buckner's gaze, the woodsman nodded and entered a skiff, which he paddled against the current so that the cattle boats would overtake him. The women saw two white men run along an open space on the Ohio shore a few hundred yards ahead of the boat. They signaled its occupants to head in toward them.

"What is it?" Buckner called as the boat drew almost abreast of the men.

The voice of one of the distant figures drifted faintly back to them, declaring that they had been captured by savages and had escaped; that their pursuers were close behind and would recapture them and put them to death unless the boats came to their rescue.

"Oh, hurry!" Lucia breathed at Buckner's side. "Hurry to them!"

Buckner shook his head.

"Do you mean that you will let the savages take them?" the young woman demanded. "That would be the trick of a coward!"

The elder Buckner joined them. "They need assistance," he said. "Do you mean you will not put in for them?"

"It is a hundred to one that they are decoys sent out by the savages to lure us ashore," Buckner said.

"I cannot take the chance of leaving two unfortunates of my own race at the mercy of savages!" the elder man declared in great agitation. He turned and shouted an order to the slaves to head the boat for the Ohio shore. The group of young Virginians seized their rifles and manned the bulwarks.

"Hold the boat as she is!" Buckner roared to the blacks, countermanding his uncle's orders.

The Virginians had been under arms throughout the Revolution. Fearless and of high temper, it was unthinkable that they should hold to their course rather than face possible danger to rescue two of their own race from death.

"I am in command of this expedition!" Buckner coldly informed them. Then, to the blacks: "Hold the boat on her course!"

The two men were now running abreast of the boat and making frenzied appeals to be taken on board.

"Take off your caps!" Buckner shouted.

They pretended not to hear until he roared a repetition. Then they whipped off their coonskin caps. Their heads were shaved, save for scalp locks. They seemed to divine that there was some woodsman aboard who knew savage customs.

"The savages didn't shave our heads!" one's voice came faintly. "We're woodsmen and we wear it that way!"

"Then swim off to the boats!" Buckner called back.

"We can't swim!" one man shouted. "Don't leave us to be killed by the reds!"

They were dropping back now, making their frenzied appeals to the occupants of the first cattle boat, which Gilpin already had boarded. Buckner calmly disregarded the anxious pleas and reproaches of his passengers. The elder Buckner declared such base desertion was a stain on his honor. The fiery young Virginians would have been unrestrainedly mutinous except for the fact that they felt assured that the hardy settlers on the two cattle boats would put ashore for the fugitives. The two women accused Buckner of being a feelingless monster.

"The other boats will put in for them," Lucia declared.

"Not if Gilpin and the two Hernes have their say in the matter," Buckner predicted.

It was only when the last boat had passed the two men that Lucia, looking back at the two distant figures abandoned there on the shore, burst into tears and a storm of reproaches. The Virginians were openly scornful. The elder Buckner, having vast confidence in his nephew's knowledge of the savages and the ways of the wilderness, was distressed nevertheless. Gilpin was dropping downstream again in the skiff to reboard the lead boat.

"Quit carrying on!" Harmon, the settler, advised the passengers. "Buckner knows what he's at."

"I don't see how he could be certain that they were not fugitives," one of the Virginians, Captain Farris, asserted. "Personally I'm sure that they were."

"Personally you'll sacrifice your scalp to no purpose if you rely on your own scatterbrained jedgment, instead of heeding them as knows wilderness ways," Gilpin said as he boarded the boat.

"Now," Buckner said to Farris, "I will take you aside and inform you how I knew. Gilpin will take another of you, and Harmon a third. With no words between us as to why I chose not to stop, each of us will tell one of your number exactly why the whole thing was as clearly a trap in his estimation as a printed page would be clear to you."

Farris followed him to the far side of the boat.

"Those men's heads were shaved save for scalp locks. The Indians of the Ohio absolutely never shave the head of a captive unless it is the intent to adopt him. In which case, they were in no danger at the hands of the savages. When they discovered that I knew [illegible] custom, they proclaimed themselves [illegible]oodsmen who wore their hair that way from choice, which would be natural enough—except that they pretended that they could not swim to the boats. There's not a woodsman the length of the frontier but who could swim the Ohio without giving much thought to it. There are scores of whites that have become naturalized Indians. Every tribe has them in plenty. It is regular custom for them to attempt to lure flatboaters ashore. They were dressed as whites for the occasion, and the forest behind them was swarming with braves."

He turned and walked back to the others. The young Virginians compared notes and found that the diagnoses of the three woodsmen had been identical.

"Reading all such signs is everyday habit with us as a matter of necessity," Gilpin explained. "A common ruse of the redskins, that is, and one you'll see more of, beyant doubt, before the journey is ended."

The boats glided on down the placid face of the Ohio. Once a party of woodsmen hailed them from the Kentucky shore and called out a warning against touching on the Ohio side to take off fugitives. The lazy afternoon sun beat down. The negroes began to voice soft singsong chants, through the chords of which were woven the unconscious melancholy of their race. The elder Buckner was for quieting them, lest their voices apprise the savages of their whereabouts.

"Let them sing," Buckner said. "The savages don't need that to inform them. They have eyes and scouts posted the length of the Ohio on the lookout for flatboats. They have us under observation every moment."

Night fell again and enveloped them in steel-blue obscurity, shut in by the velvet black walls of the flanking forests. The woodsmen were on the alert for the stealthy dip of paddles that would presage a night attack by war canoes. A red illumination revealed a savage camp on the Ohio shore. Figures moved about, pygmy forms at the foot of the giant trees, and frenzied voices drifted in a raucous hum to the boatmen.

"A drinking spree," Buckner said. "They've captured some boat or have secured rum from some trader."

The savages shrieked imprecations as the boats passed. From below the fire the black wall of the forest was punctuated here and there by crimson flashes, followed by heavy reports as drunken savages fired their muskets. Spent balls chugged into the river with hollow impacts. Presently the moon rose and transformed the river into a pathway of uneasy silver, down which they glided toward the promised land.

Shortly after breakfast, Farris and another of the Virginians took a skiff and dropped back to the cattle boats. Perhaps two hours later, a wild shriek sounded from the forest and drew all eyes in the lead boat to the Ohio shore. A white woman, stripped bare and followed by a girl of about seven years of age, equally denuded of clothing, ran frenziedly along the shore, holding out her arms in supplication to the occupants of the boat. She cast fearful glances behind her as she ran.

Again there was a clamor from the occupants of the boat for a rescue.

"Hold fast!" Buckner ordered. "It is a shallower ruse than the last. Notice how dark the body of the child is, except round the hips? She's been living much in the sun, with nothing on but a breech clout. The skin of the woman, of course, is white throughout, because she's been clothed in buckskins, as are all squaws. Their cries are unintelligible, you'll notice. They have been so long with the savages as to have forgotten their own tongue, otherwise they'd call out to us in English."

Then they should be rescued in any event and returned to their own race, the Virginians hotly insisted. At that juncture a hail from the cattle boat just behind drew all eyes to the rear. Farris and his companion, despite Gilpin's shouted orders to return, had put off in a skiff and were pulling swiftly toward the Ohio shore.

"Some are not too fearful to attempt a rescue," Lucia Harper said proudly. Her eyes danced with excitement as the boat neared the shore. Then she gave a stifled bleat of horror as a frightful cry rose from the forest and a dozen painted savages swarmed forth and seized Farris and his fellow Virginian. Her horrified gaze beheld Farris struggling in the grip of brawny arms while other savages cut down his companion with their tomahawks and tore off his scalp. One of them waved the bloody trophy vindictively at the boats. Others led the captive Farris to the water's edge.

The girl was sick with terror, her face blanched white.

"Will you go to his rescue?" she demanded faintly of Buckner.

"Can't be done," he answered shortly. "That is why they hold him there for us to see. There's a hundred more back in the forest, hoping that we will attempt a rescue."

Before she could reply, Farris' voice came to their ears in a sudden hail:

"Keep off! There's hundreds more in the woods. Th——"

His utterance was cut short as a warrior who understood English struck him sharply across the mouth.

Knowing that their plans had failed, a hundred or more painted warriors leaped from concealment and brandished their tomahawks at the boats to the accompaniment of hideous war whoops. The luckless Farris was led back out of sight by two braves. The whole face of the forest was swarming with savages. A smaller group appeared abreast of the leading boat.

"There are white men among them!" one of the Virginians exclaimed.

Buckner nodded.

"Renegades," he said. "No doubt my old friends Benoit and Kemper are there among them. They have been very active in leading the Indians in flatboat outrages of late."

A voice rose from among this latter group: "Missed you this time, Buckner, but we'll have you tied to a stake before long! I've promised five hundred pounds' reward to the warrior that brings me your scalp!"

"The redskins know that the one who violates all promises to those of his own race would never keep one made to them!" Buckner shouted back. Then he lifted his voice in Shawnee, and the yelling savages ceased their clamor to catch his words as the familiar language reached their ears. "Warriors, it is known to you that the British took off Kemper's red coat because a false black heart beat beneath it! Their ears are deaf when he speaks, because his tongue is forked and his words are wind! The voice of the bullfrog who hides in the slime is as loud as that of the bear, but

(Continued on Page 111)

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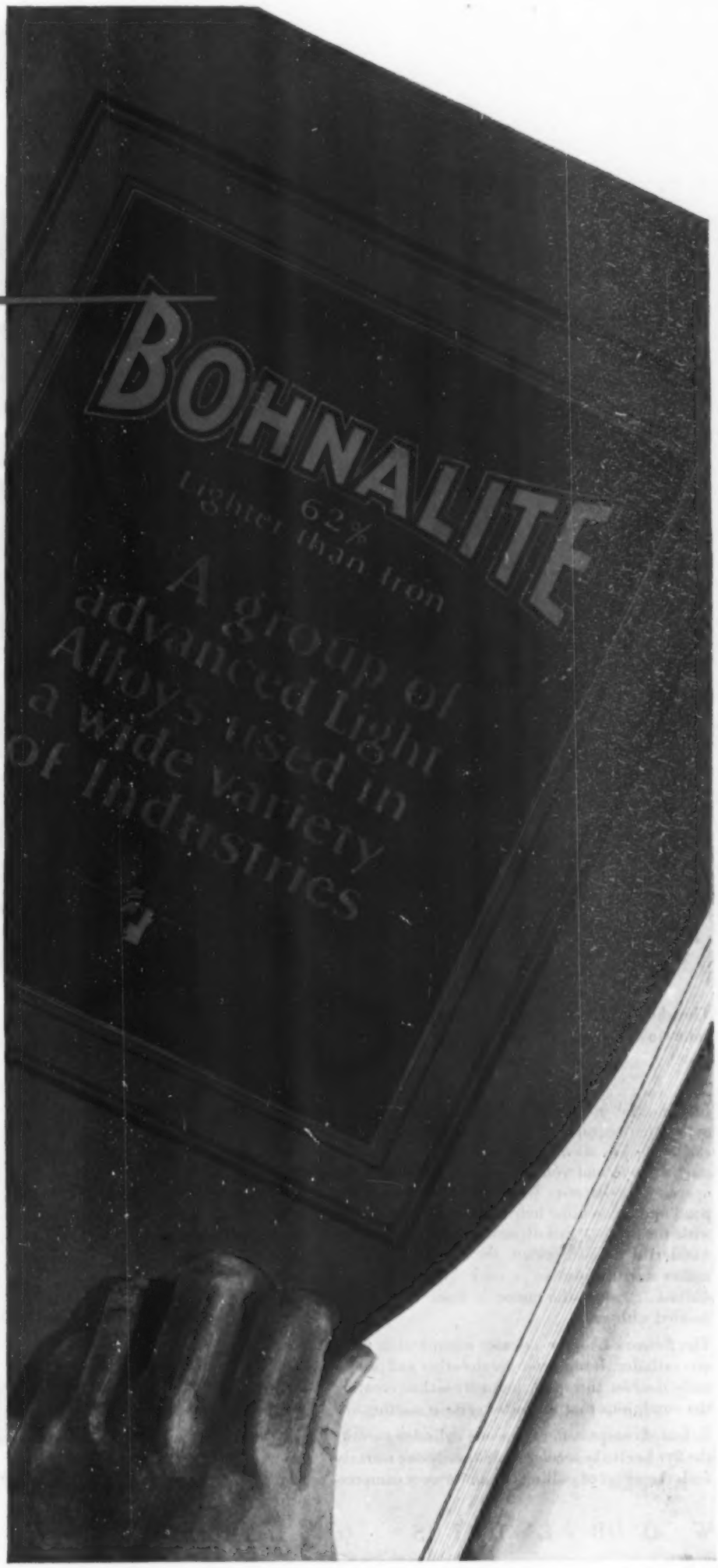

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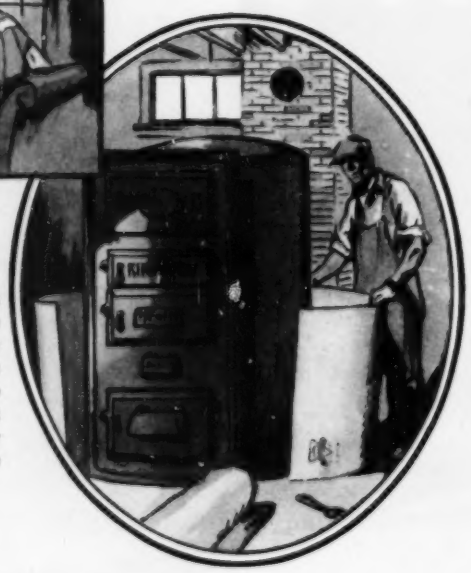

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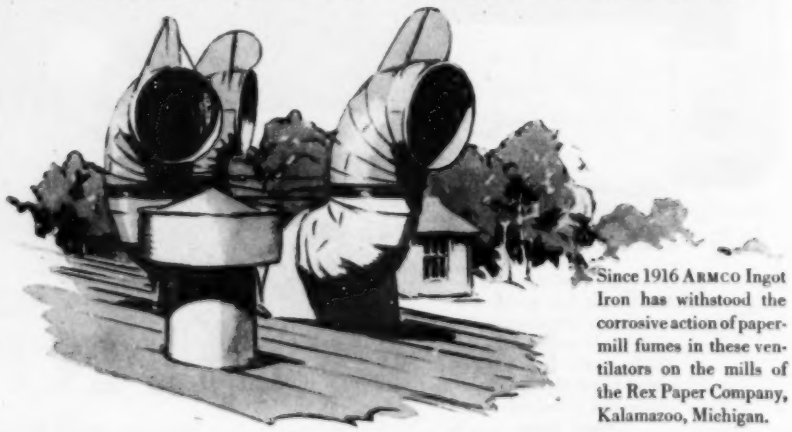

Since 1916 ARMCO Ingot Iron has withstood the corrosive action of paper-mill fumes in these ventilators on the mills of the Rex Paper Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

THE ARMCO INGOT IRON SHOPS

(Continued from Page 106)

who of us trembles when the bullfrog roars from his mudhole? Any among you who can take Buckner's scalp is welcome! But I counsel you to sell it for a charge of powder or a drink of rum to the first honest man that covets it, for Kemper's promise of much gold is worth less than either!"

Kemper's voice came back faintly in horrible blasphemy. The girl, pale and terror-ridden, widened her eyes in surprise as a grim smile wreathed Buckner's face in realization of a poisonous shaft driven home in the heart of his enemy. An hour later she came back to him.

"Captain Farris raised his voice to warn us, even at cost of his life," she said.

"The British may ransom him. They always have bought such condemned captives as they could from the savages. After all, there are not many among them as bloody-minded as Hamilton was. Even when the hair buyer was offering a price for settlers' scalps and nothing for prisoners, British officers and traders bought the life of many a captive and exchanged or paroled him back to the colonists. I'm hoping they will do that for Farris."

"He was so brave, standing there alone," the girl choked.

"There is no fear in Farris," Buckner said. "Virginians, in fact, are too recklessly brave, rather than too cautious. That was the chief reason why I insisted upon more border settlers schooled in the ways of the frontier, than men of Captain Farris' type, for the new colony. Such men as Farris are overapt to sacrifice their lives to no purpose through some chivalrous impulse. That won't do in a border settlement. It would leave all the women and children at the mercy of the redskins. Backwoods settlers are preferable for that reason."

Captain Farris had been a favorite among the young Virginians of the expedition. The loss of the gallant Revolutionary officer and his companion had dampened the spirits of the others. Some time later one of them approached Buckner.

"I hear that the Hernes' brother is a renegade among the savages," he said.

"Not a renegade, though among them," Buckner corrected. "There are men of white blood, though indistinguishable from the savages, in many a war party. The Indian towns are full of them. They were captured when young and know nothing else than the life of the redskins. They are naturalized Indians, not renegades."

"Yet you named those whites back there renegades," the man said.

"Because they have deserted to the savages from choice, to plunder against those of their own race," Buckner explained. "William Herne is as true a Shawnee as any that was born in their lodges. During peacetimes he is my friend. Benoit and Kemper are monsters, and during wartimes or peace their throats will know the feel of my knife if ever I am granted opportunity to slit them."

Lucia Harper, overhearing this assertion as she drew near, shuddered slightly.

"I see your point," the Virginian said. "And it is rightly taken. But Kemper led the Indians as a British officer, as did many another. Do you term them all renegades?"

"No. I took Kemper's parole as if he had been leading white troops against us. He violated it and pillaged in Kentucky. At my solicitation, Patrick Henry and General Washington so represented the matter to the British, demanding that Kemper be dismissed from the army or that ten paroled colonial officers be given a return of their word of honor and permitted to resume arms against England. The British cashiered Kemper out of the army and he joined the savages from choice. He likes nothing better than to rip off the scalps of settlers that fall by his hand. Naturally he bears me no love."

Lucia Harper, still sick at heart from the savage scene that she had witnessed a few hours before, and with Buckner's cool assertion that he would some day open the throats of Kemper and Benoit with his knife, gazed at him in an effort to fathom his nature. She had had no experience with the men of the border, implacably iron-hard in spirit as they were tireless of body.

"I hear that you have done some scalping yourself," she said.

He looked down at her without smiling, endeavoring to divine the motive back of her words.

"Many scalps I have lifted," he said, "but I have always felt a repugnance against stripping the hair from a white man. British I have killed but have yet the first one to scalp. I would gladly shoot Kemper's black heart out or bury my knife in his throat, but I'd leave him there for the wolves with his hair still on his head."

"I can't see that one is not so bloody and repulsive as the other," she said.

"Then I cannot make you see it," he said. "My ways and views displease you." He was turning away to put an end to the discussion, when she detained him with a hand on his arm.

"It is only because of my interest in you, Rodney," she said, "that I try to temper some of your hardness."

He had no way of knowing that it was his primitive male hardness and strength that appealed to the spark of the primitive female buried deep beneath the civilized layers of the woman before him. But he did know that the civilized nature of her would never be content to do aught but strive to make him over into a male pattern of her civilized self. It was the way of all sheltered women to weaken the fiber of the male by demands that made him ever more pliable to their wishes, until he was ruled by their softness. His thoughts leaped back to White Fawn, who would love him unto death as he stood, without trying to change him. A primitive woman loved a man for what he was, a civilized woman for what changes she could make in him. And he caught a look in the eyes that were upturned to his own that warned him that this woman, too, desired him. All the wild, fierce unrestraint under which his life had been spent rose in instant rebellion against the silken tendrils with which she would fetter him. For a second his spirit writhed as a fierce warrior hornet might writhe upon finding itself enmeshed in the invisible web of a spider, and as fiercely he freed himself of it.

Excusing himself, he dropped back to the first cattle boat in a skiff and sent Gilpin up to take charge of the lead boat. His impatience to end this journey and return for White Fawn increased as he stood gazing at the black line of the wilderness shore during the night.

Eventually two buckskin-clad figures put off in a canoe from the Kentucky shore. Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, the first and second citizens in importance in Kentucky, boarded the leading boat at the point formerly agreed upon with Buckner. They were to aid in locating the new colony.

"No better land anywhar than that choosed by Rod," Boone told the elder Buckner. "It'll make you as fine an estate as ever Great Oaks did."

"Better, I say," affirmed Kenton, a Virginian himself. "Kentucky is the cream of the world, with wild honey throwed in for good measure."

This pair—the heroes of every settler in the whole of Kentucky—accompanied the boats to where a landing was effected at a point farther west than any present settlement. The household effects of the Buckners were loaded into the wagons, a score of horses packed with surplus equipment. Boone, Kenton and Buckner led the way, followed by the wagons, upon which rode the women and children of the settlers; then by the livestock herded by mounted men, with a body of settlers and woodsmen bringing up the rear. The leaders headed toward the interior valley chosen by Buckner as the site of the colony.

They traveled through virgin wilderness, the forested stretches giving way on occasion to open meadowlands carpeted with knee-deep grass and clover. Game abounded on every side. All were elated at having reached the land of their hopes, to find those hopes doubly realized. The best of Virginia could be no fairer than this new region.

Here and there a tree was cut to afford wagon space where the young growth was thick. A few fords were negotiated with difficulty, but in the main the route afforded fair travel for wagons. Just before nightfall, Boone and Buckner went ahead and shot two buffaloes near the point where the overnight camp was to be made. One of the settlers killed an elk, another two deer. One of two trusted slaves, armed in case of possible attack by the savages, strayed a few yards into the timber, fired his rifle and returned holding a fat turkey, his teeth flashing in a white grin from the ebony black of his face.

"Dis hyar's a fine lan' we all have come to, Marse Buckner," he declared. "She's jus' lak Va'ginny."

Round noon of the third day they came out upon a low wooded ridge, and a wide bottom land opened out before them. Here Buckner had laid out the boundaries of the five thousand acres to be covered by his uncle's warrants. A sparkling creek traversed the property, which extended from ridge to ridge across the wide valley, including a generous slice of the great meadow. Buckner led his uncle and the two ladies to a point of timber that thrust its nose out into the grasslands. The timbered ground was slightly higher and the creek curled round it. The trees were mighty oaks, some of them centuries old.

"Great Oaks the Second," Buckner said.

The elder man could not answer for the lump in his throat, but he took Buckner's hand in a grip that spoke volumes.

"Some of the finest land in all Kentucky," Boone declared.

Already the horses and cattle were grazing eagerly in one of the finest stretches of pasture land in the world.

"Truly, it is the land of milk and honey, as all Kentuckians have claimed," Colonel Buckner said, controlling his voice at last. "The new Virginia! I hereby dedicate myself to the new Virginia in the future as I have been loyal to old Virginia in the past."

After the custom of the times he called upon all present to bare their heads and give thanks to the Almighty for having blessed this fair region and led them to it.

Boone and Kenton, the two rugged woodsmen, warmed with pride at this unstinted praise of the country they had fathered. Long before the first cabin had been erected in the broad expanse of Kentucky, both of these men had roamed its fields and forests, hunting the wild beasts and in turn being hunted as wild beasts by the savages whose ancestral lands they had invaded. Each had known a hundred sanguinary encounters with the red men. Each had been captured by savages; and once Boone had been shaved and adopted by them, so great was their admiration for this chief of the fighting woodsmen. Six times Kenton had been put to the ordeal of running the gantlet in Indian towns of the Ohio wilderness. Once he had been stripped and lashed to the back of a wild horse, which then had been chased through the brush for two days by the Indians. Twice he had been condemned to the stake. On the first occasion, Simon Girty, the white Indian, an adopted Wyandotte and the dreaded scourge of the border, had returned to the Indian town of Wappatimica with seven captive women and children, and seven fresh scalps. He had pointed to this evidence that for years his hands had been red with settlers' blood in order to strengthen his plea that Kenton was too great a man to die at the stake. Reprieved, and again condemned to die later in another Indian town, the great Mingo chief, Logan, whose family had been slain treacherously by Daniel Greathouse and his men, had exerted his prestige and eloquence to save Kenton. A British trader had once ransomed him. On each occasion, both Boone and Kenton had returned to lead the woodsmen of Kentucky against the savages and to locate new settlers on its fertile lands. Their work was by no means

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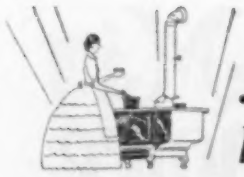

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ended, but already they had devoted their very souls to it for so long that when men gave praise to Kentucky it warmed their hearts as if someone had lavished praise upon some favorite child.

The settlers and the four remaining young Virginians drew lots for choice of locating upon smaller tracts of adjacent lands. Some were to take land by warrant, some by purchase, most of them by filing tomahawk rights.

Buckner pointed out a crystal spring which he had chosen as the site of the first building to be erected. This was to be a large blockhouse with the walled-in spring in one corner of it. When finished, the Buckners were to take up quarters in it during the completion of the stockade wall, with a smaller blockhouse at each corner, which would inclose a tract of meadow land a hundred yards each way, with the spring rill running through it. All hands were to headquarter within those walls thereafter until each settler could erect his individual buildings upon his own land.

That night they sat round blazing fires and roasted buffalo and elk meat while some of the woodsmen, with native caution, prowled the adjacent wilderness to guard against possible surprise attacks. At dawn the next morning a sound never before heard in that region shattered the primeval silence—the ringing strokes of many axes and the crash of falling trees, the voices of settlers and black men lifted in command to horses and plodding oxen as they dragged the logs to the blockhouse site.

On the evening of the fourth day three wild figures rode up to the encampment. Two of them, upon dismounting, threw aside blankets and coonskin caps to stand forth in the sunshine clad only in breech clout, leggings and moccasins, their heads shaven except for scalp locks. They were Vrain and Curtis, two of Buckner's former rangers. The third was Gen. George Rogers Clark, another far-famed Kentuckian, the hero of the conquest of Illinois, whose name had been upon the lips of every military commander in the world. That the United States Government had been unable to send reënforcements, supplies or even powder and ball to retain the conquered territory, thus necessitating its abandonment, detracted not a bit from the brilliance of Clark's almost incredible achievement. To reconquer a part of the lands that he had been forced to abandon after his conquest with a band of a few hundred woodsmen, was to require another fifteen years, many disastrous campaigns with resulting losses treble the number of Clark's entire command, a gradual consolidation of the country and a final campaign of an army of five thousand men. It was destined to be thirty years after its abandonment by Clark before Tippecanoe Harrison would defeat the combined forces of the British and the great war chief Tecumseh and reclaim all of Illinois.

Clark was but little older than Buckner, but already the mark of dawning melancholy had descended upon the spirit of this great border general as he foresaw the undoing of his master stroke; the same melancholy that marked the great Indian chieftains as they foresaw that what Clark had accomplished in the past would be reaccomplished in the not distant future, and with irrevocable thoroughness.

Something of this same mild depression of spirit descended upon Buckner as he surveyed the busy scene. He had viewed this loveliest of all valleys first when the feet of no white man, not even those of Boone and Kenton, had left their tracks upon it. He had visited it once, long ago, when out with a hunting party of Shawnees. Kill-cat and Gray Wolf had told him that not even an Indian lodge would be erected there, as these lands had been reserved for the mutual hunting grounds of the Cherokees of the south and the allied tribes of the Ohio. It was true that no Indian lodge had been erected there, but now more than a score of land filings had been made and within the month a fort and two dozen cabins would mark its loveliness as the site of a flourishing and growing settlement. The next man who came, red or white, would not be free to roam at will and bivouac of nights wherever fancy dictated. Within a few short years the buffalo, the elk, the bear, the deer and the turkey, roaming here now in unbelievable abundance, would be but a memory, having been shot down to provide meat and hides for the toiling settlers. That prospect, inspiring those of the working throng to happy laughter and rough badinage as they visualized the peaceful civilization of the near future, somehow failed to bring joy to the heart of Buckner. Instead, he was looking back upon the past, reviewing the scene as he had first looked upon it in company with Kill-cat, Gray Wolf and others of the Shawnee hunting party. He stood there with Boone, Kenton and Clark, each man silent and occupied with his own thoughts as he surveyed the joyous scene.

A man with a long rifle stepped from the timber's edge a musket shot away and peered about him. Then he signaled to those behind him, and a dozen cows and horses, each packed with some sort of equipment, were herded from the forest into the open meadow by several half-wild children. A tall, rangy pioneer woman brought up the rear, an ax in one hand, a baby strapped papoose fashion upon her back. This settler family had braved the Ohio alone on a self-constructed flatboat; then had picked up the trail of the Buckner party with the intention of taking up land and so availing themselves of the protection of the neighboring colony. Aside from the few cows and horses, they had what they wore upon their backs, a rifle, an ax, two tomahawks, a small supply of powder and lead, a bullet mold, a very few cooking utensils, a few quilts and a number of skins to serve as bedding, and a vast amount of courage and high optimism.

"Who is chief yere?" the man demanded, striding to the unfinished blockhouse.

"I am," Colonel Buckner stated.

"We aim to settle. I'd like to bargain for a pair of pigs, come yore next litters," he said, "and maybe three-four young hens and a cock. Mine died on the way. I'll work it out, many days as you think right, before I start my own work. What say?"

"Certainly," Colonel Buckner agreed. "It will be some little time before I can let you have them. But I'll have another flatboat load of livestock, poultry and furniture coming down river as soon as we are prepared for them."

"Whenever you can spare 'em," the man acquiesced. He turned to the woman. "Make camp," he instructed. He handed the rifle to a tousle-headed lad of twelve. "Go git some meat," he ordered. Then, to Colonel Buckner, "I'll need half a day off tomorrow, I reckon, to select and tomahawk out my land."

The colonel nodded agreement. The woman and children were preparing to construct a shelter of poles and bark some distance away in the timber. The man picked up his ax and peeled off his jacket.

"Is thar a lick hereabouts?" he asked.

"I understand there is, a few miles down the creek," the colonel said.

"I'd like to bargain later to make salt for you, in swap for a pair of ducks whenever you can spare 'em, or the woman could bile down some sugar for yo'-all. Thar's a fine maple orchard a piece north into the Injun country and we figure to slip up thar and draw off sap sometime. The kids set a heap o' store by maple b'ilings. The woman's a great hand to make soap too. We got everything we need, except we're a mite shy on stock and poultry."

"We will arrange it some way so that you get a start in pigs and poultry. Sheep, too, later," the colonel promised.

The man slapped his thigh with a resounding pop in token of his satisfaction, shouldered his ax and strode off to join the loggers in the forest.

"All hell can't hold back such frontier settlers as that man from pushing on into the wilderness to take up land," Clark said.

"It takes border men to conquer each strip of wilderness and prepare the way—men of that fellow's type—to settle it up later and hang on with the tenacity of a bulldog. You, Boone and Kenton, may well be proud to have led the borderers into Kentucky to claim it for the settlers that are following to make homes. I led the borderers into Illinois, but lost it again; and it will be after my day when settlers make their homes there as they do now in Kentucky."

Buckner, too, knew a lofty pride in this new race of men who were advancing the far frontiers of a new nation, such as that family that had just arrived to hew out a home despite all obstacles.

He felt a warm satisfaction in knowing that the man and woman had attained their hearts' desire at last—a piece of land on which they could take root and call it home; to which they could point and say, "That is ours. We won it from the wilderness."

But though he experienced warm sympathy for such desires in others, the urge to secure land and remain upon it permanently himself seemed atrophied. His was a detached interest, selfless in so far as gaining land for himself was concerned. Instead his interest had been broader—the desire to conquer much land for his people as a whole, rather than to conquer a small section of it for himself alone.

"It must be the Injun in me," he reflected. "The redskin chief goes to war to take territory from neighboring tribes and conquer it for the use of his people as a whole, not to claim a lodge site of his own."

Clark stood peering off to the West, and spoke as if prophetically.

"We four are border men, the advance guards of civilization. For as long as there is a frontier, there will be the border fringe of woodsmen far beyond it, while the settlers follow along behind. For as long as there is a frontier, there will be need for men of our breed. But when the civilization for which we have fought overtakes us, we find ourselves out of step with it."

Colonel Buckner hastened up to the four men. The arrival of the settler family had recalled a matter which, in the general activity, had slipped his mind.

"If settlers keep arriving—which it is to be hoped they will—all the land of the valley and for miles beyond it will be taken," he said. "And you have not made your selection yet."

Before Buckner could reply, Gilpin, the two Hernes, Vrain and Curtis joined the group.

"You men are going to take up land with us, of course?" the colonel inquired of the five woodsmen.

"Not right off, cunnel, speaking for myself," Gilpin said.

"We got right smart of prowling to do before settling at one spot," one of the Hernes declared.

Vrain and Curtis, too, seemed indisposed to take up permanent residence at that time. The latter two, however, closed a deal with the colonel on the spot. They agreed to remain and hunt meat for the Buckner household and retainers, and to scout for Indian signs in case any marauding war parties penetrated their neighborhood. For this service they were to receive five dollars a month each in gold, or thirteen dollars a month in supplies, as they chose; powder and lead to be furnished free.

This arrangement concluded, the colonel turned to his nephew.

"You have warrants for a thousand acres for services in the Revolution," he said. "When will you make your selection?"

Buckner looked out across the lovely valley.

"Right today," he said at last. "Tomorrow I start back up the Ohio with Gilpin and the Hernes. Captain Farris may be ransomed from the Indians by the British. It's a good chance that he will be. They offer a big price in rum for condemned captives. But by the time he'd get back, the land hereabouts would all be filed on. If he returns inside a year, give him the land I take by warrant today. If he hasn't showed up by then, give it to Lucia Harper. When I come this way again I will sign the necessary papers."

"But you!" his uncle exclaimed. "What will you do for land?"

"I don't need warrants to get what land I'll want," Buckner said. "Whenever I am ready to live on one piece of land I can take tomahawk rights to whatever piece strikes my fancy."

That decision, though he himself was not then aware of it, marked him irrevocably as a member of that border fringe of which General Clark just now had spoken so prophetically.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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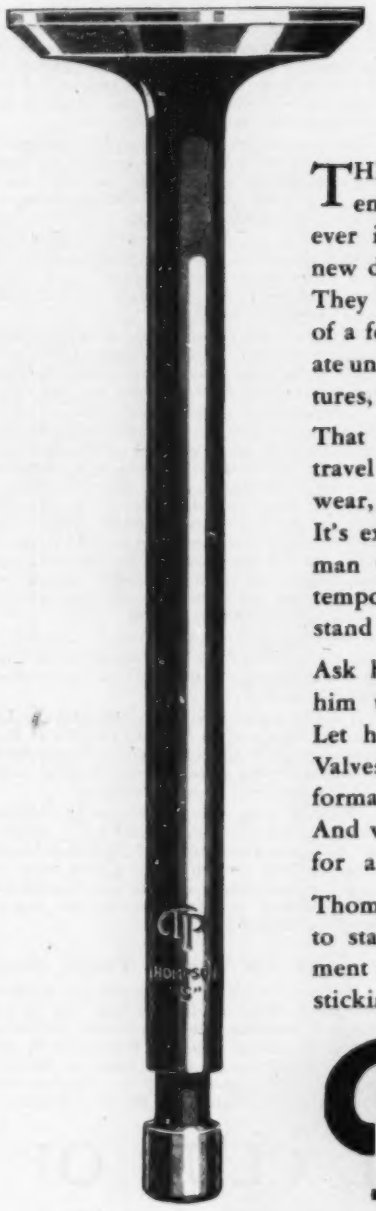

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TRADE MARK

THE SEVEN SOUND YEARS

(Continued from Page 9)

industry and business been in deeper chronic anxiety—never knowing today what the problem would be tomorrow—or to say that never before in a condition of general prosperity had some industries been so sick.

Nevertheless, taking it on the ground of orderly progress in average well-being, these were the only seven consecutive sound years in our economic experience. Continuous progression in all measures of total prosperity notwithstanding this intense internal stress! What did it mean? What were the compensating factors? That was the question. They might be original factors or they might be old ones acting in an original manner. If they could be identified, then disentangled and studied, so that we should understand them, we might see clearly for the first time how to pursue prosperity with orderly steps, instead of stumbling along like a giant in swaddling clothes as heretofore, running uphill and falling downhill, lifting ourselves up and then doing it again, always chasing reality into a bog as if it were by nature a phantom. Why was it necessary, for example, after every ecstasy of advance, always to fall down in a panic?

The fact finders brought together an enormous quantity of data touching physical change. The evidence of man's increase of power is both in his tools and in what he does with them. The bridge now building over the Hudson River at One Hundred Seventy-eighth Street, New York, with a clear span of 3500 feet, towers 635 feet high, supporting cables three feet thick, is undoubtedly the most difficult feat of construction ever attempted in this world. For such grand purposes all the tools have had to be increased in power and size. But then, of course, there is no limit to the power and size of tools. The basic instrumentalities, after all, are few in number. The foundry, the rolling mill, the lathe, planing, drilling, milling and grinding machines—with this implemental equipment in endless variations all modern industrial wonder is fashioned. The first lathe was built in 1800. One man could carry it. Now lathes take material up to sixty feet in diameter.

To turn our machines we use four times as much power as either Great Britain or Germany and ten times as much as France; and roughly—this is very significant—per capita wealth in the United States bears the same relation to per capita wealth in those countries that our per capita use of power bears to the per capita use of power there. Our use of electric power alone has been increasing three-and-three-quarters times faster than the population. The growth in size of power stations has been amazing. The first large turbogenerator, built less than thirty years ago, was of 5000-kilowatt capacity. Now one is building the capacity of which will be 1,000,000 kilowatts. That is 200 times bigger.

Changes in the Structure

In these seven sound years the production of manufactured wealth has increased at the rate of more than 4 per cent a year, compound, from the greater use of power and more scientific method. Transportation has been so improved that the average efficiency of a freight train, measured by the ton miles per train, has increased nearly one-half.

Such data as this might be extended to any extreme. After all, it is open to ordinary observation that the use of power has been increasing very fast, that in the methods and science of mass production there has been such improvement that we speak of a revolution of process, and that by these means the productivity per hour of man labor has been raised to a point that only a few years ago one could hardly have imagined, so that, of course, the individual worker's output of wealth must be very much greater than ever before. Yet these are matters of degree; and in no degree could changes of this character account for the soundness of the seven sound years. They account very easily for the fact that we have been able to produce a greater quantity of actual wealth; but progress in wealth as quantity is an old story, whereas the seven sound years have been different from any other period in our economic life in original character. What has characterized them is the orderliness of progress and, therefore, the manner of it.

The fact finders amassed a great deal of information touching changes in the structure of industry and in its technology; touching changes, moreover, on its theoretical side, such as the rise of scientific research, the evolution of scientific management, the free exchange of information among the great units of industry and through business as a whole; and then changes, such as the decline and total disappearance of old industries, the sudden appearance of new ones, and the phenomena of integration and aggregation—that is, smaller organizations giving away to larger ones. The census of 1900 listed 28,000 men's clothing establishments, with 191,000 workers and an output valued at $415,000,000. In 1925 there were only 4000 establishments and they employed only 174,000 persons, but their output was valued at more than $1,000,000,000. Between the census of 1900 and 1925 the shoemaking industry passed almost entirely from handicraft to machine production. The motor industry was not mentioned in the 1900 census; rayon was mentioned for the first time in 1925. The aircraft industry has not yet appeared in the census table.

Impersonal Industry

Change begets change. Once it was that factory workers had all to cluster about one steam boiler, for that was the source of power. Now, with a new mobility of power in the form of electricity, developed either by burning fuel at a central station or by water turbines and then conducted over long distances by transmission lines, together also with the motor car for private transportation of workers, radical alterations must occur in the geographical placement of industry and in the nature of the community life that surrounds its formations. Perhaps the most notable illustration is the rise of a great cotton textile industry in the South on electric power. The difference between a textile town there and one in New England is the difference between two industrial ages.

Changes of environment and in ways of living and working entail changes of habit, demand and necessity. Even diet is changed, because people living in warmer houses and performing less physical drudgery—heavy tasks having been transferred to machines—require less food of certain coarse kind and perhaps more of other kinds, rather more than less expensive. The simple pleasures of the table tend to be less appreciated, since there is no longer any anxiety about food enough, and the appetite becomes more capricious. Specialized forms of agriculture, fast transcontinental transportation of perishable products in iced cars, an enormous system of storage and distribution are all newly supported by the demand for fresh fruits and vegetables the year round. The demand for dairy and poultry products has greatly increased. Never in the history of the race was a large population so well nurtured. And to this fact is owing the victory that has been won over the scourge of tuberculosis.

Change runs on triggers like a train of thought. One thing suggests another until you forget what you were thinking of first. Such was the experience of the fact finders in this case. Starting in different directions, they were continually meeting face to face. That would be so, since economic change in any aspect must be translated at last into terms of human well-being—nurture, comfort, pleasure and security.

Take the effect of competitive mass production upon the size of industrial organization or that of competitive mass merchandising upon the size of business organization. They grow rapidly larger, and with this growth one-man ownership and one-man management tend to disappear. The single tyrannical intelligence goes the way of handicrafts into oblivion. It is no longer able to bear the strain. The complexities are too vast. What succeeds it is scientific management, more and more specialized along functional lines. Thus control of industry passes from ownership to stewardship.

With the increase in the size of industrial operations the sums of capital required become very large. So by necessity ownership becomes multiple and impersonal. This is a strange sequel. First it was that the worker lost control of the means of production. That happened as machines, which the individual could not own, displaced the simple hand implements that had been the personal property of the artisan. Thus the worker's relation to industry was said to have become impersonal. Now it is that the machine equipment of industry begins to exceed the limits of individual proprietorship, and it may be said that as the worker lost control of his tools so now private ownership is passing from the control of industry. Ownership, being multiple, becomes impersonal; management takes control. Great industries are owned by thousands of stockholders who have no sense of proprietorship in them. They are investors only, looking to management for dividends. The sense of proprietorship is so dim that it would almost never occur to one who had invested money in the shares of a corporation to prefer the products of that corporation over any other as one goes into the market or into the shop to buy for personal wants. Thus more and more this is a state of economic society tending to become anonymously coöperative, even as to the profit motive.

Well, but none of this in any way accounts for the soundness of the seven sound years. It is measurement, it is true, and there is no seeing the thing as a whole without first all the facts in the flat and then the imaginative act of raising them to another dimension by interpretation. So far, however, the facts are all of magnitude, quantity, process and change in degree. They represent nothing original. All the tendencies had been long visible, and the meaning of the seven sound years is still missing.

A Clew in Prices

Regard it altogether in the one term of production. It is true for the reasons given—these and many others—that the actual production of wealth has in the last seven years been carried to a new peak; also that productivity per man hour of effort has been raised to a new degree. Still, it would be very difficult, perhaps quite impossible, to show that either the increase of actual wealth or the increase in productivity per hour of labor had been relatively greater in these seven years than in other periods. Where, then, shall one look for the clew? To the facts still. If there is a clew, it will somewhere appear in the facts, and the facts are by no means exhausted.

One fact finder took prices as his field of inquiry and produced a study entitled Price Structure. This might seem to be the least promising of all factual sources. Nevertheless, it is here that a light suddenly breaks. It occurred to this fact finder that between a certain six-year prewar period—namely, 1902–1907—and a six-year postwar period—namely, 1922–1927—there were some very striking physical

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similarities and then two very notable dissimilarities. In both periods alike there was an enormous increase in the volume of wealth produced and also a very large increase in the output per person. Evidently, therefore, the same forces affecting production and productivity per person were acting. The two striking dissimilarities were in price phenomena and in the sequel. In the six-year prewar period prices advanced very fast and the sequel in 1908 was a collapse, with depression, unemployment, loss and distress, notwithstanding the extensions—seemingly because of the extensions—that had taken place in the means to create new wealth. But in the comparable postwar period—that is, 1922–1927, six of the seven sound years—prices did not advance. On the contrary, price stability was a very remarkable feature of this time, and there was no sequel of collapse. The clew is there.

The six years that ended in the depression of 1908 were boom years. The production of actual wealth increased perhaps faster than in any six years before or since. Employment expanded and wages advanced. But prices—that is to say, the cost of living—rose faster than wages, with the result that the purchasing power of money wages actually declined. All of which means that with the product of wealth increasing in a prodigious manner the standard of living stood still. Sequel: Overproduction, unemployment, a glut of goods, suspended activity, failure and depression.

Now, for purposes of contrast, the fact finder takes six of the seven sound years—that is to say, 1922–1927. He does this for statistical convenience. You may take, however, the whole seven sound years—and what is the difference? In this period also the actual production of wealth was greatly increased, so also the output of wealth per person; in this period, too, wages rose. The difference is that with wages rising the cost of living stands still. This is to say that with prices relatively stable and wages steadily rising, people are able to consume what they increasingly produce.

The fact finder puts it in his own way. "It is not difficult," he says, "to find roots of trouble in the situation which was developing between 1902 and 1907. The general purchasing power of agricultural producers as a class was being steadily impaired during that six-year period and the real earnings of employed workers in the manufacturing industries were declining. In the corresponding postwar period—1922–1927—the purchasing power of these two groups was steadily advancing. In this difference is found an explanation of the relative soundness of recent economic growth."

The Idea That Joins Facts

He suggests that price stability was a cause. It was undoubtedly the cause of many effects that are well worth pursuing. It cannot have been the cause of itself. It must be regarded as in itself an effect, since, of course, prices do not find stability by any volition of their own. They cannot stabilize themselves. Therefore, what was the cause of this phenomenon—that, as the production of wealth increased and as wages advanced, the cost of living stood still?

Here opens a new line of inquiry. Pursuing it brings one to the discovery that growth in the size and power of machines, extensions of scientific research, evolution of scientific management, intensive mechanization and use of method to reduce cost—all such changes as these were, after all, but means, and that what made the seven sound years unlike any other period in our economic experience was idea. That the cause exists in idea is what makes the true meaning of American prosperity so elusive. Idea also must be treated as fact; only it belongs to another order. You cannot measure it as magnitude; neither can you measure it as force. Nevertheless, it may be the fact from which proceed all the ponderable realities of matter, form and process.

It is difficult to define this particular idea. That is so because we have yet no familiar word symbols for it. Not only is it new to us, it is new in the world, belonging here. Various expressions of it occurred in the fact finder's work and in the comments of the committee upon their work because the facts were continually leading into it.

For example: "If poverty and industrial distress still exist, it is because of our inability to keep our industrial machinery in operation and to distribute equitably the resulting product. It is not sufficient to be able to produce abundantly; we must also be able to distribute intelligently."

Another: "The premises are simple. People can have all they produce and lift the standard of living higher and higher so long as they are willing to increase production, provided only we get the economic machinery so that it works. If it doesn't work it gluts."

Again: "If higher wages increase costs so that prices rise as fast as wages, you get nowhere. If you have a stationary price level together with rising wages, or a falling price level together with stationary wages, then the standard of living may rise."

Or: "The standard of living is now almost at the center of economic thinking. There are many who find in changing standards the source and mechanism of further improvement." And: "Without mass consumption there could not be mass production."

A Sign of Poor Management

In the chapter on management one finds a limited, though a fairly clear statement of the idea as follows:

"From the discussions of business managers, speeches at their conventions, and a considerable number of articles published by them, it is obvious that an economic doctrine quite different from that prevailing among them some years ago has gained a foothold. Instead of believing that every cent paid as increased wages must come from the investors' return or else from ultimate consumers, it is now widely believed that where an appropriate increase in productivity can go along with an increase in wages, the consequent increase in purchasing power results not only in higher standards of living and better states of health but also in increases in the quantities and varieties of goods which can be sold. These increased quantities, by helping to carry overhead and by making specialized operations possible, tend further to reduce cost and so again to increase wealth. In 1921 this theory as a business manager's doctrine cannot be said to have been born. The President's Unemployment Conference gave out its findings in the fall, and one of its members, Roy Dickinson, an editor of Printer's Ink, wrote several articles on the relation of wages to the volume of trade. But among operating executives the most frequent subject for discussion was the necessity for 'liquidating labor' before recovery could be expected from the depression. In 1921 more than three hundred articles appeared telling of methods used in cutting wages, and speculating as to how far they would fall. By 1922 articles of this sort had disappeared and those about wage incentives had taken their place. In 1923, Mr. Baum, in the Paper Trade Journal, wrote: 'It is becoming a sign of poor management and a mark of disgrace to pay low wages.' Since then even more emphatic statements have been made, and by employers of national reputation. The high-wage doctrine by 1926 had gained its present standing."

But to call it simply a high-wage doctrine and stop at that, as so many do, is to leave the idea in the lurch. Old World industrialists, especially the English, have been deeply bewildered by Americans who say to them: "All you have to do is to raise wages. Then your own people will be your

(Continued on Page 120)

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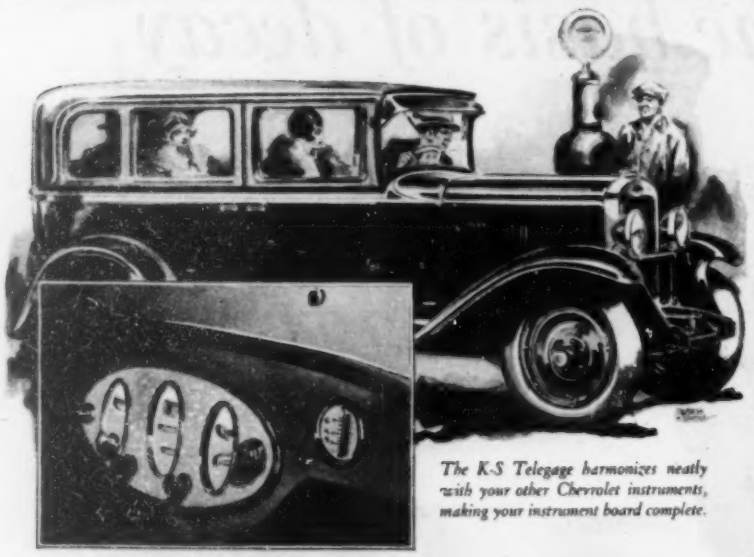

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(Continued from Page 118)

best customers and you will know what prosperity really is." Americans say this to them, who have the authority of success in their own country and who certainly ought to know better. If wages were suddenly doubled in England, with no such reconstruction of industry and no such revolution of mind on the part of labor as would be necessary to double the production of wealth per worker, then all that could happen would be a rise in prices. After a few days the purchasing power of wages would be exactly again what it was before. In order that the standard of living may rise productivity must increase with wages, else there will be no more goods than before to spend wages for, and prices will rise to absorb the increased disbursement of wage money. The value of wages is what wages will buy. Rising wages with prices at a standstill, or stationary wages with prices falling, come to the same result. The wage earner's buying power is increased. In that way the consumption of goods is increased. Thus the standard of living rises. And such is the problem of distribution.

What begins now lucidly to appear is that the soundness of the seven sound years has been owing to an idea that takes unlimited production for granted and concerns itself with the ultimate problem. That problem is what to do with what we produce.

Why do we produce wealth at all? Only that we may consume it. Therefore, when you have gained the power of unlimited production, the only true anxiety is how to increase the use and consumption of wealth to the utmost—or, that is to say, how to raise the standard of common living. And how may this be done? Simply by increasing production and wages together, with no increase of prices; for if prices rise the increase of money wages is thereby absorbed and the expanded output of consumable wealth then creates a glut in the market called overproduction. People cannot buy it.

Industry Made Over

After the war American economic intelligence, first and alone, faced the challenge. The ancient problem of production—how to produce enough—was completely solved. The potentialities of production were unlimited. Therefore the only problem was one of distribution—namely, how progressively to distribute the product. In 1920–1921 the wartime price structure was deflated. Wages were not deflated. They declined only slightly and have been rising ever since. Prices meanwhile have not advanced again. The cost of living has been practically at one level during these seven sound years and the American standard of living has reached the highest level in all the life of the human race.

There is yet to ask how industry could afford to go on raising wages without advancing prices. Afford it, no. The matter had no such simple aspect. There was the necessity to do it in the light of the idea; and to meet this necessity American industry in these seven sound years very largely made itself over in a physical sense. By increasing its command of power and the size of its machines, by time-saving methods, by practices of simplification and standardization to eliminate waste, by research, planning and scientific management, by transferring more and more drudgery from men to automatons, it increased the output of wealth per worker at the rate of 3½ per cent a year. The result was what was intended. The actual labor cost of producing wealth declined, notwithstanding the rise in wages. And the point of reducing labor costs in that manner was precisely in order that wages might rise with no advance in prices, or, by another way of saying it, to keep the average cost of living stationary, so that as wages were increased the standard of common living might rise.

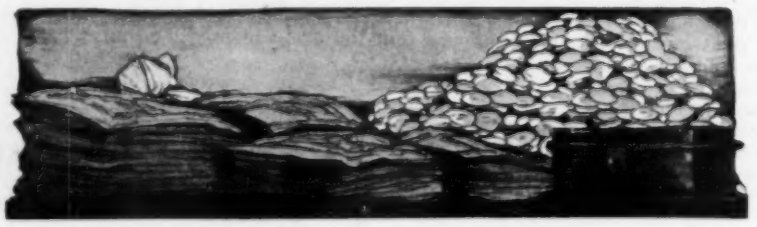
"Profit, in this scheme, has nothing to do with price," said Owen D. Young, a member of the committee. "The use of profit is to command capital and tools."

Ten years ago a saying like this could hardly have been made sense of; even yet it contains the sound of paradox. What it means is, nevertheless, prophetic. A revolution of thought about profit is taking place. Where governed by the new idea, industry looks for its profit not to the price but to the cost of production. Give it enough profit to command more capital and more tools, and it will undertake to go on and on reducing the cost of production so fast that it can raise wages without advancing prices and gain at the same time the profit with which to command more capital and more tools. This may be the new cycle in business.

The Basis of Economic Change

In this light the stability of prices during the seven sound years cannot be regarded as in any sense fortuitous. It was owing to no accidental state of equilibrium between supply and demand. Again and again, once the idea began to rule, industry set itself against a rise in prices. Why? Because a rise in prices would check demand. That is to say, it would absorb the increase of wages and thus defeat the effort to enhance their buying power.

So really what has been happening to alter our economic experience is a change in our ways of thinking. The idea has not yet clarified itself. Many of its implications remain to be explored. But already it has this base of seven sound years; already it has produced a feeling of solidarity of common interests and a sense of security in well-being such as we never knew before. There are, of course, great hazards. At this rate of change in means and methods we are creating obsolescence perhaps faster than we know how to absorb it. We might get rid of seasonal and periodic unemployment, only to face another evil called technological unemployment, meaning people who are unemployable, this human fate tending to deepen as industry finds low-grade labor more and more dispensable. Or having cast speculation out of business by introducing the factor of stability into prices, we might turn and find the whole force of the speculative instinct in human nature running to Wall Street, causing gambling there to be a danger and an evil in new degree. Then there is the matter of leisure—popular leisure from continually shortening of the labor week and the labor day. This is only to say, however, that there must be a price to pay for change, even change in a high direction. From living with change in a spirit of adventure, from embracing it, from creating new necessities almost faster than we can meet them and new problems faster than we can solve them, we have risen in thirty years from a condition of economic illiteracy to the highest plane of intelligence in that field that has been touched by any people since the beginning of industrial civilization.



CINDERELLA BY REQUEST

(Continued from Page 11)

pulled up, while Sam and Mrs. Steeves mounted and rode across to welcome the arriving guests.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Nutter and Wilbur. Mrs. Steeves had not counted on Wilbur. She was trying to think of a place where he might sleep, even while she gave them greetings and echoed their enthusiasm about the familiar scenery and the flowers. He might be willing to use a cot on the veranda. Yes, the flowers were lovely; yes, they were plentiful; yes, the colors in the desert valleys were extraordinary; yes, the sky was blue, and it seldom rained for very long.

Wilbur got out of the car to look at the prairie dogs. He seemed all right, Mrs. Steeves admitted to herself; a tall young man and a smiling one. But would he complain about his bed? He was trying to stalk a particularly fat prairie dog, crawling on his stomach behind a bunch of sage. There was an eager interest in the very soles of his feet. Mrs. Nutter chattered so.

There was Nellie now, said Sam; and their eyes followed his glance. Atop the ridge above the shanty, in a break of the trees, a horse had appeared; and although this horse went at a lope, and the going was uneven there and dangerous, the rider chose to stand upright on the saddle instead of sitting properly astride. Their exclamations rose; and even Mrs. Steeves spoke her astonishment.

But Sam said, "Yes, it's Nellie, all right. She can ride like a good one."

They saw her reach the top of the trail and slip down into the saddle as the descent began, but the horse still came swiftly, and a scurry of dust rose above the aspens there.

"Mercy!" Mrs. Steeves protested. "Will she wait table on horseback?"

Wilbur was no longer interested in prairie dogs. He had seen that slim figure high against the sky; he watched now her swift descent of the steep trail; and when Nellie was lost to view at last among the aspens, he came toward the car with shining eyes.

"Father, did you see that?" he cried. "She was standing up like a circus rider. Why, say ——"

Steeves kicked the starter, and Mrs. Steeves and Sam rode back across the flat to do their errand, and Nellie emerged from the aspens as they approached the house. But she was no longer the slim, taut figure they had seen against the sky; she slumped in her saddle; her eyes under her shabby hat were sullen, and her overalls were old and dusty. She slipped off the horse and began to unsaddle as Sam and Mrs. Steeves drew near. Wash sat on the doorstep twenty feet away, and he pulled that tremendous weapon from its holster and began to wipe it tenderly with an oily rag.

Mrs. Steeves made her proposal. She spoke, perforce, to Nellie's back; for Nellie busied herself with the horse. Yet Mrs. Steeves saw the girl glance once or twice, questioningly, toward where her father sat on the doorstep. She removed the saddle and blanket and piled them in the shade at the end of the house; she stripped off the bridle and slapped her pony on the rump so that he moved away. And she turned at last to face the other woman, but without meeting Mrs. Steeves' eyes.

"No," she said sullenly.

"I'll pay you whatever is right," Mrs. Steeves pleaded. "And there will only be beds to make and to wait on table. I think Carmen will wash the dishes, but perhaps you might wipe them. It won't be hard."

"I don't aim to be a kitchen slut," said Nellie Fillinger.

Mrs. Steeves felt like wringing her hands. Then she started and half screamed; for behind her a gun had roared. She whirled and saw Wash Fillinger looking thoughtfully at the weapon in his hands. Beyond the gate, thirty yards from where he sat, a hen with no further head flopped diminuendo.

"Chicken for dinner," said Wash dryly.

The girl by Mrs. Steeves stammered "Pa!"

"You better go," Wash suggested. "Yore ma can handle what there is around here. I sh'd think you'd want to go."

Mrs. Steeves looked at Nellie, and Nellie's cheek was white with a fear, hideous and uncontrolled.

The girl said in a swift burst: "I'll go! I will go, Mrs. Steeves. I'd like to go."

Mrs. Steeves was overjoyed; and her doubts and questions waited till she and Sam were halfway home, Nellie on her plodding horse a hundred yards behind.

"She was terrified, Sam," she whispered then. "Was she afraid he'd shoot her?"

"They say Wash shot his wife's ear off for not jumping quick enough to suit him," Sam confessed.

Mrs. Steeves thought this horrible, and said so; but she was becoming reconciled to the local fashion of attending strictly to one's own affairs. If you saw a horse with a broken leg in your neighbor's pasture you might inform your neighbor; but you did not shoot the horse—not even if he refused to do so. Mrs. Steeves gathered now that Ma Fillinger could have justice from the law if she wanted it and would ask for it; but privately, the matter was her own, and her ear was her own, and unless she complained, no knights-errant were likely to apply.

"Someone ought to shoot him," Mrs. Steeves protested. "I guess he's got you men all terrified."

Sam shook his head gravely. "I don't think so," he remarked in a dry tone. "I haven't heard of him abusing any men."

She asked thoughtfully, "Was that why you rode down with me today?"

But Sam said he had only come to show her the way.

The Nutters remained for a full month; and when they departed at last Wilbur stayed behind. As long as his father and mother were here, he had lodged in the bunkhouse with the men; he might, after their departure, have moved into the house. But he did not do so; he assumed instead the character of a hired hand and the obligations of his new estate.

He was drunk with this new existence; he moved in a daily intoxication. Those who watched him laughed at him, but they found him endearing too. From the first day, when he so painfully stalked a prairie dog, he piled one absurdity upon the next. On the third day of his stay he came suddenly upon young Bud Steeves, the four-year-old son of the house, playing with a dead king snake which someone had killed; and Wilbur uttered such a hoarse shout of fear as to be audible half a mile down the canyon. The fact that he also snatched the dead snake away from Bud and bore Bud to safety did not make any particular impression, because no one noticed this absurdity except Bud, who resented the indignity to his person. But Wilbur's scream became a matter of amused reminiscence on the ranch thereafter.

He was afraid of everything, and visibly so. The fact that he did everything, despite his fears, was only apparent to the more discerning. Thus when he first mounted a horse his cheek was white and his eyeballs bulged; but he mounted. On his first steep trail he became physically sick with terror, staring helplessly into the thousand-foot pit beneath his horse's head. Fishing up the creek one day, he climbed out of a pool to come face to face with old Tom, the white-faced bull; and Tom bawled in his friendly way and Wilbur went back into the pool, as though he might find protection in fourteen inches of water. But Tom neither charged nor went away, and in the end Wilbur climbed out of the pool and proceeded with his fishing.

And when the time came for his father and mother to depart Wilbur decided to

(Continued on Page 124)

"...in more pipes every day"

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe!

PIPE smokers tell us that Granger is the *coolest-smoking* tobacco they've ever found . . .

That it keeps their pipes sweeter, cleaner and drier than ever before . . .

That it never leaves a soggy "heel", no matter how steadily they smoke.

The reason? Granger's big flakes (Rough Cut) *burn slowly, evenly and completely* to a dry, clean ash.

And "Wellman's Method"—an old-time tobacco secret—mellows this fine old Kentucky Burley to rare perfection!

Packaged in heavy foil (instead of costly tin), therefore ten cents.

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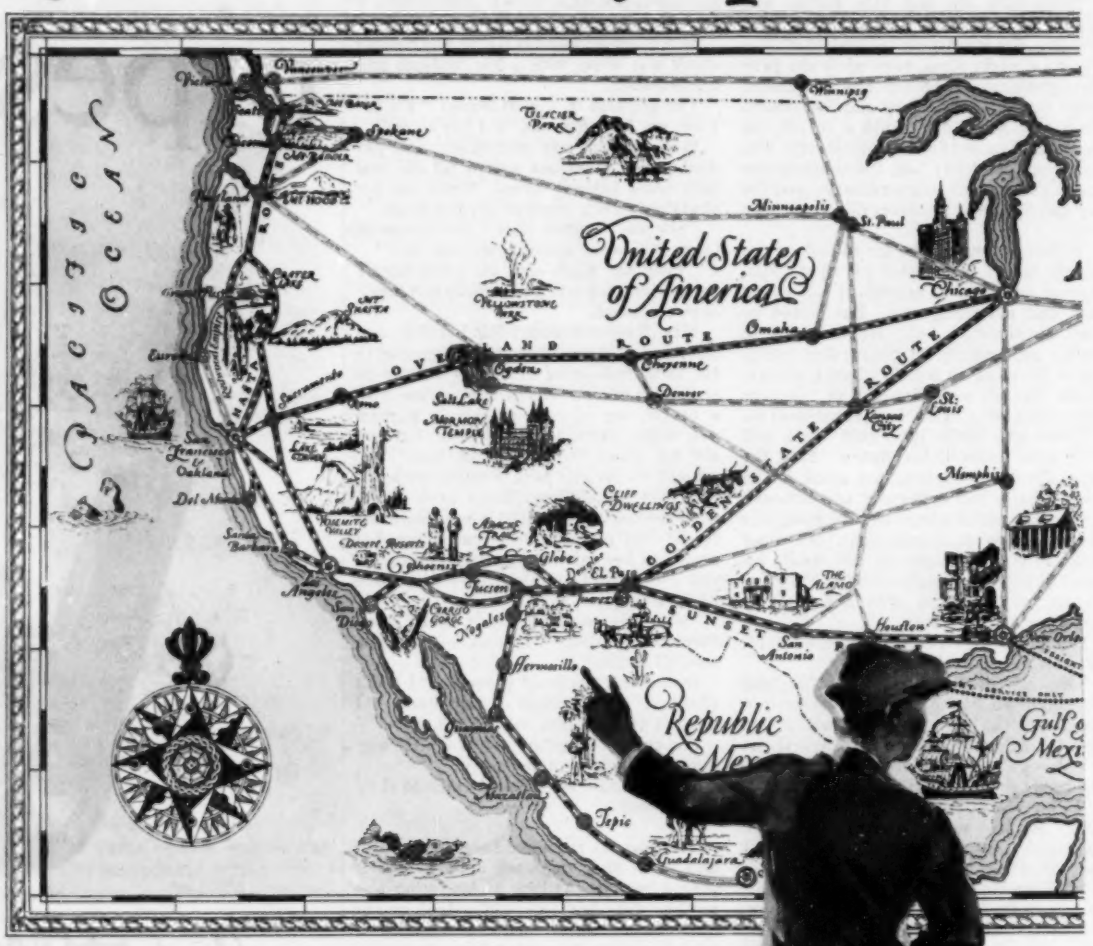
The Taylor family pushes



THE time had come when Sam Taylor decided something had to be done about it. Of course there was nothing *wrong*. His salary was livable, wife—lovable, children—adorable. Yet life just didn't click. An occasional discord sounded in the accustomed rhythm of his work. Something was dulling the sparkle in Mary's eyes. Certainly something had to be done. He needed . . . well . . . that was it! A change. A trip? Not one of those regular summer vacations to the same old nearby resort, but a trip that would open his mind, stir his pulses. He would go into that land he had long since visited in his imagination—the West!

That night he casually suggested to the family that this summer they might visit the Pacific coast. Sam will tell you now that the excited pleasure of that evening was worth every cent the trip cost him. The Taylor family journeyed West many, many times before they actually boarded the train.

Mary wanted to see Santa Barbara and Del Monte, little Miss Margaret insisted that they visit Hollywood, Sam knew he must see the Pacific Northwest before he died, and if Junior didn't get to go through San Francisco's Chinatown, it would be much safer to stay at home.

Sam had to find tickets that would include them all. The Taylor family went West, —Southern Pacific.

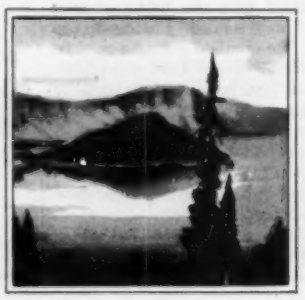
Deep in Arizona's mysterious desert winds the Apache Trail. A one-day motor detour on Sunset or Golden State route.

Their baggage bristled with golf clubs and tennis rackets. But the clean, brisk fun on cool fairways and tennis courts that overhung the Pacific's shore was only part of the vacation's reward. Days of hiking and riding, nights of dancing, merry tours to Mt. Rainier's flower-edged glaciers, and to Yosemite's half-mile high waterfalls, and to Los Angeles' movieland—these, too, were but a part of the outing.

As they wandered through the many shrines America's history has left them—Davy Crocket's Alamo at San Antonio; the old Missions of the heroic Padres; Ramona's Marriage Place at San Diego; the land of the Forty-Niners; the Mark Twain and Bret Harte country; Monterey; Lewis and Clark's mighty Columbia; they felt the full inspiration of this Western Land. Horizons fell back. These United States became *their* United States. Mary's eyes will carry forever the sparkle of mountain lakes. The thrill of new friends will live in their memories. The brave sweep of this Pacific slope, its contrasts, people and natural wonders will stand behind them always. The Taylors became *a family with a national background.*

In the fast developing Pacific slope Sam had visioned the possibilities of a branch factory for his firm. And, somehow, he knew he had gained the poise and self-confidence to make the dream real.

To the casual observer, Junior carried home only two things from the West. A bit of western sunset in his cheeks and a strange imitation of two Chinamen in argument. But a few knew that his school-books had come to life. Glaciers, craters, mountain-passes and old trails were memory keys that opened new worlds for him.



Nature's mystery, Crater Lake, in the gorgeous Cascade range of Southern Oregon—served by Southern Pacific's Shasta Route. This is one of the many fascinating side-trips that may be included in your journey to and along the Pacific Coast this summer.

Why don't you invest in this trip West this Summer?

Sam Taylor, his wife and youngsters are mythical folks, of course, but the trip they might have taken is a very real trip that has been actually made by many a happy family.

back a few American horizons

Why shouldn't you join the thousands who will visit the Pacific Coast this year?

When you see the Pacific Coast, see it *all*. No one city, no one sector is complete without the changing, blending, majestic background of this Pacific land. You have choice of Southern Pacific's four great routes. Go one way, return another. Let this pioneer railroad, interpreter of the West, show you the whole Pacific Coast.

For example, you can go west by any northern United States or Canadian line. You will take SHASTA ROUTE at Seattle, and thence down through the "Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest" to California. You will see Puget Sound,—Seattle and Tacoma; Mt. Baker and Rainier National Park. Portland, and the Columbia River Highway through mighty gorges and around Mt. Hood. Crater Lake National Park. The alpine lakes of the Cascade line of the SHASTA ROUTE, or the river valleys, orchards and farms of the alternative Siskiyou Line to California. Mt. Shasta, Lassen Volcanic National Park. Or, if you wish to detour by motor coach in southern Oregon and northern California, a ride through the Redwood Empire with its vast, age-old trees and glimpses of the craggy shore of the Pacific. Berkeley and Oakland. San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Here is the largest Chinatown outside of China; cosmopolitan streets; smart shops and famous bazaars, and many scenic golf courses. Then southward—Spanish Missions. Santa Cruz Beach and Big Trees, 113 miles along the Pacific's shore. Or, by alternative route, the inland valleys with their access to Yosemite (now connected with Lake Tahoe by famous Tioga Pass highway tour), General Grant and Sequoia National Parks, and the High Sierra. Then, Los Angeles, Catalina Island but two hours away, its neighboring cities—Long Beach and Pasadena, the oil fields and orange groves, Coronado with exotic Agua Caliente, Old Mexico, nearby, and homeward by either SUNSET ROUTE via San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans; GOLDEN STATE ROUTE via El Paso, Kansas City and Chicago, or OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line), San Francisco to Chicago, via Great Salt Lake.

On the train to California!

Or, you can reverse the direction, going west by the southern or central lines and returning via the northern lines. You can take Southern Pacific steamship from New York to New Orleans, or go to New Orleans by rail, then by SUNSET ROUTE across Louisiana, Texas and the Southwest with a bit of Old Mexico at Juarez, just across the line from El Paso, and in Arizona the Apache Trail highway—on to San Diego (via Carriso Gorge) or to Los Angeles and up the Pacific Coast. Stopover anywhere. Hawaii and the Orient lie just beyond.

The low excursion fares will go into effect on May 15, return limit October 31. For example—roundtrip fare Chicago to California, $90.30; from New York, $138.32; Des Moines, $81.55; from New Orleans, $89.40.

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The Poole Clock is truly the instrument of modern time. It needs no winding—no oiling, and its accuracy over long periods is truly surprising. For the pendulum runs the Poole Clock, and not the clock the pendulum. And the only care *your* Poole Clock needs is the yearly change of a small standard flashlight battery!

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POOLE MORSE PRECISION PRODUCTS CLOCK

(Continued from Page 121)

stay. Dave Steeves allowed he could use an extra hand and that Wilbur would serve; so the arrangement was concerted. Wilbur had never been particularly well, but his month here had so much improved his health that another month might be expected to work further wonders.

So Mr. and Mrs. Nutter were much pleased with his decision. But their satisfaction might not have been so keen if their understanding had been keener. They had remarked the fact that Wilbur was often to be seen somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen door, but they attributed this to his healthy and increasing appetite, and supposed he was eating between meals.

In this they were not wholly wrong; they merely mistook the character of the hunger which he felt; they merely misunderstood the nature of the refreshment he absorbed on these frequent visits to the kitchen door.

Nellie liked her job. The tasks she had assumed under compulsion were not so distasteful as she had expected. She had made beds and washed dishes and waited on table at home, but there was a great difference between making a frowzy bed and a clean one, between washing one dish and another. When the Nutters went away she expected to be dismissed; and Mrs. Steeves expected Nellie to dismiss herself, and they both waited fearfully for the fatal word. For Nellie liked her job and Mrs. Steeves liked Nellie. There was a fine spirit in the girl. It had thus far revealed itself only in her horsemanship; had found outlet in her hours alone on her pony, when, with none to spy upon her, she had let her free soul soar. But it revealed itself now in the scrupulous nicety with which she did her work; in the neatness she put on like a garment; in the beauty that her eyes and her countenance more and more displayed.

Nellie said nothing about going home; Mrs. Steeves said nothing about sending her. So Nellie stayed.

She had, each afternoon, two or three hours free to her own devices. At such times she saddled her pony and rode away. She rode always alone; and as long as she was in sight from the veranda, the pony plodded and she sat her saddle soberly. Afterward, no one knew what she did, but one of the men might sometimes glimpse her, bareheaded, hair flying, knees fixed and sure, racing at full gallop through the sunlit aspens or along some rocky sky line.

Later she would return as soberly as she had gone, in time to peel potatoes for supper.

This Wilbur Nutter was not in all things such a fool as you might suppose, but the trouble was, he could not keep up with her. She outrode him. Her pony was a swift one; and besides that, she knew the country. If she chose she simply distanced his pursuit; if she preferred she turned aside down some apparently impassable canyon where he could not follow her. She was pleasant enough to him when they met; but then, everyone was pleasant to Wilbur in a patronizing way. He was enthusiastic about objects so utterly commonplace, and he was terrified by objects so completely harmless. Yet a young man not easily daunted, with a trick of grinning in adversity.

Yes, everyone was pleasant to Wilbur, and so was she. If, while she sat peeling potatoes just inside the kitchen door, he came to lean against the jamb and twirl the big hat of which he was so proud and talk to her, she talked to him; and if they encountered on some mountain trail she met him cheerfully enough. But that was all. He could never get a word of the sort he wanted out of her.

But after a while he began to know the country and the trails around the ranch.

So one day she came upon him in one of the upland valleys where the fringed gentians grow. She knew his ridiculous affection for that commonplace mountain flower, so she need not have been surprised to see him there; but she appeared to be. He asked her to stop; he tried to engage her with words. But she persistently moved on; her horse walked, and his walked beside hers; her horse walked faster, and Wilbur kicked his into a trot; hers responded; and five minutes later he pulled up to watch her disappear in a cloud of dust over the sky line half a mile ahead.

But as has been said, Wilbur was beginning to know the country. An hour and a half later, returning homeward along the upper canyon trail, she met him again; and when she passed him by, he turned and followed her. The trail was steep, but she descended it at a trot and Wilbur soon fell behind. He was used to being distanced, but this time he persisted in pursuit. The trail narrowed; it ran along the creek, through a box canyon, with rock walls on either side of the water, and barely room between the water and the steep walls of the canyon for the trail.

Wilbur followed as swiftly as possible, and Nellie came by and by to a place where half a dozen aspens, freshly felled, barred her way. The stream here was by bowlders made impracticable, and while she was still considering what to do Wilbur overtook her there. His horse penned hers; and she looked at him with steady eyes, and he grinned and said triumphantly:

"Now, darn you, will you stop a minute and talk to a fellow?"

She glanced from Wilbur to the aspens. "Oh, you did this, then?"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Wilbur cheerfully. "I did it with my little hatchet."

"Sam will give you fits for blocking the trail," she warned him.

"Worth it," Wilbur assured her. "You can't run away from me here."

She surveyed the aspens, the bowlder-strewn creek bed, the steep slope of loose shale on her other hand. Then she looked again at Wilbur.

And he insisted cheerfully: "So that's that! Now listen, Nell——"

"I can't hear you," she told him demurely. "The creek makes such a noise!"

He spoke more loudly; she insisted: "Louder, please." He tried to shout; and then he tried to urge his horse nearer hers, but the beasts, thus confronted on the narrow trail, fidgeted nervously.

"Shucks!" Wilbur protested. "You can hear well enough. You know what I'm trying to say anyway."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Why, Nell," he urged. "It's how sweet I think you are. You're so darned pretty and nice and everything, and I'm crazy about you. I want to get you in the habit of liking me."

"I like all the boys," said Nellie calmly.

Wilbur colored. "That won't do," he protested. "Listen, Nell," he insisted. "I'm no darned fool, you know. You were in the kitchen this noon, and I was talking to Mrs. Steeves right under the window, and I told her I was going to ride up to see the gentians this afternoon. You knew I'd be there."

Her color bloomed, and she cried: "Is that so?"

Wilbur chuckled, then became serious again.

"I'm not more fat-headed than most men," he assured her. "But I know you like me pretty well, and I like you a lot more than that." He gulped and swallowed hard. "Darn it," he confessed. "I've worked two weeks to get you like this, and Lord knows when I'll get another chance. I'm wasting time. Nell, I want you to marry me. Will you?"

She had a little aspen switch in her hand, and she tickled her pony's ears. He fretted restlessly.

"Will you, Nell?" Wilbur insisted.

"You're not the kind for me," she told him then.

"Why, pshaw!" Wilbur urged. "You don't need to feel like that. Of course we've been—we've lived in different worlds. But mother liked you, and she'll love you the way I do, Nellie. And I want to live out here anyway. It's done me a lot of good; and I talked with father, and I'm going to buy a ranch somewhere out here. They'll like you, Nell."

He did not see the warning in her eyes till she cried now: "You big pig! I'm not ashamed of what I am, not apologizing for what I am, you fool! You're not the kind for me, that's all! You're a coward, afraid of things that even babies aren't afraid of. What do I care about your mother? She's nice. I liked her too. But I don't like you."

Wilbur chuckled. "Don't be silly," he protested. "I know better. Far as being scared is concerned, sure I'm scared. I don't deny it. So was Henry of Navarre. I'll get over it, by and by." He saw her puzzled look, and explained: "He was just an old king. Never mind him." Laughed quickly. "But, honey, everybody's afraid of something. You are, yourself. I don't blame you, either." And he added endearingly: "I'm not afraid of you, though. You and your pony can outrun me, but—please don't always outrun me, Nell."

"Me? Afraid?" she echoed angrily.

"You're afraid of your father," he pointed out, and he shook his head. "Oh, I don't blame you," he confessed. "He looks like a rattlesnake to me."

He saw her pale, and then turn red again; and abruptly she cried, in derisive challenge: "I'll go slow this time—if you want to come."

And she whirled that pony of hers aside, up the steep broken wall of the canyon. The pony scrambled like a cat; and Wilbur after his first cry of dismay, his vain attempt to stop her, watched in a paralyzed fear. She and the horse seemed to go straight up; there were moments when the pony's forefeet fanned the air, groping for footing. Once he was about to topple backward, but the girl slid like a shadow to the ground, held him, led him two or three yards to an easier slope, mounted again. Up, and up, to the canyon's rim!

Wilbur saw her scramble to level footing high above him there and wheel her horse to look down; and she waved her hand and called:

"Aren't you coming?"

"Wait," Wilbur shouted. "I'll come around!"

Her scornful laugh floated down to him; he heard the drumming of her pony's feet as she whirled; then the sound died and she was gone.

He shook his head and began soberly to clear away the trees he had felled across the trail. He was frowning; but when, an hour later, he returned to the ranch house his eyes were once more serene.

Nellie seldom rode down to Wash Fillinger's shanty. She wished sometimes to see her mother, but Wash was always there. Infrequently, when she heard from one of the boys that Wash was abroad, she caught up her pony and made haste down the canyon for a brief hour with the older woman. That was all.

But one afternoon a Mexican sheep herder, driving his pack burros up the canyon trail to the forest pastures miles above, stopped to leave a scrawled note for her. Her mother was sick and wished to see her; and Nellie, when she could get away, went full gallop down the trail. She followed the road till she came to the little flat on the farther side of which the shanty stood; and she cut across the flat, toward the gate in front of the shanty door. There was a saddled horse among the aspens, but she gave it no attention. She flung to the ground and went directly toward the door; but she went more slowly now, for Wash very likely would be here.

The inside of the hut was dark; her eyes for a moment blinded by this darkness. But when she could see she discovered first her father. He sat on a stool tilted back against the wall, and he was cleaning with an oily rag that great revolver; that tremendous, belching weapon whose thunderous detonations had since her babyhood possessed the power to startle her into a paralysis of terror. Nellie shuddered at the sight and her eyes flicked around the room.

Her mother sat by the hearth, huddled in a chair. She seemed no more ill than usual.

(Continued on Page 127)

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A POSITIVE SPARK INSURES INSTANT STARTING. SWIFT PICK-UP, BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE
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Who says so? Leading car makers and engineers on both sides of the Atlantic. That's why 200 successful manufacturers equip their engines with AC Spark Plugs. The AC's of today are designed and built for today's engines. They deliver the added power.

AC Spark Plugs, and AC's alone, have the patented one-piece, gas-tight construction and the welded side-electrode.

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Cut true and square, seasoned dry to meet every requirement, graded more exacting than ever, conforming to American Lumber Standards . . . and, so every user may know positively he obtains the grade he wants, the piece bears indelibly the mark of the expert grader and the trade-mark of the mill which manufactured it . . . and back of it all, the certification of grades of the Southern Pine Association.

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Advertisement No. 4 —one of a series

(Continued from Page 124)

And Wilbur Nutter was standing, rather tensely, against the wall opposite her father.

Wilbur grinned at her as she came in, but Nellie was too terrified to see. She looked at her father again, and then she ran across to where her mother sat and caught the older woman's shoulders.

She whispered huskily: "Ma, what is it? What's the matter with you, ma?"

The gun roared behind her, and a string of peppers, fastened to one of the roof timbers, clattered to the floor. The string had been severed by the shot. Nellie cried out at the reverberation, and she swung around; and Wash said grimly:

"Nothing the matter with yore ma! She writ that note 'cause I told her to. I wanted you."

She stammered slowly, "What for, pa?"

"You and him yonder been canoodling around. I aim to fix it," said Wash somberly. He had, she saw, been drinking; his eyes were inflamed. The accusation made only a faint impression on her, so obsessed was she with the terror he inspired.

She said pleadingly, "No, pa."

"Cont'adict me, will you?" he challenged menacingly.

"Who said so?" she persisted; and she appealed to Wilbur: "You told him it wasn't so, did you?"

"Shut up," said Wash before Wilbur could speak. He stumbled to his feet. "Get your hosses. We're going for a ride."

The phrase had only its simple meaning to Nellie's ears, but Wilbur echoed: "For a ride?" She heard terror in his tones, and she looked at the young man scornfully. His fears made her half forget her own, but Wash reminded her.

"And quick," he remarked. He strode to the door. "Come out here," he directed. "The both of you. You first, Nell. Now, young fellow. Now stand right there."

His horse was tied around the corner of the house; he brought the beast and mounted it. He gestured with the gun toward Wilbur's beast among the aspens thirty yards away.

"And don't take any resks," he suggested.

Wilbur supinely mounted; the girl did likewise. Wash reined near them.

"Now," he bade them, "down the road to town. I'll be right close behind. Walk your hosses. Keep together, along in front of me."

"See here!" Wilbur challenged. "What do you mean to do?"

Wash grinned and spat. "You've had yore fun," he retorted. "Now yo're going to pay! I aim to see to 't you marry the gal."

"You can't do that," Wilbur protested, twisting in his saddle. Wash without comment shot the spur off his right heel, and Wilbur desperately strove to quiet his plunging horse. "Well, maybe you can," he admitted then. "Maybe you can."

Nellie urged pleadingly, "Pa, it ain't so."

But: "Ride," said Wash Fillinger.

So they rode, at a foot pace, down the canyon road toward town a dozen miles away. Because they rode side by side, Wash ten yards behind, there was some opportunity for conversation, and Wilbur tried it.

"Nellie," he whispered, "I want you, but not this way."

"If you let him," she retorted fiercely, "I'll hate and despise you the longest day I live."

"If I don't will you marry me?"

"I wouldn't," she said, "if you were the last man in the world."

Wilbur looked back at the man behind, but Wash rode with his holstered weapon ready to his hand, and Wilbur sighed. He made no further attempt at conversation at all.

Two hours later they emerged from the canyon to see the clustering 'dobe houses of the town a mile ahead of them; and Wash called a halt. Wilbur turned to face the man, but Nellie only stopped, without turning. Her eyes, though they flickered with terror, were fixed steadily ahead.

"Don't make any mistakes," Wash warned them. "Or I might make one. It might be an ear or a nose, or it might be something else. You'll do the talking, young fellow, but I'll be right behind you. The whole show, start to finish, mind; and me here to give the gal away."

Wilbur nodded and they rode on. He whispered once to Nellie: "Will you if I don't?"

But she made no sign; so they came into town.

The justice of the peace wore not the aspect of a minister of grace. He was a rotund man, and an indolent, if his appearance told the truth; but he managed the present business as well as another might have done. Wilbur gave him a twenty-dollar bill, but the fat man recovered in time to wish them luck and stand in his door to watch while they walked out to where the horses stood.

Nellie went ahead. Once her eyes had met those of Wilbur scorchingly, but the young man only grinned. There was something new in his glance now which faintly puzzled her. She went ahead of him, and she was mounted before he came to the bridge across the irrigation ditch that ran beside the narrow street. Wash had paused at the stoop for a word with the justice of the peace.

Wilbur saw that Nellie was safely mounted. He looked across the street to where the open country lay; the flat desert lands stretching in bands of tawny color to the blue rampart of the farther mountains. Then he turned back toward where Wash still stood, and Wash saw his glance and called warningly:

"Git on your hoss and git! I'm through with the both of you."

Nellie had started at a foot pace up the street, but she heard, and she heard Wilbur's smiling reply.

"But I'm not through with you, Wash," said the young man cheerfully.

"I can't bother with you," Wash retorted.

"I'm going to bother—just a little—with you," Wilbur assured him. They were half a dozen paces apart, but Wilbur made at first no move to close this distance. "I don't like you," said Wilbur. "You've done me a good turn, but I don't like you. You can shoot off a woman's ear, or a chicken's head, or a string of chili peppers, or even a man's spur. But you can't scare a man, Wash!"

"I ain't seen any of the critters around," Wash suggested truculently.

"You're looking at one," Wilbur assured him; and the great revolver leaped suddenly into the other's hand. "You're looking at one," Wilbur repeated, undismayed. "I'm coming up there and take you over my knee, old man."

Fish Creek Trail, Lolo National Forest, Montana

And he began to saunter slowly toward the stoop where the other stood.

Nellie cried out some desperate warning, but Wilbur only waved to her a reassuring hand. The revolver bellowed and dust spurted from the path at Wilbur's feet. Wilbur shook his head.

"That won't do, Wash," he said reprovingly. "It will have to be the heart shot or a paddling. Take your choice. They hang men down here, you know. You might as well take the licking. Your neck's thin for a hanging."

They were three paces apart, and the weapon belched in Wilbur's very face, and Nellie screamed. Wilbur heard her horse come splintering through the fence as she rushed to save him. She might blunder into the bullets' path!

So Wilbur decided there was no time for further conversation, and he moved more rapidly. There were powder burns on his cheek and a trickle of blood from his ear; but he had the hot barrel of the weapon in his hand, and wrenched it skyward. Old Wash, in a last harmless gesture, pulled the trigger; the heavy slugs ripped innocently upward through the blue and smiling air.

Wilbur took the gun away from him and threw it aside. He grappled Wash and held him easily and twisted him around into a fit position for that which he was now to do. He looked for some suitable implement; his flat hand was, he thought, inadequate.

There was nothing near except the revolver, so Wilbur picked that up by the grip and laid it earnestly across the chaps of the man whom he stretched helpless on his knee. The heavy barrel bruised, perhaps, more than it stung, but the effect was sufficient. Men down the street ran out at the sound as of a calf in the act of branding.

The affair was painfully protracted, but by and by the butt of the old revolver loosened under the strain and Wilbur gave over. He released Wash; he stood back; he surveyed the weapon in his hand.

Wash was babbling in an empty venom, but Wilbur only looked at the revolver.

"No good to you the way it is," he remarked. "The butt's cracked. I might as well keep the darned thing." He stuck it into the front of his overalls and turned away. Nellie sat her horse in a still silence, watching him.

And Wilbur smiled up at her. "Well, sweetheart," he said. "It's near sundown. We'd better ride."

As far as the mouth of the canyon they went in silence, but once within its shades, dusk enfolded them, and the creek chuckled there below the road. At a little open park their horses yearned that way, and they swung aside that the beasts might drink. And while the horses stood to their fetlocks in the tumbling stream he turned to her, a smiling question in his eyes.

She whispered: "Golly, you scared me! He might have killed you."

He chuckled contentedly. "That's good enough for me, sweetheart!" he told her. Their horses were side by side; he leaned toward her and felt the passionate relief from desperate fear in her slim, hungry arms.

It was hours later, and they were near the ranch, and the moon was high above the canyon walls before she asked in reluctant memory: "But what made him think that about us, Wilbur?"

"Glad he did, aren't you?" he evaded.

"Glad, but furious, too," she confessed. "If I ever find out who told pa such a thing, I'll—I'll do something to him."

He said in cheerful confession, "I'm your meat, Nell!"

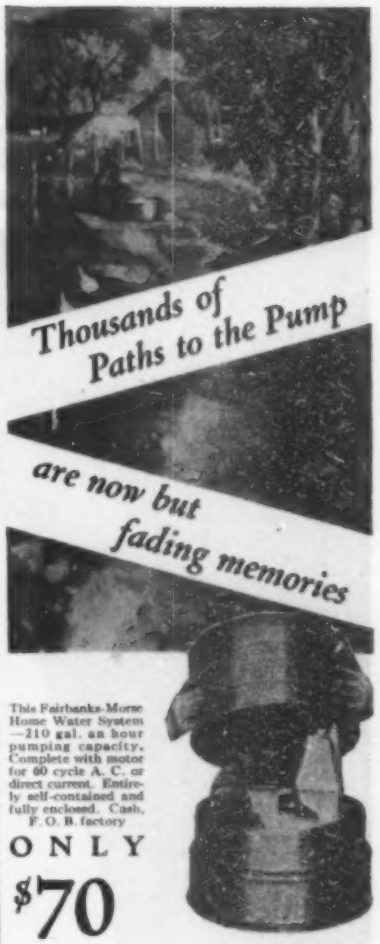
She stared at him dumbly, could find no word; and he nodded, grinning unashamed.

"I told him," he admitted. "I wrote an anonymous letter and told him so, and what to do about it, and everything."

She rode on for a moment, eyes straight ahead; till he prompted her.

"You said you were going to do something to the culprit, honey. What are you going to do?"

So, laughing in the moonlight, she pulled up her horse, and made her answer plain.



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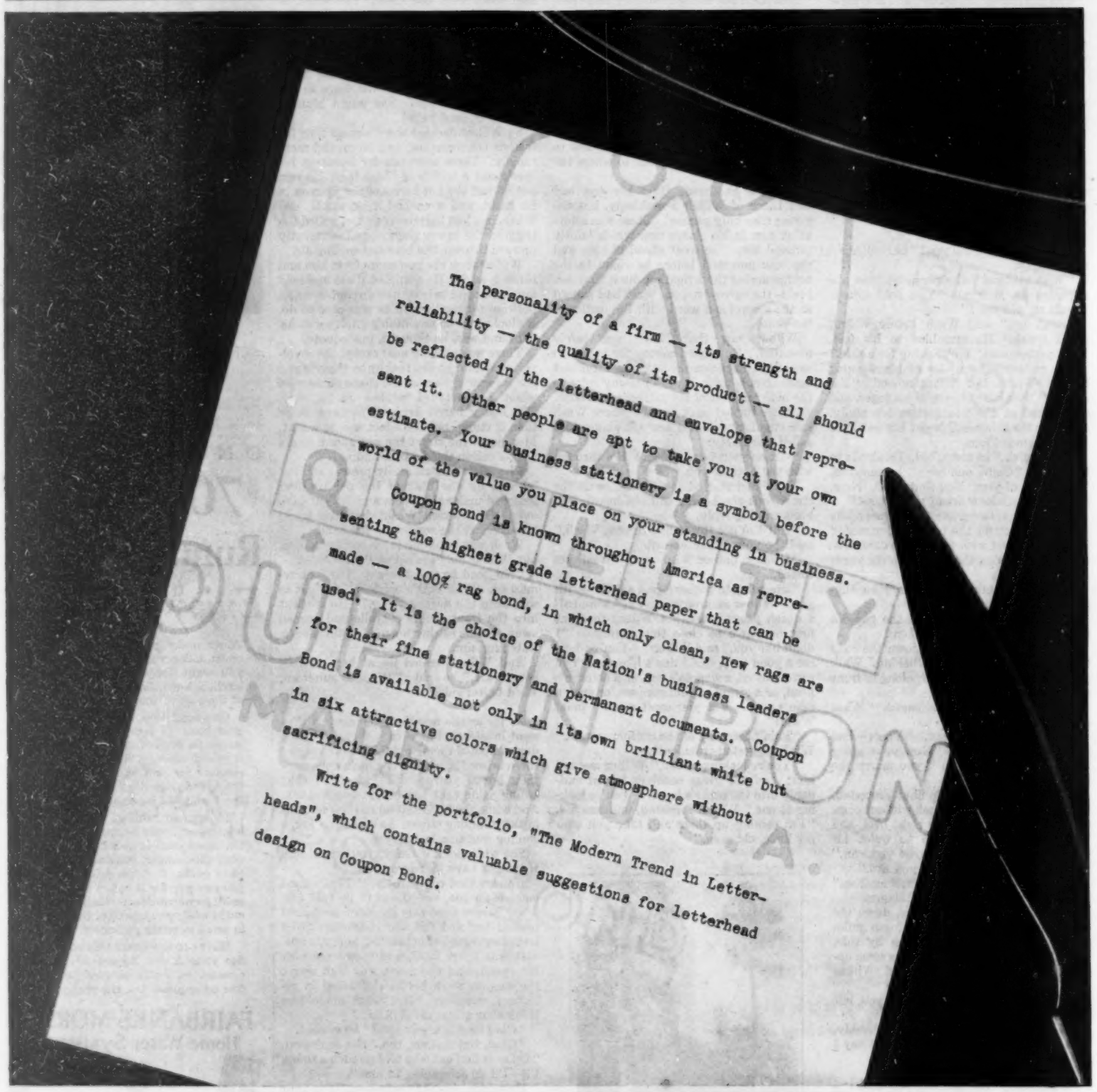
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EAGLE·A·PAPERS

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

(Continued from Page 29)

7000 mines a month and making every effort to increase the number to 10,000. Because of the mystery in which all nations shroud their mining operations, none of the Allies' experiences had heretofore been available as a basis of study in anticipation of our own activities in the conflict. When the facts of the situation were finally revealed, Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, Chief of the United States Navy Bureau of Ordnance, wisely determined to develop a new and effective design of mine and to arrange for the manufacture of 1000 a day.

More widespread and effectual utilization of mining operations was also among the first considerations of the Bureau of Ordnance. As early as April of 1917, it prepared a memorandum suggesting, among other proposals, that attempts be made to establish mine barrages restricting submarines to the North Sea. Behind these proposals was the theory that wild beasts which cannot be killed in the open should be kept in their lairs, or, in President Wilson's metaphor, that the hornets, instead of being hunted all over the farm, should be shut up in their nests.

Surface craft, despite the numerical advantage of the Allied navies, were incapable of blockading the U-boats, even though the "nests" were known. The German defenses were too strong for this method. Strategists realized then, as now, that the day of the close surface blockade is over. Aircraft, submarines and mines have made it ineffectual. But mines, moored in areas closely patrolled and carefully protected from opposing mine sweepers, can prevent the passage of enemy craft. If a barrage of mines could be laid from Scotland to Norway and another across the Strait of Dover, naval authorities insisted, the German submarines would be held in the North Sea and the lines of communication from America to England and France securely protected.

These considerations prompted the Bureau of Ordnance consistently and insistently to urge adoption of its plans. It was staking its reputation on American inventive and mechanical genius, and eventually it won. As in the case of Admiral Plunkett's land battery, vision, faith, courage and energy carried to successful conclusion an outstanding accomplishment of the war. As early as May 9, 1917, Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, submitted a memorandum on the proposal to the British Admiralty for advice and comment. Four days later the following reply was received:

"From all experience, Admiralty considers project of attempting to close exit of North Sea . . . to be quite impracticable. Project has previously been considered and abandoned. The difficulty will be appreciated when total distance, depth, materials and patrols required and distance from base of operations are considered."

Punch Bowls for the Germans

Regardless of this discouragement, the bureau pressed its plans. Intensive studies of all types of mine barrages were continued, and development of a suitable mine was particularly sought. The quality of certain mines of the Allies then in use may be judged by the fact that German crews were sweeping them up to convert into punch bowls. Hundreds of inventions and suggestions from civilians were studied, but in general these were inadequate, principally because the designers had insufficient knowledge of the problem involved and of the difficulties offered by sea and weather.

Among the suggestions, however, a valuable idea was submitted. It came from Mr. Ralph C. Browne, an inventor and Roentgenologist of Salem, Massachusetts, and was originally suggested as a feature of his submerged gun. With Mr. Browne's cooperation this feature was adapted to mines instead, making a highly efficient weapon. One novelty of the device lay in the fact that the firing mechanism included a copper wire, or antenna, connected to an electric relay system. A steel ship touching the wire generated a sea-battery current of sufficient energy to actuate the relay and thus explode the mine. As these wires extended seventy feet upward from the mines, one new mine could effectually replace three of the old type, thus reducing the cost and the difficulties of mining any large area. Numerous other features assuring safety in handling, ease in manufacture and effectiveness in action were also incorporated.

Immediately after intensive tests had proved the practicability of the new mine, Admiral Earle submitted a letter to the Chief of Naval Operations, describing its effectiveness and renewing the proposal of a mine offensive in the North Sea. "The mine," he explained in part, "will be comparatively simple in design, and it is believed that it can be manufactured at a maximum rate of 1000 per day, which means that the number required for about 300 miles of barrier can be produced within about three months from the beginning of deliveries or within four months from the placing of orders." Included also in the memorandum were virtually all the important features of the barrage which was later established.

In the Interest of Secrecy

This plan, with the designs of the mine, was carried to London in August of 1917 by Admiral Mayo, when he went abroad to inspect the United States naval forces and to consult with the Allies concerning our coöperation at sea. It was presented in detail to the Allied Naval Conference on September fourth and fifth, where it received careful and favorable consideration and was included, as an appendix, in a policy later outlined by the Admiralty. Upon the return of Admiral Mayo to the United States, a conference attended by Admirals Benson and Mayo, Rear Admiral Earle and Captains Frank H. Schofield and Reginald R. Belknap, approved the plan, and Admiral Benson, after consultation with the Secretary of the Navy, directed Rear Admiral Earle to proceed at once to procure 100,000 mines. The British Admiralty, the General Board, the Secretary of the Navy and the President formally indorsed the plan, and on November first the Chief of Naval Operations was enabled to cable to the British Admiralty:

"Department concurs in project for mine barrier Scotland to Norway and has already taken steps to fit out eight such mine planters to sail February first. . . . Expect begin shipment of mines January fifteenth. Will send officers to confer and arrange details in a few days."

Thus, finally, was approved this remarkable project.

Manufacture of the mines was begun immediately. The new weapon consisted of a globular mine case, thirty-three inches in diameter, made of $\frac{3}{16}$-inch steel and mounted on an 800-pound anchor, to which it was connected by a $\frac{3}{4}$-inch wire-rope mooring cable. Within the mine case was a charge of 300 pounds of high explosive, a firing mechanism connected to the antenna and to horns on the outside, and an extender mechanism which thrust the detonator primer into its seat when the mine attained a certain depth and withdrew the primer to a safety position when the mine rose to the surface. The mooring cable was wound on a reel inside the anchor, which, in turn, was mounted on four small wheels, allowing the mines to be moved on steel tracks along the deck of a ship for storage or for launching from a port at the stern. Mine, anchor, antenna and floats combined weighed approximately 1400 pounds and stood five feet high. Each mine cost about $400 when complete. Ingenious

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mechanical devices permitted the mooring to be so set that the mine, when launched, would attain and remain at any predetermined depth. The antenna also unwound automatically after the launching of the mine, thus eliminating, as far as possible, the danger of premature explosion.

The assembly method, widely utilized in quantity production of automobiles, was adopted in manufacturing the mines. The many parts were divided into groups which could be designed and tested separately and could, if necessary, be changed without disturbing other groups; while, by careful standardization, all would fit together eventually in complete units. This method greatly speeded the manufacture of the mine parts in many industrial plants already existing. It assured, also, the advantage of secrecy. Since the organizations which constructed the parts were widely scattered, and, in many cases, unaware of the fact that they were producing material for mines, there was little opportunity for the secret to become known. As a further safeguard, only a few mines were actually assembled in this country. These were required for test purposes and were completed on board our own mine layers. The parts of all other mines were shipped as groups to assembly depots in Inverness and Invergordon, the mine bases in Scotland, and there assembled.

The secret firing mechanism was most jealously guarded. Its parts alone were distributed among more than a score of factories, while over 500 contractors and sub-contractors were engaged in the manufacture of the mine as a whole.

Safety and Speed

The charging of the mines with explosives was done at first by contract, but later at a loading plant near the Norfolk Navy Yard specially constructed for that purpose, where no less than 73,000 were thus prepared. Plans provided also for a special service of twenty-four small cargo steamers to transport the mines and accessory material from Norfolk to the west of Scotland, whence they were carried through the Caledonian Canal or by railway to Inverness and Invergordon on the northeast coast, where facilities for storing and assembling the mine and for loading the mine-laying squadron were prepared. The cargo steamers, operated by our Naval Overseas Transportation Service, contributed generously to the success of the operation. One, the Lake Moor, sunk by an enemy submarine off the coast of Ireland, April 11, 1918, with a loss of forty-five officers and men and about 1500 tons of mine material, constituted the one great loss in the entire mine-laying operations. Of the 85,000 mines thus loaded and shipped abroad, more than 56,000 eventually were planted in the barrage; all without serious accident.

The officer assigned to take charge of organizing and preparing the Northern Barrage and to command the mine-laying squadron was Capt. Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. Navy. His selection was a happy one. Captain Belknap had just completed several years' sea service in command of the mine force of the Atlantic Fleet and was on duty in the planning section of the Chief of Naval Operations. It was he who convinced the General Board of the feasibility of transporting and planting the great number of mines required for the barrage. His new duties required, in addition to unusual executive ability and technical skill, a high degree of both tact and judgment, for the new mine and its projected use represented a secret profoundly to be guarded and it was essential that every necessary part of the preparation be given the precedence due to its importance. Information or instruction was transmitted mostly by oral communication.

At that time the United States had only two mine layers suitable for North Sea operations—the old-type protected cruisers San Francisco and Baltimore. Each had a capacity of 175 mines—and it was proposed to lay 5000 mines a week! Eight large, fast, freight and passenger steamers were immediately requisitioned and converted into mine layers. When assembled, the ships constituted Mine Squadron I—a force of ten vessels with a capacity of 5500 mines.

This rapid expansion of the mining squadron entailed a similar expansion of personnel. The problem was a serious one, for very few officers and men had served on mine layers. Recognizing that much of the personnel would be inexpert with mines, the Bureau of Ordnance designed its new weapon so it could be handled like fixed ammunition, thus assuring both safety and speed—an admirable example of coördination. A special training camp for the new crews was established at Newport, Rhode Island, with officers who had seen duty on mine layers detailed as instructors.

Meanwhile preparations were made to have the mine squadron sail for Scotland by February. Congestion at the shipyards, scarcity of material, severe weather and shortage of fuel all played a part in interrupting this program. Further delay was caused by lack of enthusiasm on the part of some of the shipyard workmen, culminating in a partial strike at one plant. It is to be hoped that if ever, unhappily, this nation is again forced to wage war, Capital and Labor will be mobilized, as well as the soldiers and sailors who do the fighting and the dying.

While preparations were in progress, the British Admiralty informed the Navy Department, through Admiral Sims, that a "British rear admiral will be senior officer in charge of joint operations." The Navy Department thereupon detailed Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss to command the United States mine force, including all activities in connection with the barrage. After familiarizing himself with the plans in Washington, Admiral Strauss sailed for England in March to complete arrangements for the operations immediately after the arrival of Mine Squadron I.

An urgent request from the British Admiralty in March, for help in laying a mine field in the North Irish Channel, where the Tuscania recently had been sunk, was met by sending the Baltimore. Unassisted, the Baltimore did the work in a manner to win official commendation from the British. The Roanoke followed in April, and as the first of the new mine layers she was promptly visited by British Admiralty officials, to see "how this American ship carries twice as many mines as our mine layers of twice the size." On May twenty-sixth, the flagship San Francisco and four other vessels of the squadron arrived at Inverness after an adventurous passage. Their condition recalled the incident of Commander Taussig's arrival at Queenstown with the first American destroyers. Although the mine layers were a new type and were not yet two months out of the shipyards, Captain Belknap reported on arrival that his squadron would be ready to begin mine laying as soon as refueled.

Captain Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. Navy, Mine Squadron Commander, Who Laid the Northern Barrage

Planting Destruction

Three more mine layers joined on June thirtieth, completing a squadron consisting of ten ships commanded by captains or commanders and averaging twenty officers and 400 men each, and two large mine sweepers, of four officers and sixty-five men each—in all about 210 officers and 4200 men. The squadron composed that part of the mine force of the Atlantic Fleet which operated actively at sea. The entire mine force included headquarters at Inverness and about 3000 officers and men in the mine assembly and supply bases under command of Capt. Orin G. Murfin, and in the repair ship Black Hawk—the flagship of Admiral Strauss—commanded by Captain Bulmer.

Delays in delivery of certain mine parts caused the postponement of the first expedition for twelve days after the San Francisco's arrival. Then Mine Squadron I started its first mine-planting expedition, or, as

(Continued on Page 133)

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Say it with Flowers

(Continued from Page 130)

officers and men preferred to call it, "excursion." In three hours and thirty-six minutes it planted a mine field forty-seven miles long containing 3400 mines. One ship disposed of her entire load of 675 mines at a rate of one mine every 11½ seconds, without a single break. On this, as on other expeditions, the squadron was considered as part of the British Grand Fleet, and was screened by an escort of British destroyers. A supporting force consisting of a squadron of battleships, battle cruisers or light cruisers further protected it against raids from enemy cruisers. On one expedition—the second—this protection was afforded by the Sixth Battle Squadron, composed of the five American battleships under Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman attached to the Grand Fleet. Since each mine layer carried from 24 to 120 tons of high explosive, making a total of approximately 800 tons in the squadron, and each was extremely vulnerable to enemy torpedoes or shells, the value of such protection may readily be appreciated.

Preparations for the first expedition were completed on June 6, 1918. Here was the culmination of seven months' work, in which everything possible had been done to make the plan a success. That evening, having imparted to the mine-layer captains his plan for conducting the operation, Captain Belknap, with the escort leader, Captain Godfrey, R. N., commanding the fourteenth Destroyer Flotilla and H. M. S. Vampire, had a parting conference with Rear Admiral Strauss. Seldom have I heard a more interesting description of wartime operations at sea than the account of this first expedition as related to me recently by Admiral Belknap.

The Gateway Closed

The "excursion" started in the mist and fine rain so typical of the North Sea. At midnight the San Francisco put to sea without signals or lights, followed by the remainder of the squadron. Proceeding in column at intervals of 500 yards, the squadron turned toward the Norwegian coast. Within fifteen minutes the silent escort of destroyers was sighted, and with these vessels surrounding it, the squadron re-formed into two columns and continued. Shortly after dawn, a group of battleships, battle cruisers and more destroyers from the Grand Fleet appeared, holding a position to the southward, as protection against possible German attacks. Paravanes were also put out from the mine layers to protect them from German mines. Udsire Light, off Norway, was sighted at midnight, and the squadron, with its escort, turned toward the northwest. As the start point was approached, orders were signaled to all ships to prepare for mine-laying operations. An hour later, in response to another signal, each vessel turned sharply to the left, forming a line of eight ships abreast, with two also in line, ahead. Then the actual mine planting began. Steadily and without interruption, while each vessel maintained full speed, the mines were dropped at intervals of about fifteen seconds, conforming perfectly with plans arranged months before. Occasionally a defective mine exploded astern, but such premature discharges were comparatively few. For almost four hours this steady planting of mines continued, the ships in a long line abreast, until the entire area designated for the expedition had been covered. Then, the supply of mines being exhausted, marking buoys were dropped and the ships formed into four columns to return to the base, while the men, dog-tired after the long tension, rested as best they could in spite of occasional U-boat alarms.

This expedition was typical of the twelve which followed, yet the frequency and variety of incident left no feeling of monotony. The restrictions imposed by presence of high explosives; the labor and precision required in mine handling and planting; the constant vigilance against fire on board and preparation for attack at any time by German surface, air or submarine craft—all these kept the entire personnel keenly alert. The expeditions averaged three a month. Once, early in September, the British and American squadrons joined in laying one field, under command of Rear Admiral Strauss, and a similar operation was under Rear Admiral Clinton Baker, R. N. That time, 5520 mines were laid by the ten American ships, 1300 by the four British; 6820 in all, the maximum on record in any expedition. Another record was made by one ship laying 860 mines in three hours and thirty-five minutes, one every fifteen seconds, without a break. Usually, however, the American squadron, under Captain Belknap, operated independently in a separate area from the British. The last expedition was on October 26, 1918. The squadron was ready for another in four days, but heavy gales and the Armistice first postponed and then made another trip unnecessary.

The behavior of the new mine was remarkably good, in spite of the unprecedented haste with which it had been designed and developed. One defect, however, temporarily caused grave concern. On the first excursion some of the mines exploded and, in turn, countermined others. On the second expedition, this occurred to about 4 per cent of the mines, and later a still greater proportion failed. Although the explosions occurred after the mines had been in the water, sometimes severely shaking the ships, and the loss could not seriously affect the efficacy of the barrage, their failure was disquieting. Readjustment of the firing devices satisfactorily solved this difficulty.

When completed, each section of the barrage consisted of a sufficient number of mines so spaced as to make it impossible for a submarine to pass through at any depth from the surface to 240 feet without being within eighty feet of at least one of them. As laid, one important section of the barrage consisted of ten rows of mines submerged at 80 feet, four rows at 160 feet and four rows at 240 feet. Since the barrier stretched over depths attaining in some places 1000 feet or more, the quantity of wire rope required for moorings strained the facilities of our factories. The mines were planted most thickly near the surface, in consideration of enemy psychology. Although submarine captains realized the added hazard involved, moral values impelled them to attempt the passage on the surface rather than in the more sparsely mined depths.

Bait for Submarines

It will, of course, never be possible to know accurately the effect of the barrage on the submarine campaign. On July 9, 1918, an intercepted radio message from the German submarine U-86 disclosed that the raider had struck a mine and was returning to port. Fast ships put out immediately to complete the work of the mine, but help from another submarine enabled it to reach base. Another U-boat the UB-22, which had been in company with the U-86, was never heard of again. A month later, the U-113, outward bound, was damaged and forced to return to port.

Then the Allies employed a clever stratagem. They mined one area, without informing neutrals that it was dangerous to navigation. Instead, a heavy patrol was placed around the danger spot, to warn neutral vessels away and to keep enemy submarines submerged while it was being prepared. To add to the deception, a large convoy was routed over the area a day or two before the mines were laid. The work was completed on September seventh, and results were immediate. On September eighth the U-92 was sunk by a mine in the secret section and another submarine was so badly damaged that it reached port only after experiencing great difficulty. The U-156 was sunk on September twenty-fifth and the UB-123 probably was lost there on October nineteenth. Thus six raiders certainly were accounted for by the barrage, and it is probable that others either suffered a similar fate or were seriously disabled. One experienced U-boat commander captured by the Allies told officers that, of all antisubmarine weapons and methods, the unseen mine held for the crews the greatest dread.

Official naval opinion of the barrage may be judged by the statement of Secretary Daniels that it was "the outstanding antisubmarine project of the year"—1918. Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, characterized it as "one of the greatest undertakings of modern times," and "one of the most successful efforts of the World War." Admiral Sims, commander of all the American naval forces operating in European waters, declared it was "one of the greatest accomplishments of the Navy on this side," adding that it won "the admiration of foreign navies," "caused no small amount of panic in some of the submarine flotillas," and "probably played a part in preventing raids on Allied commerce by fast enemy cruisers." Unquestionably it was one of the most important efforts carried out by the Navy during the campaign against enemy submarines—an exceptional enterprise and a brilliant achievement.

The Job of Undoing

The Armistice ended not only the Northern Barrage project but plans for other mine barriers in the Mediterranean. These contemplated closing the Strait of Otranto, and planting a field of 26,800 mines in the Ægean Sea from Eurbœa Island to Cape Kanaptitza, in coöperation with the Italians and British. Thus the "hornets" would have been imprisoned in their Austrian and Turkish as well as in their German nests.

In so far as mining operations are concerned, peace has its problems no less involved than war. Waters infested with mines remain a danger to ships and mariners alike. Even if the location of mine fields is accurately known, there is always the probability that wind and current may have torn the mines from their moorings and set them adrift.

Therefore, on October 31, 1918, when victory was in sight, the Allies held a naval conference in London to determine the best methods of disseminating information concerning dangerous areas and the safe routing of ships. The North Sea demanded first consideration, for in addition to our own and British activities, the Germans had strewn many mines there and Norway had planted 7000 to prevent violation of her neutrality by submarines forced to the eastward by the Northern Barrage. The conference decided that the Allied, Associated and Central Powers should clear the waters adjacent to their several coasts. The work of sweeping mines laid by Americans in the North Sea could not, in all fairness, be assigned to Great Britain or Germany. The United States, therefore, agreed to remove from the Northern Barrage all the mines its ships had laid and Great Britain was to clear the seas of those planted by British mine layers.

The problem thus confronting the United States Navy was not only stupendous in proportion but extremely difficult of execution. It will be remembered that each mine had an antenna some seventy feet in length, many stretching upward to within eight or ten feet of the surface. A steel vessel touching the antenna would explode the mine and probably meet the fate planned for German submarines. Immediately after the Armistice, Rear Admiral Strauss ordered a board consisting of the captains of the mine layers to study and report on methods of clearing the field. The board recommended that shallow-draft wooden vessels, with propellers protected from contact with the mines, antennæ and moorings, be used to explode the surface mines with sweeps, and that larger ships follow to sweep up and destroy the deep-laid mines.

(Continued on Page 137)

Seattle!

Hub of a Great Vacation Land!

So *much*—so *close*—so quickly, so easily reached. Where else will you find, all within a day's drive of a thriving, metropolitan city, a wealth of attractions like these:

Puget Sound, famed inland sea; fir-lined shores; charming wooded islands, served by speedy auto ferries; boating, fishing; fragrant coolness—62° (38-year summer average).

The Olympics, last unspoiled mountain wilderness; mountain streams; deep, blue trout-laden lakes.

Mt. Rainier's great snowy dome, near three miles in height; or Mt. Baker, both reached by paved highways, through towering forests; glaciers, ice caves, snow fields—and, a step away, Alpine valleys strewn with myriad flowers.

Ideal vacation land! A short, delightful drive from metropolitan comforts to Nature—rugged, sublime, inspiring! See it all this year!

See* ALL *the Pacific Coast

Come west over a northern transcontinental line. See *Seattle*, *Spokane*, *Tacoma*, *Portland*, then south by rail or water to *Oakland*, *San Francisco*, *Los Angeles* and *San Diego*. Or, come north to Seattle by train or steamship. Ask about trips to Alaska, Hawaii and the Orient.

Low round trip excursion fares daily, May 15 to September 30; return limit October 31.

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Center of the
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Please mail me, FREE, your illustrated booklet.

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100 WOMEN
guessed the price from $10 to $15—all amazed when we told them only . . . **$6.50**

New Sunbeam Drier and Heater

for Dressing Hair Quickly . . . for Quick Heat Anywhere!

Sets Wave

Dries Hair

Warms Room

Relieves Pain

SWITCH on the electric current, and in *30* seconds the Sunbeam Drier and Heater is going full blast—drying hair, setting a water wave, taking the chill off the sick-room or the bath, or relieving pain by drawing out inflammation.

It's handsome enough to set on your dressing table—and small enough, too. Weighs less than 4 pounds, stands under 9 inches, and takes up less room than an ordinary hand mirror.

Women are so enthusiastic about it that thirty-four of the first sixty people who saw this little beauty ordered it on sight. Some took two and three for gifts. And all were amazed, after guessing $10 and $15, when we told them that the price is only $6.50.

Beautiful, bell-shaped reflector is highly nickeled and mounted on a graceful black-enameled standard that is topped by a shapely ever-cool grip. Double swivel bearing lets you raise or lower reflector to obtain direction wanted.

No electrical aid in recent years has so swept into instant popularity with Homes, Beauty Parlors, Hospitals, Barber Shops.

If your dealer's supply has not arrived, give him your order, or send us $6.50 for the new Sunbeam Drier and Heater by return mail.

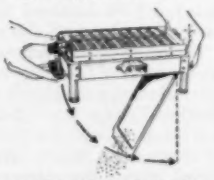
Sunbeam *Toaster** *is* 50% Faster *by my stop-watch*

reports this famous Economics Expert

GRACE VIALL GRAY, Ph. B., Ed. B.
Home economics consultant, Club leader, Magazine writer, and former Associate Professor America's largest Home Economics College.

Sunbeam's Flat Turnover Rack lets you turn toast without touching it.

A rack that opens wide to admit crackers, bread, sandwiches, halved rolls—any thickness—and holds them directly over the heating unit where heat as it rises is most intense. Thus toasting is 50% quicker.



Snap-open, Heat-reflecting Tray catches all crumbs, etc. Cleaned in a jiffy. Sunbeam has no recesses to collect crumbs or dirt. The most sanitary toaster ever devised.

THE unequalled speed of the Sunbeam Flat Toaster has now been certified by one of America's foremost housekeeping authorities.

Grace Viall Gray, with the aid of a stop-watch, recently made time studies in her efficiency kitchen of toasters of several types.

"Bread from the same loaf was toasted on the Sunbeam to a rich golden brown in a little over half the time required by the others," she certifies.

"Moreover, the Sunbeam toasts two full slices at once and turns them both over while some styles toast only one. It toasts six crackers at once—three times as many as ordinary."

In all these ways, the Sunbeam saves electricity, serves more people, and starts the day early by speeding breakfast.

"Sunbeam toast is the most delicious I've ever made," she says. "The surface is crisp and the inside tender—a result of faster toasting.

"And the Sunbeam is the only one in which I could toast ready-filled sandwiches. It toasts two whole ones at a time. And by toasting flat, within the turn-over rack, it keeps the sandwich filling from falling out.

"Its turn-over toaster rack opens wide enough to admit halved rolls. No other that I know does this.

"Flat toasting is the right principle, and the silent Sunbeam carries it out to perfection."

If your dealer hasn't the Sunbeam, mail us $8 and we'll send it prepaid.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
39 Years Making Quality Products
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Accepted · Approved
Good Housekeeping Institute

Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

*Heats up 28% *Quicker!*

Irons 1 *Hour* Faster

MRS. ALICE M. OLIVER
President, 6th District, Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, says:

"Sunbeam is superior to any other iron I have ever used. I find it saves time and electricity. It stays hot under the most trying conditions. The shape is ideal."

Doing the identical pieces of exactly the same dampness

EFFICIENCY tests* now officially confirm the 30-year Sunbeam's speed in heating, and speed in ironing, as reported by hundreds of housewives. Thus saving in time and labor, and in light bills.

This is due to the heating device inside—called the "All-Over" heating unit because it covers the bottom *completely*. Hence not only the point and center, but also the edges all around the sole-plate get hot quickly and stay hot *constantly*.

So, the Sunbeam irons damp pieces beautifully, dries them rapidly, and they cannot cool it off.

No waiting to reheat this iron. You sail right over the clothes. And you finish your day's ironing an hour earlier. Women can throw away other irons, and soon be ahead by buying the Sunbeam.

It won't burn out in a lifetime. Engineers of a famous school of technology proved that. They left the Sunbeam connected day and night for a year and a half—equal to 30 years' home use.

Its new air-cooled handle abolishes all discomfort. And its new non-breakable Trouble-Proof Plug cannot work loose, short-circuit, or overheat. And it holds the cord away from the iron—off to the side. This $1.50 plug is now included free.

Your dealer can furnish the Sunbeam with or without All-Steel Fire-Proof Case. But the case is only $1 extra. It enables you to put away your hot iron the instant you're through with it.

You can get the Sunbeam for $7.50 from good dealers everywhere—($8.50 with case)—or we will send it direct prepaid.

*Efficiency tests referred to were made by an independent authority. They proved that the Sunbeam heats up 28% quicker than the average of several other irons; and irons a day's washing of identical size and equal dampness, an average of one hour faster.

30-year "All-Over" Heating Unit

Air-Cooled Handle

Non-Breakable Trouble-Proof Plug

Good Housekeeping Institute

FREE ON REQUEST
"Sunbeam Home Nursing Guide"
most modern and approved methods by
WYNONA BLACKBURN, R. N.
If your dealer hasn't this book, ask him to get one for you, or write direct to us.

WYNONA BLACKBURN, R. N.
as superintendent nurse in a prominent hospital, directs the nursing of cases of nearly every description.

"The Sunbeam WET-Proof Pad with its three heats and its soft eiderdown covering rubberized inside, answers every need, for wet heat or dry heat," she says.

*Keep WET Packs HOT *with this* WET-PROOF *Pad*

Safe in Contact with Moisture—Efficient for Dry Heat, too

THESE Home Nursing Directions, including the use of the Sunbeam WET-Proof Pad, are contained in Wynona Blackburn's booklet—sent free on request. Extra copies, 25c.

(In no sense a substitute for physicians' care or advice, but valuable in assisting it, and in first aid.)

1 *Backaches*
2 *Colic*
3 *Dislocations*
4 *Earache*
5 *Fomentations*
6 *Glandular Enlargement*
7 *Incubation*
8 *Infection*
9 *Painful Joints*
10 *Nephritis or Bright's Disease*
11 *Pneumonia and Pleurisy*
12 *Mumps*
13 *Nervous Exhaustion (Neurasthenia)*
14 *Neuritis and Neuralgia*
15 *Hot Oil (Treatments) for Hair and Scalp*
16 *Milk Leg (Phlebitis)*
17 *Bed Warming and Fresh Air*
18 *Rheumatism*
19 *Prostration*
20 *Acute Abdominal Distention (Tympanites)*
21 *Inflammation of Bladder*
22 *Hot Packs, Cold Packs, Wet Sheet Packs, Etc.*

NOT until Sunbeam created this WET-Proof type could an electric pad be used in the presence of moisture.

"Nothing else that I've seen introduced in recent years is of so much assistance to nursing in homes and hospitals," states Wynona Blackburn, R. N. This superintendent nurse has tested the Sunbeam WET-Proof Pad in scores of cases.

"It is also more sanitary than other pads," she says, "because after using, its eiderdown slip cover can be easily removed and sterilized."

Exterior is soft for the patient's comfort—interior is rubberized to keep out moisture. Hence the only safe pad to use under children not bed trained, or helpless invalids. And, of course, the only one to keep wet applications hot—as in treating inflammation, infections, neuritis—all cases where hot compresses are prescribed.

Three heat controls—High, Medium, and Low—give temperature desired in any treatment. Choice of three attractive colors—lavender, buff or tan.

Don't make the mistake of using old pads or buying a new one that cannot stand the wet. If your dealer's WET-Proof Sunbeams are all gone, we'll send one post-paid, on receipt of $9.50.

Note: Ask your dealer or Public Service Co. to obtain for you a complimentary copy of the *Sunbeam Home Nursing Guide* by Wynona Blackburn, R. N.—or write us direct.

Relieves Earache

Keeps Wet Packs Hot

For Baby's Colic

Good Housekeeping Institute

Sunbeam

THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . . dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves . . . irritable skin.

—*then* is the time your skin needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade

THE NEW FIFTY-BOX

Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind; when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some $12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—*every* Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job *every* morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change.
It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave.
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

★ ★ ★ **Gillette**

(Continued from Page 133)

Meanwhile the mine layers were needed to transport troops from France back to the United States, and after 400 experienced officers and men had to be detailed from them to form a nucleus of the crews for the new mine sweepers, these vessels were sent home. Admiral Strauss' flagship, the Black Hawk, was retained as the flagship, mother ship and repair ship of the mine-sweeping force. The two powerful tugs, Patapsco and Patuxent, were also held to conduct experiments.

Numerous plans were tried without complete success. Then an ingenious method promising effective work as well as safety for vessels and crews was developed. By means of an electric protective device the mines were prevented from exploding when touched by a ship, and mines at quite a distance from the ship were made less susceptible to explosion. Here again was an example of the resource and inventiveness of those who were called upon to solve new and unexpected problems developed by unprecedented methods of war. As in the past, so in the future, will new weapons be parried by new defenses. Methods of combating aircraft and submarines will be devised and the age-old struggle between offense and defense will endure so long as wars are fought.

In the Midst of Trouble

Before actual sweeping could be undertaken it was necessary to obtain a fleet of vessels, assemble great quantities of sweeping gear—wire rope, kites, winches and other equipment—and train the crews. The Navy Department desired operations to be completed during the summer of 1919, the only practical time for sweeping in that area, because of the gales and short days of the northern winter.

While a force of thirty-six mine sweepers, twenty-four submarine chasers, two repair ships, and fuel and freight vessels was being assembled, experiments and investigations continued. Two small wooden sailing ships, obtained from the British, the Red Rose and the Red Fern, were towed to the edge of the mine field and, on the morning of December twenty-third, they crossed the danger area with a sweep passed between them. By altering sail and utilizing sea anchors the vessels kept perfect station on each other—an excellent bit of seamanship. After several hours' cruising the first mine exploded close astern the Red Rose, but pumps kept the vessel afloat. Four times the mine field was crossed and six explosions occurred, proving that the mines were still in place and the firing devices still functioning. Obviously, then, every precaution had to be taken to safeguard the lives of those detailed to clear the field.

At this time Rear Admiral Strauss decided to return to the United States to expedite preparations for the projected sweeping, and Captain Bulmer, in command of the Black Hawk, was given additional duty as commander of the mine-sweeping detachment. On March twenty-second he began sweeping with the Patapsco and Patuxent, safeguarded by the electric protective device and equipped with other new gear designed for the project. The sweep between the ships was regulated to cut the mooring of mines in the upper and middle rows. No sooner were the sweepers in a field than a mine exploded. Then for several hours the huge spheres were seen coming to the surface astern of the sweepers. Despite difficulties of observation and the rough weather, the operation continued without incident until almost the end of day, when a mine exploded in the center of the sweep and immediately several others were detonated, veiling the Patuxent in heavy smoke and seething water. One mine, it appeared, had been countermined directly underneath the vessel—fortunately at a great depth. Thus developed a danger which to the end remained constant and serious. There was no conceivable way of eliminating the probability of an exploding mine countermining others. And the latter could very well be near a ship!

Delays in the arrival of ships and necessary material from the United States retarded major operations of the force until early in May. Then, operating from a base established at Kirkwall, near Scapa Flow, twelve sweepers and six subchasers destroyed 221 mines in two days. Steel-wire ropes about 1500 yards long were dragged between two sweepers and kept at a fixed depth by two water kites. Because of the possibility of explosion, few mines were recovered in the course of the clearing operations. All the rest were destroyed, either blown up on contact with a sweep wire or else broken adrift by sweeping and sunk by rifle fire or otherwise.

During the first expedition it was discovered that at times a pair of sweepers would run for several hours without knowledge that the sweep had been ruptured by a mine. This fact indicated that every area would have to be swept several times to insure that all mines had been removed, adding greatly to the magnitude of the task.

Casualties in the Mine Field

Eighteen sweepers were available for the second operation, begun on May twelfth. Here a new, serious and unexpected danger was experienced. When sweeps were hauled in, mines sometimes fouled the kites, and several exploded alongside the ships; although mines on the surface were supposed to be safe. When one mine was discovered about ten feet from the Patuxent, the captain sent all hands forward and, with one man, started to clear it. Suddenly the mine went off. Several men were blown overboard—to be rescued later—and the captain lost a thumb. The vessel suffered no serious damage. No precaution could entirely eliminate this new danger. The mines, when brought to view, were close to the ship. Any action taken might or might not be the right one, a situation which greatly complicated the hazard.

Two days later a similar accident befell the Bobolink, with fatal results. The commander, Lieut. Frank Bruce, U. S. Navy, went aft to clear the mine himself. Before he was able to complete the task the mine exploded, killing him, hurling four men overboard and blowing away the stern of the ship. Prompt work resulted in the rescue of the four men, and the vessel, with boilers and pumps still intact, was towed to port after an exciting voyage.

Meanwhile the force was augmented and the sweeping continued as expeditiously as possible. On July ninth, no less than forty-three vessels were in formation, sweeping up a mine field. More casualties followed. A mine exploded in the kite of the Curlew, forcing her to return to port. Later three mines were countermined directly under the Patapsco. Then the Penguin and the William Darnold, the Lapwing and Subchaser 46 were damaged. Captain Bulmer grimly held on, an example of moral courage of a very high order. Finally came the climax of the day's misfortunes. Six mines were countermined under or close aboard the Pelican. The vessel was lost to sight in masses of water thrown up. When seen, she was sinking. The explosions had destroyed part of the ship forward.

In a few minutes Captain Bulmer had placed his flagship, the Auk, alongside and ordered the Eider to do likewise. Pumps were connected to the sinking ship and all three vessels were taken in tow by a fourth. The Pelican kept afloat and for several hours all went well. Then high winds and seas were encountered, making it difficult to keep alongside the Pelican. As night fell the pump lines carried away. With the exception of a few volunteers, the crew was taken off the Pelican, but Captain Bulmer carried on. The broken pump lines were repaired and the Pelican brought safely into port the following day.

Prepared for Peace

A curious accident befell the Flamingo at the same time. The vessel had anchored in the dark near the mine field. During the night, wind and sea caused the anchor to drag, and when morning broke, the Flamingo was in the midst of a mine field. While the anchor was being hove up, a mine was fouled. It exploded close to the stern, causing serious damage, but fortunately the personnel escaped.

The most serious accident of the entire operation occurred three days later, when the kite of the trawler Richard Bulkeley, commanded by Commander Frank R. King, U. S. Navy, fouled a mine. Vessels in the vicinity hurried to rescue the crew, but the captain and six men went down with their ship. When one man struggled on deck from below, stunned by the shock of explosion, Commander King took off his own lifebelt, strapped it around the sailor and assisted him to get clear. During the entire period while his ship was sinking, the commander continued to search for those who might have been left on board. He was last seen on the bridge when the vessel made the final plunge. Heroism such as this builds tradition in our Navy.

Six days of hard and dangerous work sufficed to clear an area including originally nearly 5500 mines. The element of time was satisfactory. With a good break in the weather, the operation had demonstrated that the entire barrage could be removed before the winter storms intervened. Casualties had been serious, but risks had to be taken.

The expeditions continued. For a period the sweeping vessels moved across the rows of mines instead of lengthwise, so they might keep in the safe area when countermining occurred. When this transverse sweeping proved too slow, longitudinal sweeping was adopted. The force worked long hours throughout the long summer days of that latitude, and even continued after dark and in weather decidedly boisterous. By September thirtieth the entire barrage area, spread over approximately 6000 square miles, had been swept clear and navigation there again was safe.

So ended the Northern Barrage and its removal—an operation daring in conception and brilliant in execution. In the words of Secretary Daniels, the Northern Barrage will "go down in the annals of naval history as one of the Navy's greatest achievements."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Rear Admiral Magruder. The sixth and last will appear in an early issue.

For a "different" vacation—

Glacier, Waterton Lakes, Rainier National Parks, Mt. Baker Region

These four Alpine wonderlands—with an endless variety of scenic grandeur and summer sport—offer you days of high adventure at surprisingly low cost . . . For the clean, luxurious Great Northern Route of the de luxe Oriental Limited enables you to visit these and other points of interest in the American Northwest for one low round trip fare . . . Also enables you to see the new electrified Cascade Tunnel—longest on the Western Hemisphere. Diversified routes returning if desired. For illustrated books and complete information, write A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room 713, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

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on the Great Northern "Empire Builders" every Monday, 10:30 p. m., Eastern Time, over Coast-to-Coast network of N. B. C.

GREAT NORTHERN

A dependable railway

All the exercise of golfing, walking, riding and like activities is yours with the Savage Health Motor

Golfers—and other sportsmen—keep in mid-season form with the Savage

WHEN "spring fever's" lassitude and lethargy dull your pep, and you've no ambition to "go places and do things", least of all to exercise—it's time for health motor's vitalizing, stimulating massage.

The Savage Health Motor exercises away fatigue and fat, pleasantly, with least exertion and loss of time on your part.

Its "passive" vibratory massage and manipulation of muscles and tissues start you off in the morning eager for the day's duties, bring you home with plenty of vim left over for whatever the evening may bring. And used a few minutes before "taps", health motor induces sound, restful sleep.

There is a new Savage—Model-B, at the new low price of $83.50*—a junior to the famous Model-A priced at $122.50*

$83.50*

New Model B

This latest word in exercisers and reducers has the advantages of good looks (radio speaker design cabinet, with art crackle finish), variable massage stroke control, wide and narrow belt (washable slip-over cover on wide belt) extreme compactness and portability, smooth, quiet operation. Pedestals and platforms are provided at slight extra cost where permanent installation is desired.

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EXERCISER AND REDUCER

Patents applied for by J. G. DeRemer

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The better stores everywhere are demonstrating. Ask your dealer . . . or write

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Makers of the famous Savage-Stevens Sporting Arms, the Savage Wringerless Washers, and Savage All Electric Ironing Machine.

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I am interested in keeping and looking fit. Send me your story, "The Spirit of Health."

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TROUPERS ALL

(Continued from Page 21)

Having read our mail, and perhaps shown a letter or two to a pal for sympathy or a touch, we headed for the Eagle or American, as the case might be, and registered—always with the company name attached and a great big flourish. Then we'd ask for the rates—which reminds one of the oldest theatrical wheeze in the world; one which actors would kill me for repeating:

"What are your lowest terms for actors?"

"Impossible!"

But breezing by that, we'd get them; usually a dollar a day for three meals and a flop, or eighty cents for two in a room, and be put up in the "buzzard's roost" on the very top floor, next the help.

Immediately—this was invariably the routine—we'd ring for ice water and stationery, which we used when we were at liberty with no money to buy any. The little bellhop was never long in bringing it, for we were heroes in his eyes; and he always entered with a little skip and hop, and likewise did a dance for us and told us his best story, with the following dialogue: "Good show?"

"Yes."

"How about a couple of comps?"

"Like to give you a couple, son, but you'll have to see the company manager about that."

The poor kids rarely got them, but hope sprang eternal in their little brass-buttoned chests, and they never once failed to ask for them.

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Blanche Ring

Meanwhile the manager had gobbled a hasty meal and hurried over to the drug store or bookseller's, where the tickets were sold, to see about the advance. And we washed up and shaved and went down, we younger fellows, to look over the "deck-hands"—the girls who waited in the American-plan dining room and their lovely leading lady, always blond and with a pompadour.

Giving the Natives a Treat

This evening meal was not only a pleasure but part of our business. The management always saw to it, if they could, that we took early enough trains to be seen by the natives in daylight, strolling to the theater or eating behind the plate-glass windows—"Gee, they'se eatin'!" "Gosh, what a humdinger!" and all that. And we rather liked it.

At some of the hotels, too, the mattresses were not too hard and occasionally we had fires at twenty-five cents a day. In one Texas town the landlord charged us a dollar for the twenty-five-cent fuel; though we slept four in a room and used the same fire. He didn't play bagpipes either. It was in this same hotel that we slept in beds arranged like berths on a steamer or Pullman, one above the other. And when we got to Galveston we didn't sleep at all; the engines snorted so on the siding under our windows. The engineers kept them fired up to get the people out of town in a hurry, not on account of our show but because of a possible flood; though it was a year since the big one.

As for baths, the less said about them the better—they were decidedly less. There was never by any chance one attached; a wash below the neck cost twenty-five cents extra; and we were regular Saturday nighters, though it never could be Saturday night, on account of the two performances. But even when it was Friday or Tuesday, we had weekly lapses on account of fines or craps or roulette on twenty and seventeen-fifty. Though I was born in New York, it was at Park City, Utah, that I saw my first roulette wheel. Soon I lost my twenty and appealed to the heavy, who stood watching—merely watching—and who, I saw, kept what we called a "boodle bag"—a little chamois contraption—around his neck. He advanced me forty and I paid it back at the rate of two a week for almost four months.

This, of course, explains some of those weekly lapses. Sometimes, however, my roommate and I would beat the game by finding a bathroom door unlocked or quickly following each other when the landlord wasn't looking, so that one quarter would do. And once or twice we picked the lock with a button hook or hairpin.

Signs

If these rooming houses and hotels were not much to write home about, the dressing rooms furnished even less. In the one-night stands all but two cubby-holes, for the leading woman or the actor manager, were up several flights. They seemed to delight in putting us up with the rats. Once in a while, in a weak moment, the owners would paint them—so they say—but I never spoiled any suits with paint.

The lights, too, were terrible; the mirror and make-up table rarely met, so that you never knew whether to sit down or stand up, and frequently you saw two faces in the mirror, or half your face twice. On the walls were always wonderful specimens of mural decoration. Laundry lists wandered all over them, done in red or yellow grease paint: "1 collar, 2 make-up towels, 1 shirt," and the like, but never by any chance a sweat shirt. According to theater tradition it was fatal to wash a sweat shirt.

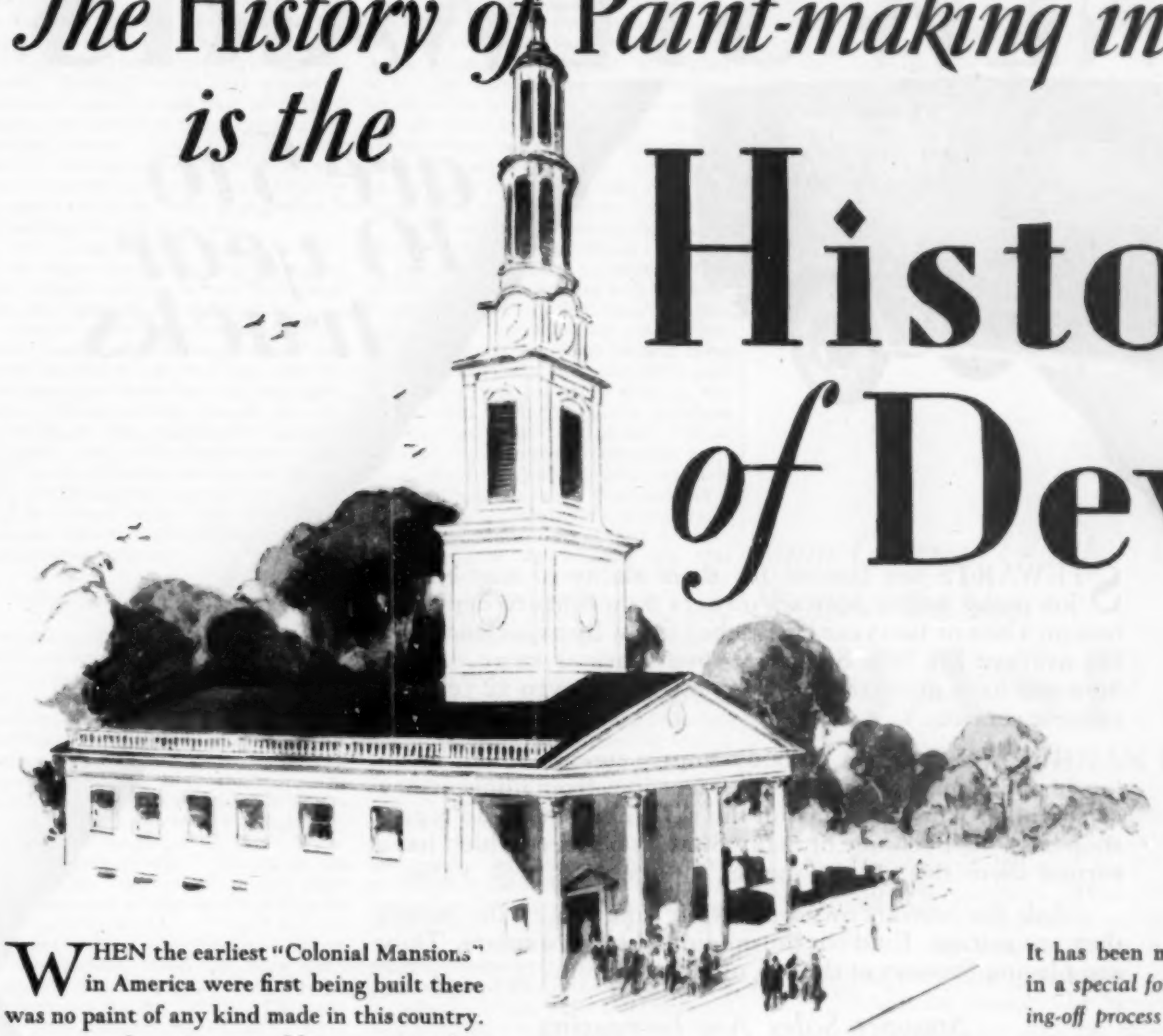
These lists were all male, of course. The girls did their laundry in the washbowls on the rickety washstands in their rooms, pasting their handkerchiefs or undies on the mirror or window panes. You could tell by the hotel or rooming-house windows when a troupe was in town.

In between these rambling lists—sort of a washing of your dirty linen in public—would be inscribed the names of the long roll of actors who had come that way—in this fashion: "Valentine Olio, America's Foremost Ventriloquist; Gabb Sauer Tenner Company, Season of 1898." Sometimes these names would be written in lipstick or eyebrow pencil, sometimes yell at you from stickers which all small-time actors carried with the cards that they got printed at fifty cents a hundred and on off nights handed to the managers of other houses and got the courtesy of the house and a free seat, maybe.

Inscribed in almost every dressing room I played from coast to coast, I saw one name: "Butts Fagan." But I never met

(Continued on Page 141)

The History of Paint-making in America is the History *of* Devoe



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(Continued from Page 138)

up with him and never discovered who he was until last fall, when I recalled this fact to Frank Hope, who knew all the old-timers who ever booked in New York.

"Was there a real fellow, do you suppose, Frank," I asked, "with that wonderful name, who made up and went to all those Eagles and looked at the deckhands and wrestled scenery? Or was it simply a ghost or a fake like George Spelvin?"—that, you know, being the name written in the theater programs for the real name of an actor who is doubling in some other part.

"No," Hope replied, "there was a real Butts Fagan—property man. He worked with almost every company and every manager who ever played the tanks."

As a further touch of art on these drunken walls, heads and profiles, grotesque cartoons, laughed at you when you made up. And sometimes these were not badly done either. If you have the gift, you can do a lot of things with grease paint. Macklyn Arbuckle, star in Why Smith Left Home, The County Chairman, and a score of other hits, exhibited a lot of grease-paint drawings in various colors. They were all his own and attracted a lot of attention and not unfavorable comment.

Too Smart to be an Actor

So it was all cheerful enough, especially when you found a lot of messages, perhaps some regards to yourself, scrawled on the walls by a friend who had been there a few weeks before and gotten your route from the Dramatic Mirror. And it is notable that never once did I read anything at all obscene or vulgar, while the nearest to scandal I came across was the bulletin of a certain road star who wrote in every dressing room for the rest of his life: "X—— ran away with my wife." He was an odd sort of chap who seemed to find some satisfaction and revenge in thus telling his troubles to the world.

Sooner or later every man and woman in the company would fall for a stand lamp, which could be attached to the plug and help out the poor lighting. The property man, company electrician or scene shifter—perhaps the three in one—made and sold these to you for two dollars and fifty cents. In some places—Richmond, Virginia, for example—there was a rule posted forbidding their use. One of the foolish virgins of our cast overlooked it and blew out the fuses for the whole theater.

Such nice little accidents frequently cheered us. In one town the theater's alternating current was attached to the trolley power house. When a car went up the hill all the lights went down or out altogether. And lots of places contracted to light the streets according to the moon. If the almanac showed a full moon and that lady walked out on you, we'd have to hunt for a strange boarding house through unfamiliar streets in the dark.

As for these theaters, we played in everything—in San Francisco, after the fire, in an opera house really made of tin; in Peru, Indiana, in a playhouse that had been a church and livery stable; at Needles, California, before a gallery that had no seats, only poles on which real Indians roosted, who scared the heavy so he couldn't give even an imitation of his fight, as Jacques, in The Two Orphans, with the poor scissors grinder, Pierre. And in Truro, Canada, the stage was upstairs over the office of the mayor, who was also stage carpenter and property man.

Most of the larger theaters had stock sets—an exterior, interior, a kitchen, a plain chamber, a wood or a meadow, and a center-door fancy, which could be used for Lord Spazaza's drawing-room. In The Man From Mexico we carried an extra set along—a prison scene—very wonderful, with doors that hideously clanged. In Waxahachie, Texas—*there* was a town—we played in a store that wouldn't fit our prison; and I spent the afternoon painting a new set on wall paper backed with unbleached muslin. So that there should be no misunderstanding I painted in the legend Prison above the doors.

In this scene I had a real prison suit, stripes and all. But don't let anyone tell you that you can get more realism in your acting by using the real thing. It weighed a ton and cramped my style. Besides, whatever my predecessor's number was, he was not the only one who had inhabited it—there were many little things. Still, I kept that suit—fumigated. One never knows when things may come in handy. Some day I may be called by Uncle Sam.

By the way, I got in wrong right at the start with that scenery. Being just a kid, friendly, though cheeky, and getting a kick out of everything connected with the show, I helped "props," the first week, load that scenery. The first day he was polite: "Mr. Hazzard, would you mind putting those doors in the crate?" The next day it was: "Jack, will you put those doors in the crate?" The third: "Hey, Jack, put those doors in the crate!" And at last: "What the hell! Haven't you packed those doors yet?" Suddenly I woke up to find the whole company laughing at me. It was no part of a principal's job to wrestle with scenery.

I had already made another blunder, committed the unpardonable sin that nearly wrecked my career. I studied my part—one hundred and six sides—Willie Collier parts were always long—and at the very first rehearsal, in New York, romped on the stage, bright and smiling, and almost perfect in all my lines. It was sad; the whole company was horrified; then they laughed sarcastically. It's—and I pass this information on to all beginners for what it is worth—it's part of an actor's oath never to know his lines until the final rehearsal!

There were other things that stamped the tyro, though on that count I was not guilty. I refer to the make-up box. The newcomer's was always flashier than the old trouper's, particularly if the newcomer had just graduated from a dramatic school. Most of them bought what was called a "casket," equipped with as many tiers as a trunk and as many pigeonholes as a country J. P.'s desk, and filled with an assortment of ingredients—grease-paints and powders of all colors, that would make you look like a Sioux out to kill the whole American nation. There would be cunning little gadgets, too, for curling the hair, fixing the eyebrows to look like—which they did—the devil, and enough rabbits' feet to give the whole company luck.

Replenishing His Stock

We had an old trouper, a heavy, who rather favored these caskets; though his own make-up box was nothing but an old cigar box tied by a sad-looking tie. But every week or so he would breeze into the graduate's room with his hearty hail, and praise him for his work. Then he would set down his old cigar box, with the tie, on the fancy casket. After a while he would get up with his make-up replenished. That cigar box had a false bottom.

The fines were always a sore point with us—chiefly for being late. I had one clapped on me at Portland. At Seattle, the night before, my roommate had wound his alarm clock, but had forgotten to set it. We missed the company train, but caught the one following, due at Portland at 8:15, at precisely the time for the curtain. On the way the conductor assured us that the train had never been known to be less than forty minutes late. But when he wasn't looking we sneaked through the baggage car, crawled over the tender, and told the fireman and engineer a couple of our best stories and explained our predicament. He beat the schedule in, arriving at eight, and the baggage master and all the people hanging about cheered. Like a Pullman, cabs were things that just went by, but we hired one that night, raced to the theater, made up, and the curtain was held for us only five minutes, which wasn't so bad—only five dollars bad out of my salary.

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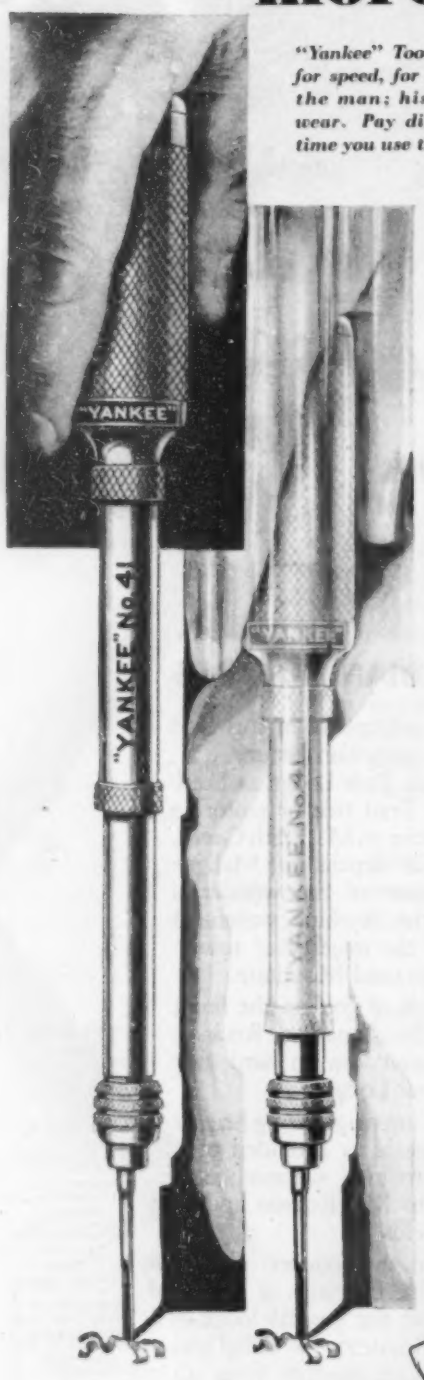

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the star was Fritzi Scheff and I was her principal comedian. She was called The Little Devil of Opera, but I always found her kindly and considerate with little evidence of that temperament for which she was noted—by press agents. It was the managers who tried to spoil her by placing carpets from her door to her cab, and "If you don't like the theater on this corner, Madame Scheff—why, we'll move it over to the other." This carpet raised me out of the bread-line class to the cake, but still we were on the road.

In this play I had a march song, with a chorus and a very intricate introduction. The whole season through I was always a little ahead with my starting bar or a little behind. And John Lund would have to work frantically to pull the orchestra up or make it lag behind to get back to me. And each time he would yell, so you could hear him in the sixth row: "Tamm ye, ye Svedish fella! Dot'll cost you two pantallettas tonight!"

He meant panetelas, of course, and after supper, regularly, I'd have to pay my fines in cigars. It made considerable inroads into my salary.

A Lover of Dandelions

But that was some years later, when we had a little more good fortune; and to return to the simon-pure old road companies, there was one job we particularly hated—being placed at the gallery door to check on the house man who took the old stubless pasteboards that served as tickets. We had to have someone there, for the theater owners were up to all sorts of tricks and would steal your eyeteeth if they had the chance. But the tricks the gallery gods were up to were even more trying. I was watching the queue one night, when a man sauntered up to the house representative and asked if he could get in and see the show. He hadn't any ticket.

"You'll have to see this gentleman," the house man said, pointing to me. "He represents the company."

So he came over with his "Hey, pardner, can I go in?"

"Why?" I asked. "What right have you? Actor, policeman, minister, murderer—any reason why you should see our show for nothing?"

He shook his head and kept repeating: "I'd like to see the show."

"After you see it," I said, "you might change your mind. But seriously, you've got to have a reason before I let you in, and a good one."

"But," he replied, apparently exasperated at last, "I haven't any reason. It's rainy, and I don't get paid till Saturday, and some other guy just ran off with my girl."

I gave it up. "Step right in, sweetheart!" I yelled. "Anyone with your nerve has earned it. But I ought to give you a box."

The characters in these old companies would have furnished types and copy enough to last a novelist or playwright for the rest of his life. In one company we had a heavy who eked out his salary by living on dandelion salads. If we arrived in town in the afternoon, one could always see him on his hands and knees in Courthouse Square or in the park by the Civil War soldier, rooting up dandelions. He carried away half the supply of dandelions from all the lawns of the country and, under his nails, half of their real estate. And once we almost lost a performance because the town constable, finding him crawling around the trees on Main Street, thought him an escaped nut and put him in the town calaboose.

We had another heavy—I forget the name of the show; like the one-night stands and hotels, so many of those old plays now are blanks. Anyway, he was death on "redeye" and not very lively about paying for it. He reminds me of another actor I knew who would never pay and yet drank hearty, and of whom Hank Blossom, famous author of Checkers, said, when asked how many drinks this fellow would take in an evening: "Any given number!"

There was another chap in this same company, who played negro stable boys, greasers, Jack Hazzard in The Old Homestead—not me but my namesake—in short, a general utility man of the first order; and he was always well equipped with lubrications. Seeing him, out of the corner of his eye, taking a nip out of a bottle produced from his bag, the heavy aforementioned would stroll down the aisle and stop by the bottle with his deep, hearty: "Hello, my boy. Little drop of redeye, eh?"

It worked for a while, but finally the other got tired of it. He got a prop bottle and, each morning before taking the company train, would fill this from his reserve stock with one drink. Then, when the heavy came down the aisle with that hale and hearty greeting of his, he would say: "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Hamlet, but you see this is all I've got. I'd love to give it to you, but I need it for myself."

The one I best remember from those days, though, was my roommate with The Man From Mexico—Newtie Peters, a queer undersized chap who had been acrobat, small-time vaudevillian, oboe player, and everything you can think of. He had a kind heart, a peculiar adroitness about rolling his own, and a very bad habit of smoking, as he recited something from King Lear or Richard III, in bed until he fell asleep. One night I woke to find the bedclothes aflame around my chin, but not wanting to call out the Eureka Fire Hose Company and all the vets, and so betray the damage, we put the flames out with the aid of the water pitcher and my only coat.

The next morning we turned the burned part of the mattress and the charred sheets very carefully to the wall, packed our bags, paid our bills so willingly and cheerfully that the landlady should have been suspicious, and appeared at the station well on time for once.

We managed to hide under the baggage trucks, piled with crates filled with live pigs, when the landlady finally came running to the station and harangued the manager, who, of course, had to lie for us until the train came in and we pulled safely out of town.

Newtie had another pal besides me—a little cur that would have been a black and tan if he had been anything—and he used to carry him up and down Main Street, singing to him in a lemon-juice tenor that always made the poor cur howl. With him, and the leading heavy on his knees picking up dandelions, it was no wonder the constables tried to pick us up, not as vagabond actors but as nuts escaped from some asylum and wandering around loose.

A Little Bit of Everything

Newtie also had a suit—blue serge with two pairs of trousers, one of which he would always carefully crease with his long knife-like finger nails and put under the mattress as soon as he arrived at the hotel. Also, he had a pony trunk which he called a bag. It had everything in it—needles, thread, hammers, darning cotton, the extra pair of trousers, one shirt, a collar—celluloid—make-up, a saw, sweat shirt, Shakspere, red flannels, blue pills, a cornet, bottle of arnica, ditto of whisky, a pack of greasy cards, shoe polish, tights, screw driver, dictionary, corkscrew—and sometimes I swore I saw him taking out a baby grand and a baby carriage. He would spend each Sunday sorting, arranging and repacking that bag to the accompaniment of Hamlet's soliloquy.

At a North Dakota hotel at which we arrived after traveling through the Soo, with the thermometer at forty below, Newtie started a very bad habit. You could get a drink here for fifteen cents, but two for two bits, or a quarter. Now, Newtie had said he wouldn't drink at these hotels; he didn't trust their liquor. But at this bar I saw him reading this bargain sign about the two for a quarter; and as soon as I had

(Continued on Page 145)

Fun for the CHILDREN

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but troublesome and expensive for you.

FOR the *six-year-old* this is no end of fun. For *you* it means spending more money for new gutters and rain-pipes . . . . Probably it wasn't so long ago that your present ones were new. Yet today they are badly rusted and full of holes through which water spurts whenever it rains.

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Continental Motors

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MOTOR MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

254

(Continued from Page 142)

ordered, he came up and solemnly placed a dime on the mahogany.

"Make it two!" he said.

As a youngster of twenty I didn't spend much time at the bar; couldn't, with all that traveling and learning my sides and standing in the wings and absorbing every other part, until I could have played any of them on a minute's notice. But I did have my evening cocktail like a man, especially on those days that were forty below. And each time, at that holy cocktail hour, Newtie came up, after I had ordered, and solemnly put down his dime.

The seventh time I asked him: "Hey! Don't I ever get the ten-cent end?"

He shook his head like Macbeth. "No," he said. "You see, you're going to get one anyway." Through all those zero hours of that season he held on to his ten-cent bargain.

But there were lots of nice things about Newtie. Because of that silver handle left from the wreck of the umbrella, he had conceived the idea that I had been tenderly brought up. And many's the time he would get up early, tiptoe down to a rooming-house cellar, steal some wood, and have the fire made before I turned over, so that the place would be warm when I got up. And he was always sending half of his twenty home to Blutch. Who's that? His wife, of course. All acrobats, vaudevillians and small-time actors called their wives "Blutch."

It was in that North Dakota town, come to think of it, that I struck my worst hotel. I was registering at the desk when the cook approached the clerk and whispered something. The clerk unlocked the safe, took out of it two cans of sardines. I didn't finish my name, but went from the Eagle to the American across the street. It was the second time it was brought home to me how far I had traveled. I must be pretty far from the sea, I felt, if they thought as much of fish as that.

But I mustn't forget Babe—what company doesn't matter; for, like all the rest of the Babes, she was blond, not very pretty, but plump. I bought her a box of peppermints, then two-year-old chocolates from the drug store, tied up with a pink ribbon, and finally a sandwich and a bottle of beer—sent up to her room. In the free and comradely life of the stage there was nothing wrong about that.

Then, one night—heaven on earth—I was allowed to brush her hair. Still I can feel the thrill.

The Tragedy of First Love

So things went on—the sandwich and the beer and the hair brushing, until the heavy, playing his rôle, said to me: "Aren't you making a fool of yourself?"

"How?" I asked, suspecting nothing.

"With Babe."

"What are you driving at?" I yelled. I was ready to punch his head.

"Oh, nothing, if you take it that way. But don't say I didn't tip you off."

By now I was furious. "You can't say a word against her! She's the finest girl that ever played the tanks, and better than a lot on Broadway."

"All right," he said, moving out of reach. "Have it your own way. But I hate to see a nice fellow like you playing the fall guy."

I would have fought him for her. Still, he had put the poison in the well. That night, after the eighty strokes, I kissed her hand, a veritable Sir Galahad of the tanks, walked down the corridor and banged the door—banged it; then opened it on a crack. For an hour I stayed there, my eye glued to that crack, until the character man came along, his game of pinochle over, opened her door and—went in! For another hour my eye stayed glued to that crack, until it almost fell out. The door had not opened and, crying, like the kid I was, I fell asleep.

Next morning I told the heavy about it.

"Don't worry, son," he said. "I tried to tell you she was playing you for the fall guy with the beer and sandwiches you was buying her. She married that bird last week."

It may seem a comedy to some, but to twenty and Love's first dream it was a tragedy. From that time forth—at least, for that season—I was through with women. I had learned about 'em from Babe.

Heart trouble and money troubles! How often our salaries did not come on time or at all! That Turkish Texan Company, for instance! The first week I got my thirty-five, the second they forgot one of the fives, the third, all of them. Still, we had our hotel bills paid, got to Kansas City and played it. When the time came for our departure, the call read: "Company train at 8:15." But we didn't go at 8:15, or at ten, or at noon. And two found us ducking up and down stairs and around pillars whenever the hotel manager hove in sight.

At last he cornered me. "Hold on," he said. "It's not what you think. You're stranded, aren't you?"

I gave my best comedian's laugh: "Huh, huh, huh!" registering irony—and with my best gesture waved such an idea into the thin air.

"I told you," he said, "it's not what you think. Now, you and the principals have played here before. You've always conducted yourselves like ladies and gentlemen. You can take your baggage out any time you want to."

An Installment on the Refund

I could have saluted him, like a French general, on both cheeks. After all, there are kinder-hearted hotel men in the world than the one who locked his sardines in the safe.

But the last act had not been played. In another Kansas town I got a wire with an offer of a part as Picard in the famous old Two Orphans company with the favorite Kate Claxton. Also they mailed me the part, which I duly studied. Then came another wire: "Join the company at West Superior. Pay your own fare. Will refund." I borrowed twenty of the management, bought a Revolutionary wig and a pair of high-heeled shoes—woman's—and painted them red; gave a magnificent farewell party—four sandwiches and two bottles of beer—and arrived in West Superior with thirty-five cents, the quarter out of which went to the bus man.

At the desk I received a message directing me to come over to the theater to rehearse. Now, one hates to rehearse with a new company that has been playing a piece for a long time. They have rehearsed it a million times and the new man in the cast who makes them go through it again, so he'll get his lines and cues right is—well, not exactly popular. However, I never hurried over to a theater more quickly.

I met the manager, and before I had rehearsed a line, said, "Advance me some money."

"How much do you want?" he said.

"Oh, twenty or thirty"—as airily as possible.

I never saw incredulity better registered on a human face. "I'll see you in an hour," he said. And he did—to give me three dollars.

By this time I was on. I ran across Florence Robinson, then a well-known character woman. She started to cry. "I sent you that wire myself," she said, "for Kate. But it's only the last week or so we haven't been paying salaries. However, this breaks your contract and you can go back."

"On what?" I shouted. "On three dollars?"

So I had to stick. Often we had to stick. We rode three or four hundred miles, played a few towns, settled only the hotel bills at first, then started in paying wages again.

And this must be said for that famous old trouper, Kate Claxton. She'd be pretty tired from her long emotional rôle as the blind girl in the piece, and pretty well fagged out, too, with her responsibilities as managing star. Often we'd urge her to go

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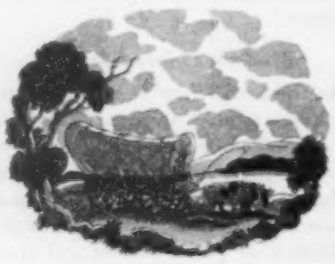

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back from the day coaches and get a chair in the Pullman. But she'd shake her glorious red head.

"If I can't pay salaries, I ride as my company rides."

On this same tour we reached Spokane at four in the morning and, since the hotel day began at six and for two hours of sleep you'd have to pay the day's rate, we sent the women to bed, but the men stayed up. Our intentions were good, but the manager suggested that, to kill time, we go over to Doc Brown's gambling house; just to look on, of course.

We looked and lost the company roll—ninety dollars. And back to the hotel we came, all with a hangdog look. Outside, the manager stopped us.

"I know it's criminal," he said. "But for Heaven's sake, stick out your chests. Laugh, whistle, do anything, but don't let the women know!"

We hoped to recoup in San Francisco, but the Alcazar Stock Company had played the piece the week before, and though we were headed by the famous star who had created the rôle, we couldn't match their sets with our foolish bits of scenery. However, just in the nick of time, the Weber and Fields Company came along without a theater to play in, and we sublet our booking. So, by resting, we made more money that week than we had the month previous by working. But even when we began paying once more and we principals got twenty, Kate, a famous star, would take only twenty.

Occasionally, when stranded, troupes would wire to the theater at the end of the next jump and the owners would guarantee the fares to the railroad by wire, to be paid later out of the receipts.

Not infrequently they would be attached by the sheriff, who went along to keep an eye on the box office and the girls. One show, I have been told on unimpeachable authority, picked up so many sheriffs that they changed from farces to musical comedies, having enough sheriffs for a male chorus.

And there was that stage manager who went up to the hotel desk and, with tears in his eyes, a choke in his voice, produced a locket—a tiny locket. "I'd give you this," he said, "but it was my baby's—my little dead baby's. See, there is the mark of her first tooth!"

At the next town: "Gosh! I've lost that locket. Get out another, Maria, and don't forget to bite it."

A Pair of Swallows

So, there were heart throbs of all sorts in the old days; one which I particularly remember was when I was sick and didn't play so well, and May Irwin insisted on my taking castor oil—that is, for three days she insisted on my taking it and I promised her I would. After the third performance I met her in the wings.

"Have you taken that oil yet, you villain?"

"No, Miss Irwin, I haven't, but I'm going to tonight, cross my heart!"

There was a strange forceful note of determination in her voice as she answered, "You bet your life you're going to take it tonight!"

Then, suddenly I found myself in the center of a guard—the company manager, the juvenile, stage carpenter, the electrician, and four stage hands, Miss Irwin at the head, her colored maid, Sarah, right by her as lieutenant.

Like a victim to the guillotine, they marched me up to her room, where, on the table, were two sets of props. One set consisted of a bottle of whisky and one of champagne; the other, a glass and a bottle of castor oil.

"You can't have this," yelled May, pointing to the first set, "if you don't take that!"—pointing to the second. Fortunately, this occurred in the days when you could have those two sets of props.

The following week May almost fired me again—I was always being fired when I was with her and Raymond Hitchcock, and always being taken back again; but this time it was serious—all because of her famous Bully song. She insisted on all the company assembling in the wings to give the chorus volume, but I was in my dressing room and too lazy to come up. After the performance she caught me.

"Where are you when all this singing comes off?" she asked me. I assured her I was there. She shook her head. "Funny I don't hear that high-pitched tenor of yours."

The next day I didn't come up, more to plague her than anything, and she cornered me.

"I told you to let me see you!" she roared. "I want you to be where I can watch you do all this fine singing you say you do."

At the next performance I fixed it. Before the curtain went up, and when she wasn't around, I carted a prop rocking-chair up the iron ladder to the platform where the electrician stood to manipulate the lights.

Holiday Greetings

When she started that famous old Bully song, I could see her batting her eyes over at the wings, looking for me. She could hear that high-pitched tenor now, but couldn't place it. When she came to the words: "When I walk that levee round, round, round," she did just that, all over the stage, looking everywhere for me, while the sweet tenor notes came out of nowhere. I think she took more encores of that favorite hit that night than ever before; she was so determined to find me. At last she looked up and saw me, rocking back and forth on that platform, with my jaws open to the bunch light overhead like a hound's to the moon, and pouring my youthful soul out. For one moment she stopped, flat, then added a bloodcurdling, "round, round, round," that almost broke up the show.

But it was, taking it altogether, a happy company. May loved to cook and would often invite us to her room for breakfasts, Sunday mornings, and serve chafing-dish concoctions which she had made herself. These were particularly welcome on holidays.

For, Lord, those holidays! They were worse than ordinary days. And Christmas—well, as the traveling salesman used to say: "Merry Christmas—merry hell"—just another matinée to play, and the box of socks that catches up with you a week later. Or, at best, a meeting in one room of all the company, and a feeble little effort with a feeble little tree.

So a star and pal like May Irwin was always welcome; she had such a fund of glorious nonsense—could take a prop telephone, for instance, and ad lib into it anything that came into her head, sometimes for five minutes, until the whole audience was in a gale of laughter. I think we kidded into one show at least twenty-two new pages. And she didn't, like some actresses and actors, reserve all her merriment for the stage.

Also—but there—now you know what trouping is like—kidding life, laughing one's way out, learning sides, ducking the hotel manager, riding the caboose. As for troupers—well, Kate Claxton was a trouper, taking twenty when we could get only twenty and riding in the same car; and May Irwin giving me castor oil, as well as when she sang her Bully song.

The last time I saw Kate they had rung the curtain down. She lay in The Little Church Around the Corner, with all the stars of the stage for her last audience. She was seventy-four, but after all those years of the road there was not one thread of white in her glorious red hair.

But stars were not the only troupers. Newtie was one, singing to the dog under his arm, packing his trick bag and stealing wood for the fire; the tragedian, piecing out his salary with dandelions; and, for that matter, even Babe and Blutch—troupers, ladies and gentlemen—troupers all!

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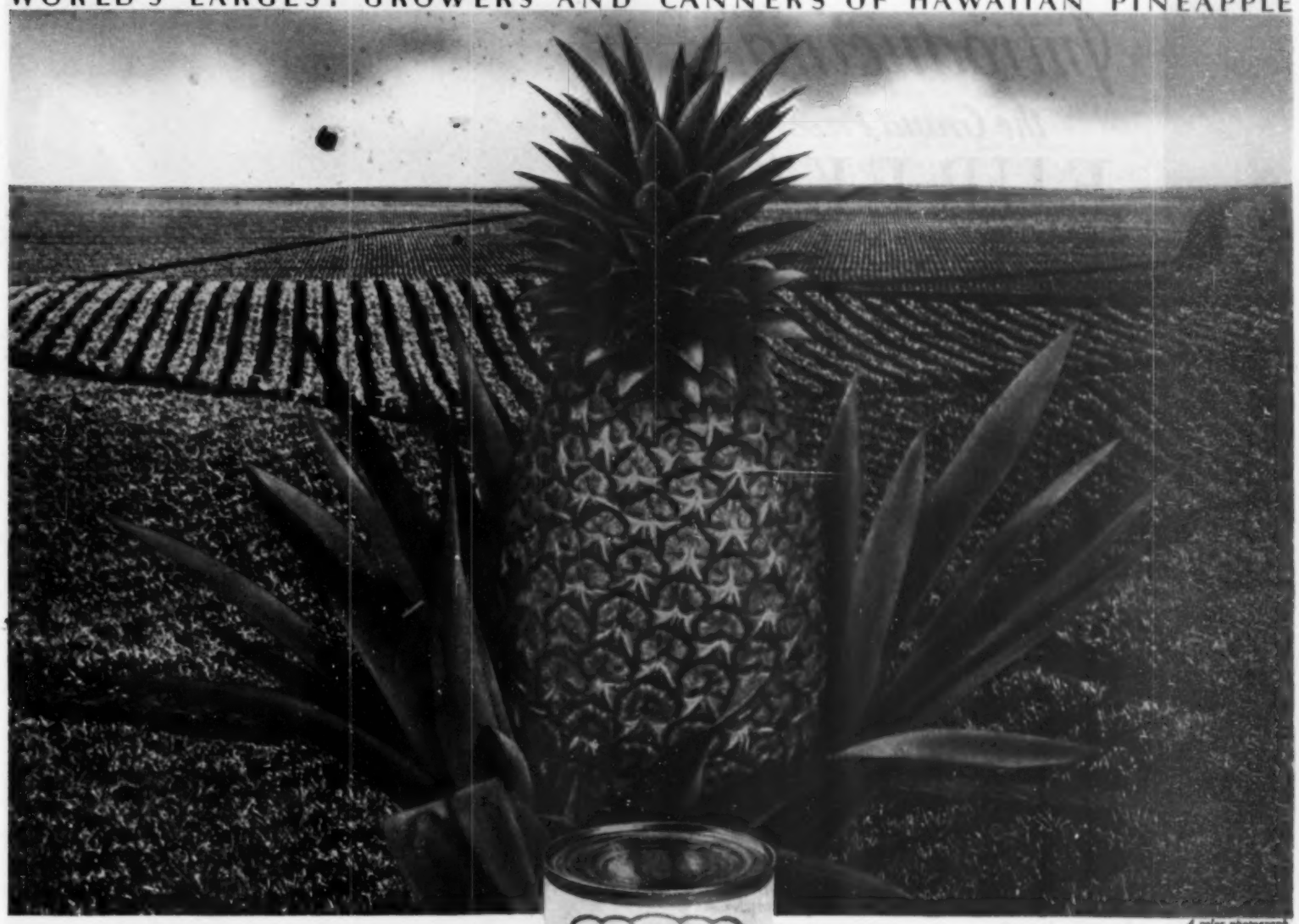

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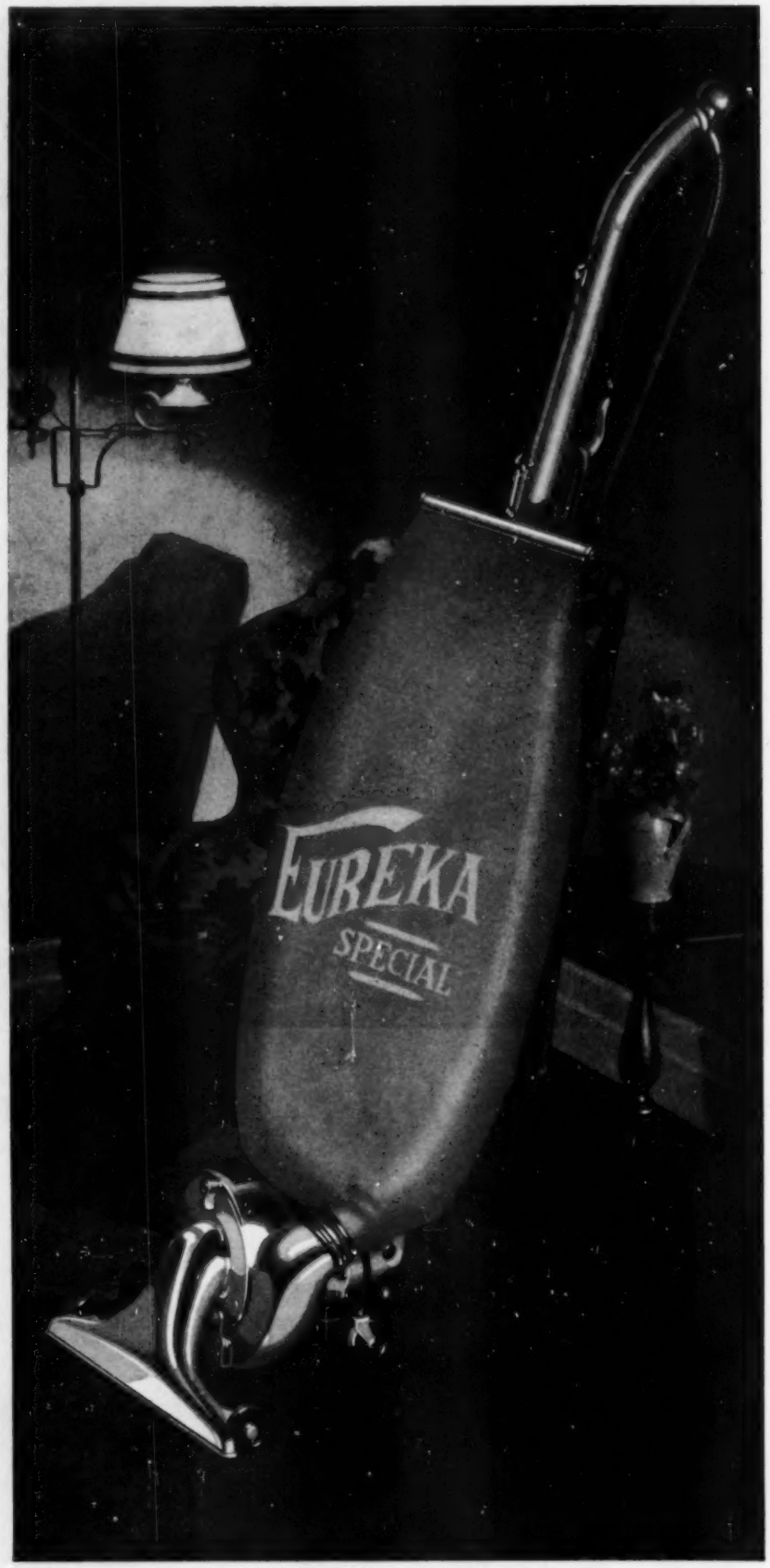

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WARNING HILL

(Continued from Page 34)

Yes, just like that she said it, looking straight at Tommy Michael, and Tommy stood there, looking back.

"Oh," said Mrs. Jellett. "I'd forgotten that, but—well, perhaps Mr. Ross had better give you lessons after this. . . . Come, Grafton, it's very late."

"Just a minute," said Mr. Jellett.

Dumbly, stupidly, Tommy stared. That laugh of Marianne's had cut him like a whip. Mr. Jellett had moved closer and was speaking gently.

"Young man," said Mr. Jellett, "do you realize you're being devilish rude?"

"Rude?" Something in Mr. Jellett's tone made Tommy start, as lots of others had started. "I—I didn't mean to be rude, sir."

It was sheer surprise that made Tommy answer so, even in the anger that suddenly surged through him.

"Didn't mean to be, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, I didn't think you did. If you didn't mean to be, take this bill or I'll report you for incivility, and see how you like that."

That was what Grafton Jellett said, and it was like him to say it. He had Tommy Michael, and Tommy Michael knew it. He knew what happened to employes who were uncivil just as well as Grafton Jellett knew. Tommy could still remember what had happened when he had walked from store to store in Michael's Harbor alone in his dusty boots, though Grafton Jellett had forgotten long ago. Tommy Michael's lips were straight, exactly like his mother's.

"I—I'm sorry, sir," he said.

"Sorry, eh?" said Grafton Jellett. "Well, that's all right. Here!"

"Thank you, sir," said Tommy.

And that was the second time that he met Grafton Jellett face to face.

Oh, Tommy was drinking bitter beer, and beer is never bitterer than when you are eighteen. His body was numb and cold, and when he tried to think he could not, because a cloud of anger would whir like a tempest through him. All that he might have said came singing to his ears until he could almost hear himself reply:

"Keep your dirty money!"

And Marianne had looked at him and laughed. Yet he walked down the path to the professional's house as though not a thing had happened.

"Hey, Tom!" Mal Street trudged behind him with the clubs. "Did he loosen up? Did he give you anything?"

Without answering, Tommy groped for the knob of the door, and then he and Mal were alone inside, with the workbench and the bags of clubs.

"I said"—Mal had a way of sticking to the point—"did he give you anything?"

"Take it." Tommy spoke like someone in his sleep. "Take it. You can have it, Mal."

There was no use telling Mal, of course, because Mal would never have understood. In fact, even to that point Mal did not understand.

"Hey," cried Mal, "have you got bats in the belfry? It's five dollars, Tom!"

Tommy stood looking out of the window. Though he wanted to turn on Mal with a shout, Tommy didn't move. Some part of himself that he did not know had taken full control.

"I wish you'd go away," said Tommy. "I kind of want to think."

Mal slammed the golf bag he was carrying to the floor and scowled.

"Aw, what the blazes!" he said. "You always want to think. What good does thinking do you? Switch me if I see."

Those were strange thoughts, lonely thoughts, that Tommy was thinking then, such as Mal would never see. They were in the trees outside, and in the sunlight. There was a new strength in Tommy's hands. How could he tell Mal Street that he was thinking about things that did not grow old because they were ideas? There was no good telling Mal, for he was someone whom Tommy had passed miles back in a race, as Mal himself sometimes seemed to know. There was no good telling Mal that the paint never came off you altogether if you took a licking like a gentleman.

"Hey, Tom!" Mal scowled and scratched his head. "We're pals, ain't we—you and me?"

Of course they were, and had been for a long time, and Tommy told him so. Nevertheless, Mal still scowled and scratched his head again. Long ago he had given up understanding Tommy Michael and his silences, as lots of others had, and accepted them instead as you accept the mysteries of the tide and wind.

"Tom," Mal laughed and kicked at something on the floor, "you're not thinking about Mary, are you? Mary thinks a lot of you and —— I'd kick anybody else she thought a lot of. I'd kick 'em straight to hell!"

Poor Mal Street! Even in the embarrassment that surged over him, Tommy could feel the hopeful friendliness. It almost seemed, though Mal stood still staring at the floor, that Mal was stretching out his hand to him where he stood entirely alone, too far away to touch.

"No," said Tommy, and he dug his nails deep into his palms. "No, it isn't Mary, Mal—and please don't be mad. I wish you'd get away before—before —— Mal, I wish you'd let me have your boat tonight. I want to take—a sail."

And then Tommy was alone in a place of hopeless grief, where all of us have been, to the borderland, at least, when anger and humiliation fly in stormy clouds, and pain, not of the body, flashes in forks of light. That was where Mr. Simeon Danforth found him, his face on the workbench, his hands opening and shutting on nothing but air.

"Here," said Mr. Danforth, "I saw it. Don't mind me."

Tommy had never been so bitterly ashamed as when he heard Mr. Danforth speak, because it was more than he could bear to have Mr. Danforth see him in his weakness, with his face all wet with tears. He forgot that Mr. Danforth had been kind to him. He was always ashamed of that. But what shamed him most now was that he could not speak because of the sobs which shook him.

"Don't say it," said Mr. Danforth. "There's nothing to be ashamed of, boy. The best of us get taken that way now and then. We'll just pretend that no one saw you. Are you feeling better now?"

Tommy Michael nodded and bit his lip.

"I wish," he said—and it was terrible to hear himself speak—"I wish I was dead rather than anybody saw me."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Danforth. "I know what happened. Here, shake hands."

Mr. Danforth was not joking. His hand was as steady as a rock.

"Now," said Mr. Danforth, "what are you going to do?"

Already Tommy had been asking himself that question. What was he going to do?

"You've got to do something, boy," said Mr. Danforth. "You see, you're not the kind to stay here always."

Tommy Michael was standing at the crossing of the ways. He drew a sharp breath.

"Yes, I see," he said, "but I don't want any help. I've been alone. I guess I've always been alone."

Mr. Danforth's face did not change a single wrinkle, but Tommy knew that Mr. Danforth was watching him in a different way, and often afterward Tommy wondered what he thought, and whether he saw ahead as an older man sometimes can. Sometimes Tommy thought that Mr. Danforth was the only one in all of Michael's Harbor who really knew him or guessed that he walked with shadowy thoughts trooping close behind.

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Danforth. "I never helped anybody in my life, and I'm too old to start if I wanted. Don't be afraid of that. Don't you see I like you, Michael? I want you to come to dinner at my house tomorrow. Will you come and meet some friends of mine? It wouldn't hurt to see there's some decent people up on Warning Hill—before you get as hard as nails."

They must have made a strange sight enough in the professional's house—old Simeon Danforth, heavy and indolent, with his hands deep in his pockets and eyes very dark and still, and Tommy, with the sharp straight Michael nose and his mother's lips. Sometime much later, when Tommy understood that Simeon Danforth was no big-hearted millionaire of the Horatio Alger books, he would feel a sharp uneasiness. How much did Simeon Danforth know? He had a marvelous capacity for watching while those around him struggled in the muddy water. He might—Tommy would not have put it beyond him—he might have known about Marianne that very afternoon. Sometimes of a lonely night, when thoughts are weird and wild, Tommy could imagine Mr. Danforth seated alone in that dining room of his, with its animal heads staring from the walls, laughing very softly to himself. It was the last remark he made which roused that suspicion in Tommy.

"Yes," said Mr. Danforth, "hard as nails and not afraid to hitch your wagon to a tissue-paper star."

XVI

DEEP in his heart Tommy always knew that Marianne was as right as could be, for Marianne could not be wrong. There was no reason why Marianne, lovely as the night, should have understood. It must have been splendid enough for her to have felt that that storm of anguish was all for her, to rise in fury at her touch and to be quiet at her word. It was all for Marianne, and so much was going to be for her that she must have had the premonition of a hundred starlit nights and a score of arms around her and scores of other voices grown faltering, from only the misty whiteness of her upturned face and the invitation of her lips.

There was a brightness to it then, though later it might have been to laugh, to weep, for all bright deeds are close to tears and laughter. There was a brightness to it which she would always remember, ridiculous though it was, and a mystery and a danger also, which made it very sweet. From out of the dark a boy would come, ever so different from other boys, and Marianne was there at the beach to meet him when she should have been safe in her bed. No one heard her creep down the servants' stairs or saw her slip down the garden path with a wrap around her shoulders that was very soft and dark.

The poplar trees were so tall by then that no one from the house could have seen the beach where she and Tommy used to play, even if it had been day. It was shut off from Warning Hill by a whispering curtain of leaves darker than the sky, with the water before it rippling in the starlight to a tune as old and lonely as the earth. Tommy Michael saw her by the porch of the old gunning shanty when he beached his boat, so indistinct that she did not seem much different from a bit of mist. When he was beside her she was still like some unsubstantial figure one might conjure from the dark—white cheeks, white throat and faintly shining eyes.

That faint sight of her was enough to make him pause in a sort of bewilderment, forgetting almost what he had to say, in spite of all his planning. He was like the king of France who marched his men up the hill, only to march them down; he could only stand bewildered when Marianne touched his hand.

"Sit here," she whispered. "I knew you'd come."

That was the trouble. Marianne always knew. Tommy could always remember how his heart beat fast, and in his throat, and how his blood leaped when she touched him.

"Marianne"—only the agony within him made him speak—"why didn't you say you knew me? Why didn't you say so, Marianne?"

"Oh, hush!" whispered Marianne. "Oh, Tommy, don't be such a goose."

"But why didn't you say so?" Tommy seized her wrist, and suddenly his awe of her was gone. "You're ashamed of me—that's why."

"Don't," whispered Marianne. "Tommy, you hurt. Tommy, really I'm not like that. Tommy, listen. Don't you see, mamma would send me away from here if she even thought ——"

"Thought what?" Tommy's voice was like the clang of metal, and Marianne gave a little start.

"Thought we knew each other—thought we saw each other. . . . You don't know mamma. She always thinks I'm perfectly dreadful, because she does dreadful things herself, I suppose. . . . I don't care. But don't you see?"

And Tommy Michael saw, as clearly as he saw later what part was played by the stubbornness in his blood.

"Yes," said Tommy slowly, "yes, I see. You're ashamed of me. That's it."

"No," whispered Marianne. "You know I'm not. I never was. I wouldn't be here now. Don't you see I —— Oh, Tommy, I—I love you, Tommy," whispered Marianne.

Call them what you like, those golden moments when the whole world pays a graceful homage. Call it the sly trick of life that plays the dancing music. Call it calf love or puppy love or anything at all, there is an instant that keeps its luster, no matter what may follow.

Beautiful, unattainable though she was, suddenly his arms were around her and she was no longer like the mist. All at once he was holding Marianne as fiercely as if someone else would snatch her from him. And for Marianne, too, that moment must have been ineffaceable and bright, and she, too, must have understood the sad impermanence that made it sweet.

"Tommy," she whispered. "Please don't let me go. No, never—never—never!"

Her words were only a whisper as soft as the faintest rustle of the breeze, but sometimes Tommy could believe that she had cried them out, for they stayed in memory like a cry; and, though his answer was only a whisper, too, it always seemed to him as if he must have shouted it until it echoed across the harbor so everyone could hear.

"I'll show you. You wait and see. I'll walk in your front door some day, and no one'll be ashamed!"

XVII

THERE was a firmness to Tommy Michael that was not plodding. He had a sort of high-strung steadiness already, forged from lean, hard years. It was just as well, for he needed it that night.

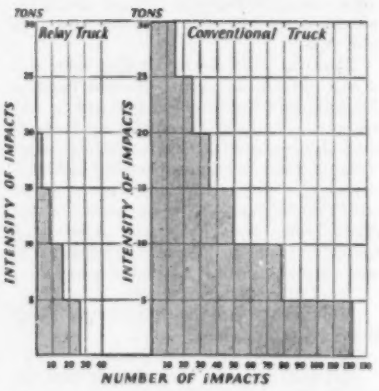
He never understood why he knew that something was not right; it came in that strange sharpening of the sense, such as all of us have known. It came to Tommy as a voice might come, when he was sailing back toward the lights of Welcome River. All at once he stared about him as if he was just awake. There was nothing, no sound save the lapping of the water on the bow of that yellow skiff. There was only that lightness of the water such as lingers even on the darkest night. Yet it seemed to Tommy that someone had called him.

"Tom!" Just as clearly as though someone had spoken he had heard that soundless voice: "Tom!"

(Continued on Page 152)

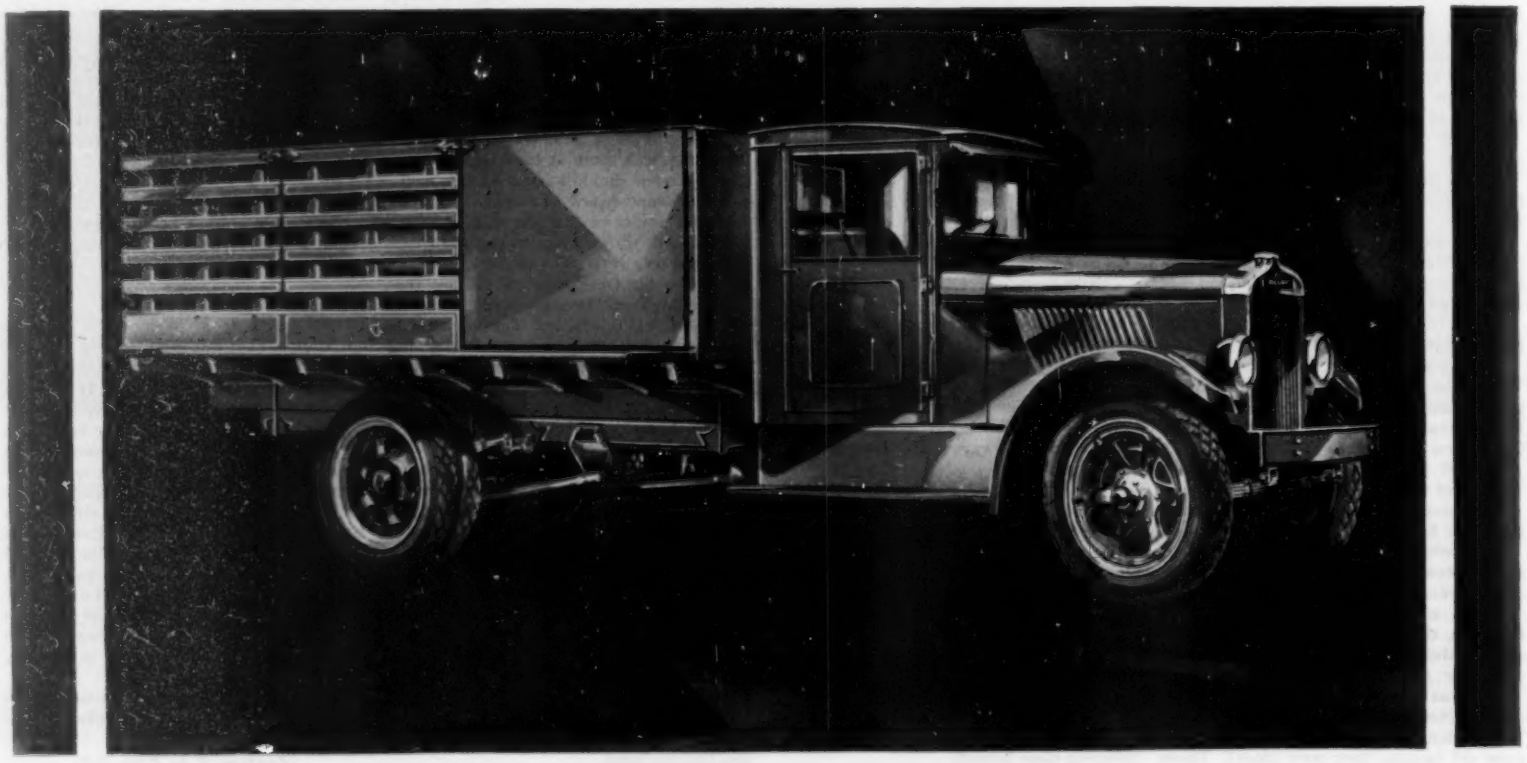
to the TRUCK of

Relay Trucks, embodying the most decisive improvement in the history of truck design, bring *Four Definite Assurances* of dollar saving performance — assurances based on millions of miles of profitable haulage for manufacturers, contractors, merchants and transportation companies everywhere.



***The above charts, recorded with the Solenoid accelerometer, show the results of actual tests made to determine comparative number and severity of shocks with and without Relay action. The Relay truck averages approximately 70% less impacts than the conventional truck. Here is direct scientific proof of Relay's remarkable cushioning action.**

The above tests certified by Robert W. Hunt Company, testing engineers



OPERATORS AMERICA

Relay Assures that traveling under identical conditions of loading and speed, the Relay Truck and its load are subjected to less than half the impacts suffered by a conventional truck. This is proved by the Solenoid Accelerometer Test* for determining road impact.

Relay Assures that where conditions of service are comparable and where impartial records of tire life are kept, tires on Relay Trucks yield at least 50% more tire mileage. Relay Design *certifies* this saving—and the actual experience of Relay owners *verifies* it.

Relay Assures that working on scheduled hauls, where performance can be compared to other trucks, Relay maintains at least 20% higher average speed, with safety to truck, load and road. Relay sets the ton-mileage standard for any fleet.

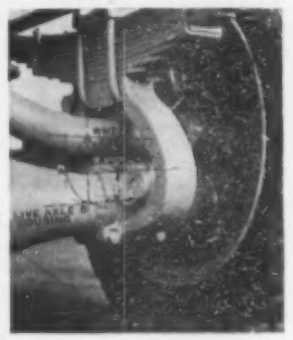
Relay Assures for your trucking operations under all conditions the simplicity and mechanical excellence of the Relay Drive Suspension—which is designed, manufactured and assembled complete in the Relay Plant.

National Demonstration Week
April 15th to 20th

▲

RELAY
Drive Suspension

The chassis on Relay is not rigidly fixed above the rear wheels. It is suspended like a pendulum from the wheel center, and is free to swing (from A to C in the photo below). In normal position the chassis and load are at the bottom of the pendulum track (at point B). But in starting, stopping, meeting obstructions and in emergency, the pendulum instantly comes into action to protect truck and load from shock, to multiply driving power when needed, to save tires and to maintain momentum for high average speed. This pendulum suspension is the first great improvement on the time-honored "wheel-and-axle" principle. On rough roads or smooth, chassis and load ride in *greater* safety—protected from harmful impact. Tires last longer because they are not subject to the grinding and scuffing of ordinary drive.



There is no other truck like Relay today—there will be many like Relay in the future. Because truck design must lift itself from the out-grown principles of "Wheel-axle-spring" construction. The four assurances given above are not matters of hopeful promise. They are based solidly on the authentic record of Relay achievement. You have merely to ask for that record.

TRUCK OPERATORS
are invited to write for "The Story of Relay"—a book that fully describes the Relay Truck and its new principle of locomotion. In fifteen minutes of reading you can learn the story of modern transportation and what it can mean in your haulage operations. A card from you will bring immediate response.

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Manufacturers of Relay, Commerce, Garford, and Service Trucks and Buses—Capacities 1 to 10 Tons

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RELAY MOTOR TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 149)

And then the night was so dark that he could seem to touch the black. He seemed to be a small boy again, afraid to cross the hall because there was something in the dark. Someone was on the shore of Welcome River, in the Streets' back yard.

Already Michael's Harbor had electric lights. There was one in that narrow lane in front of Jim Street's house, which filled the yard with a dull illumination, made erratic by the darting shadows where an elm branch waved across it. But there was light enough to see that Mary Street was standing on the shore. Though Mary had put up her hair that spring, little strands of it still broke and blew across her face. Her eyes had a wistful look. It had seemed to Tommy that her eyes had often been like that of late, as Mary had looked at him always across the room at school or across the kitchen table on mornings when the men came in from gunning. Mary looked at him without a word, and Tommy understood what Sherwood saw. It must have been her mother's blood. He remembered what they once had said—that she flew in the face of things. Mary would also fly, heedless of what might happen, if once she chose to go. You had a wish to hold her, or follow until she came to rest. That was what Sherwood must have meant.

"I know where you've been," said Mary. "Yes, I know."

But Tommy scarcely heard her. It was not the voice of Mary which had called him out there in the dark. He saw Mary put her hand to her throat exactly as though something hurt her.

"And you needn't act so big about it!" Mary took a step toward him. "I can do it myself if I want to, Tommy. You're not the only one they look at. I—oh, I wish we both were dead!"

"You wish we both were dead!" echoed Tommy. It was utterly beyond him, for Mary had been so quiet always. Even when he walked home from school with her, she never had much to say.

"I do," said Mary. "I wish we both were dead!"

"But why?" And still it was utterly beyond Tommy Michael. Mary pushed the hair savagely from her eyes. "Why are you angry at me? I've never done a thing to make you angry, Mary."

Then she gave the queerest laugh, unlike any laugh that Tommy had ever heard.

"Ever done anything? No, you never would—not you!"

Tommy was glad when the back door opened. The sight of Mal walking down the steps filled him with curious relief.

"Hey," said Mal, rubbing his eyes, "what's all the noise about?"

"No noise!" Mary whirled about to face him. "Tom's just back—from seeing the Jellett girl."

"Huh!" said Mal. "From seeing the Jellett girl?" Mal Street scratched the back of his head as a new thought dawned on him. "So we ain't good enough for you, hey? After you coming around here and everything. What have those dudes ever done for you? Say, Tom, ain't you and me pals?"

That was all Mal ever said about it. Yet Tommy could always recall Mal's look, and it always hurt him, the surprise in it, and the pain, exactly as though Mal had never grown up, though Mal was six feet tall. There would surely have been more to it if Jim Street had not come round the corner of the barn, walking very fast.

"Mal," he called, "have you seen Tommy Michael? . . . What? You here, Tom?"

Mr. Street paused. Tommy could remember thinking that Mr. Street was growing old. There had been an added stoop to his shoulders lately, and a shuffle to his step which made him lose in height as if the world had worn him down. That impression was nothing more than a flash in his mind, however, running weakly beside another thought. How had Mary guessed that he had seen Marianne that night? All Michael's Harbor would know it before morning. Tommy knew that marvelous intuition for gossip which could seize upon a whisper, and he was not wrong. All of Michael's Harbor always guessed the story. But Jim Street was speaking so harshly that Tommy had to listen.

"You here, Tom? Well, they've been looking for you all over town. Your ma's been taken awful bad. She's had a sinking spell. Ah, what's the use in pussy-footing, now you've grown to be a man? I guess your ma is dying."

The silence was what Tommy remembered most when he reached his mother's door—that silence which gave his breath an indecorous loudness, for Tom had run all the way. It was not a peaceful silence, but a stillness of suspense which made it plain that everything was waiting, even the house and the shadows in the hall. His great-aunt Sarah was waiting in a stiff chair beside a yellow bed. It always seemed terribly grotesque to Tommy that little trivialities dashed before him first. The room was stifling from the heat of a glass oil lamp upon the bureau. There was a smell of straw matting from the floor, which mingled with unburned kerosene. Aunt Sarah's face, yellowish white from the yellow light, and damp from the heat, made you think of a school relief map, worn and wrinkled, with eroded hills and valleys. The bed was yellow and grained in imitation of wood. Tommy could remember how bright and new it had seemed when he had climbed upon it as a little boy, and how the roses and lilies painted at its head and foot had seemed richer and more splendid than any living flowers.

A fat square woman was seated by the window, with stolid red hands folded on a clean white apron. She was Mrs. Jiggs, known in Michael's Harbor as a practical nurse, which was a good enough title, for there was no illusion or evasion once Mrs. Jiggs came in. Mrs. Jiggs dispensed with her professional smile when she saw Tommy.

"Sh!" hissed Mrs. Jiggs. "She's resting. It's her heart. Oh, me, she's had an awful spell!"

"Hey?" It was marvelous how Aunt Sarah could catch the faintest snatches of conversation. "Sell? We don't have to sell anything."

"I said spell," hissed Mrs. Jiggs.

Estelle Michael was lying so motionless that she did not seem alive. Her head was propped up by a pillow; her hair was in two braids, one over each shoulder, and the hardness had left her lips. As Tommy leaned over her she opened her eyes, and Tommy had the oddest thought that he was not looking at his mother at all but into the face of a very pale and frightened child.

"No, no, no," Aunt Sarah was whispering behind Tommy's back. "I don't have to sell anything, I'll have you know, Mrs. Jiggs, in spite of what people say. No, no, no, I've got enough to live on while I'm above ground, and I can pay for a funeral too."

"Tom," said his mother, in a thin voice exactly like a little girl's. "Is that you, Tommy dear?" How seldom she had ever called him "Tommy dear!" Tommy had knelt by the bed and held one of her hands, which had grown oddly frail. "Tell that old woman to leave the room, and—that Mrs. Jiggs!"

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "What's that? Is she asking for me? Here I am, Estelle."

"Is she pretending she doesn't hear me? Tell her to leave the room." Again his mother's voice was faint and thin. "Tell her she won't bully you and me any longer—no, not any longer, Tommy dear."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Pretending I don't hear?"

Tommy knew that she had heard it all, if only from the way her head went back and from the way she drew her shawl about her as he helped her up and led her to the door.

"Have they gone, Tommy?" said his mother. "Tommy, talk to me. I want to hear you talk, Tommy. Where did you go tonight?"

And Tommy Michael told her, kneeling on the straw matting beside that hideous yellow bed, and ever afterward he was glad he told her everything there was to tell. He told her about Marianne, beginning with the carriage down the road. He told of the garden at Warning Hill and of the sideboard with its gold, and of the nights he ran away to play upon the beach when he got that note from Marianne. Whatever it was that had stilled his speech was gone. She was no longer older than he, or stern, as she lay there so very still, robbed of her harsh energy and pride. Nor was she angry or even disapproving at the wild flight his fancy took when he told her all he meant to do, because he would be a great man some day. He could never think of those minutes as being so very sad. They both seemed to be like children, stealing a minute from Time when his back was turned, looking at his glass. She was smiling exactly like a child, or perhaps as she may have smiled when she first heard Alfred Michael speak.

"Tommy," she said, "I'm so glad, Tommy dear—so glad. I used to be a little afraid that you'd be like everyone else and—and they can't stop you now, Tommy. I want to tell you something. Don't worry about Aunt Sarah. Do you know what I've found? I found her bank books in the desk tonight. I shouldn't have looked, I know. It gave me a dreadful turn because, Tommy, she's been saving money all the time. And when I told her what I thought I—something stopped inside me. Remember, you won't have to work for her any more. Tommy, it's a little funny, isn't it? She's been saving money all the time!"

It always seemed strange that he could smile without a touch of bitterness. All the mornings when Tommy had brought Aunt Sarah's bank books to be mailed, with never a thought that she was not drawing from the columns, all the catalogue of Aunt Sarah's acid complaints seemed to be echoing yet, mingling with the thumping of her cane upon the stairs.

Something was grotesque and something else was marvelous, even at that hour, in the thought of that old woman deceiving them both.

"Tommy"—his mother was speaking again—"I'm so glad, Tommy dear. I'm glad for everything, I guess. . . . Tommy, tell me some more about Marianne before I go to sleep. . . . You always talked of sailing boats when you were a little boy."

Then the time when he was little came back from the mist. He even remembered the poem he had made up, lying in the tall grass by the summerhouse, and he heard himself repeating it as he knelt beside the bed:

"Then I will get a boat with a big sail, a big sail,
And I will sail it, and sail it fast,
And the wind will blow it until it goes rush and splash
Where the waves are on the rocks."

But all the while, in back of Tommy's mind, another voice was speaking, and praying to its God a prayer that would have brought laughter to any earthbound mortal's heart as it rose from that stormy ground where childhood and manhood meet.

"O Lord," Tommy was praying, "she thinks I'm as good as anyone. O Lord, won't you make me so, if not for me, for her? Won't you make me so that no one will be ashamed of me—for my mother's sake, O Lord?"

XVIII

IT WAS the thirty-first of August, 1917, when Tommy stood for the second time in his life on Mr. Jellett's steps. It was when he had been made a reserve officer, with the bars of a first lieutenant upon his shoulders and crossed muskets on his collar, fresh from the Plattsburg camp. An officer's garrison cap shaded his eyes. His fingers played nervously at his pockets, smoothing out his blouse, made rather more hastily than well by one of those Army tailors whose shops once appeared like mushrooms just outside the Plattsburg gates. One remembers how we used to smooth those uniforms once, and stare at their reflection in the shop windows as we walked down the street. Incongruous though the thought must be, he was not unlike a drab species of butterfly, hatched, like so many thousands of others, after three months of frantic incubation, into a new existence. We must all have been more like butterflies than the seedlings of dragon's teeth.

Nevertheless, it was plain to see that it was Tommy Michael who stood beneath Mr. Jellett's porte-cochère. His face was thinner and sharper, the lines of his jaw were harsh, but he was Tommy Michael.

There he was on Mr. Jellett's steps, and now, as on every other journey, it did not seem so odd that he had reached those steps at last. It was a question of wanting, he sometimes said; if you only wanted something badly enough it was nearly always there for you to take. In front of him was an iron-grilled door with plate glass behind it. Through the glass he could see a vestibule, paved in black and white marble, with a red carpet running up the middle to a second door, closed upon the further wonders of Mr. Jellett's dwelling. There was an utter absence of life as Tommy stood there.

A pair of yew trees by the steps were as exquisitely groomed as horses. The blue gravel of the drive was so freshly raked that Tommy was almost positive, without hearing a sound or seeing a soul, that the marks his boots had made two minutes back were already perfectly obliterated.

For the life of him Tommy could not help wondering why it was that the inhibitions of childhood stuck to him like a spell. Only an hour before, as he had stood in his own hall at home until his eyes should grow accustomed to the dark of the closed shutters, he had found himself listening for his mother's voice and the tapping of Aunt Sarah's cane. He had started when Jim Street, who was with him, spoke.

"Yes," Jim Street had said, "I'll see to having it painted. I'm good enough for that."

It would have taken more than painting to make poor Jim Street new. His fingers had grown so gnarled and twisted and his body so racked by rheumatism that he could not scull a float or hold a gun. It did not make much difference, since shooting was no longer good. The ducks had grown so shy you could not get among them. They were frightened, Jim Street said, by the lights from automobiles along the road. Jim Street would sit watching those motors, morose and hollow-eyed, with his long face scarred by sleepless nights. Tommy could not get the two Jim Streets straight—the one who was with him and the magnificently lazy man he used to know.

"And the roof shingled," said Tommy. "And the carriage house—you'd better tear it down."

"Yep," said Jim Street, "there ain't no use in carriages any more; and how they used to drive 'em before the roads was all made hard! Well, that's all, ain't it? I'll just be limping home."

As Tommy spoke he knew it was nearly all—all there was to a hundred pleasant hours, some of tne few he had ever known.

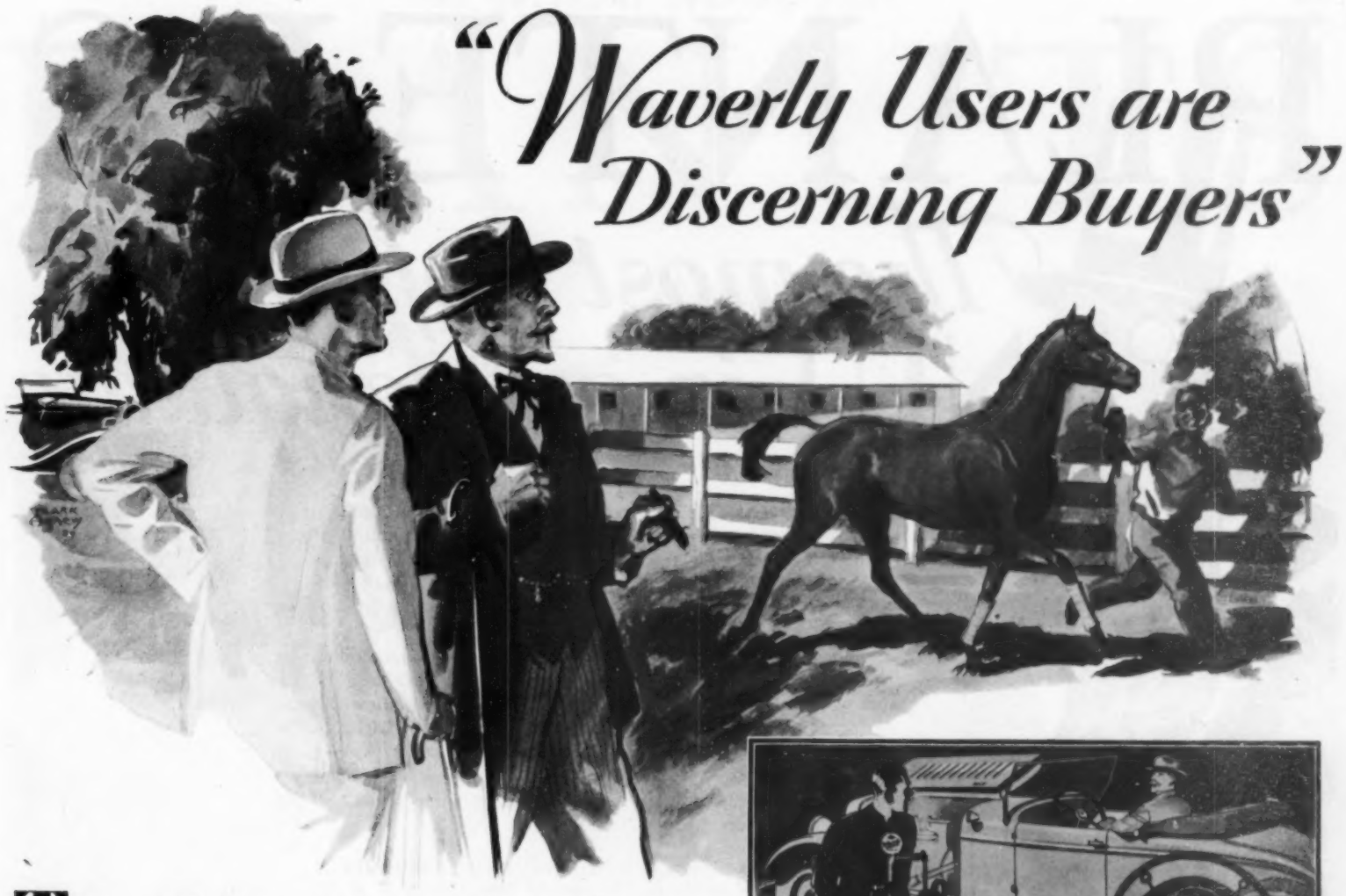
"I'll leave you a check tonight," said Tommy, "before I take the train; and keep the change, Jim, if I don't get back."

There had been an awkward silence. They both were passing through a hall of retrospect, where memories stood as futile as the objects of forgotten lives which museums have disturbed to put upon their shelves. Jim Street cut a sliver from a cake of hard tobacco.

"When you git there," he said, "keep an eye out for Mal. He felt awful bad not to see you before he went. Like as not he'll get killed. He was always fighting, just like his old man was. Why, I can recall—but what the hell? So long, Tom. Mary'll be back tonight. At six o'clock they leave off at the store."

(Continued on Page 156)

"Waverly Users are Discerning Buyers"



The Colonel could always pick a winner - - -

. . . A few paces at the walk, the trot, and the gallop, and the colt reveals his future . . . Not a step, not a quiver of a muscle escapes the old gentleman's observant eye . . . A shrewd sense of values guides his unerring judgment.

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Waverly has been available for years to motorists in the Pennsylvania oil field, and its reputation for excellence has reached the far corners of the world. Now Waverly is to be available to motorists everywhere.

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Drive in to any licensed Waverly Dealer. Have your crank-case drained and filled with Waverly All-Pennsylvania Motor Oil. If you do not find it the most economical and satisfactory lubricant you ever used, the dealer is authorized to refund your money. The price of Waverly east of the Rockies is 35-cents a quart.

Ask any Waverly dealer for the Waverly Log—a handy little vest-pocket book in which you can keep an account of your auto expenses.

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WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

(Continued from Page 152)

There it came, inescapable, out of those other days. For the life of him Tommy could not keep his face from growing red, though Mary was nothing at all to him, except as a part of that other time. She was only a figure in that background of faces which he had left ever so far behind. He could seem to see her as he might across a river, and yet his face grew red.

Mr. Jellett's house seemed like a castle even yet. He could have walked up to Mr. Danforth's house without a qualm. Tommy could have walked up the country-club steps by then, serene in his self-confidence, but logic left him at Mr. Jellett's gate. He had the most childishly embarrassed sensation when he pushed the mother-of-pearl button beside that iron-grilled front door. There was not the slightest sound of ringing. There was not the slightest creak of hinges as Hubbard opened that masterpiece of plate glass and iron and looked at Tommy Michael in the courteous, wordless question which a good butler learns to phrase. If Hubbard was curious he did not show it. The times had grown puzzling to Hubbard, now that a whole new aristocracy had been created overnight by a single act of Congress. He must have seen Tommy Michael give a gulping swallow before he spoke.

"Is—is ——" Tommy Michael's voice trailed off into his throat.

"Yes, sir?" And Tommy always said he spoke kindly, as butlers go. "You wanted to see someone, sir?"

"Yes," said Tommy. "Is Mr. Sherwood in?"

It was not what Tommy had meant to ask. It was the result of a frantic groping for a reply. It was hard to believe. An inhibition of childhood which he thought was dead was back. He still was frightened by the Jelletts.

"No, sir," said Hubbard, "Mr. Sherwood isn't in."

Mr. Sherwood, it so happened, was generally out. Though Hubbard knew what most young gentlemen of a certain age were up to, he betrayed none of the deep wisdom which was his. He looked at Tommy in his uniform, thinking, probably, that riding breeches must be worn from infancy to be carried off suitably. Hubbard's eyes traveled to Tommy's leather leggings—imitation pigskin.

"Shall I say who called?" asked Hubbard with his hand upon the door, but Tommy's panic had vanished beneath Hubbard's incurious stare. Tommy had seen other butlers since that time when Hubbard had passed him ginger ale.

"No," said Tommy. "Wait a minute. Is Miss Marianne at home?"

Even as he asked it, Tommy hated himself. There was actually a quaver in his voice when he said "Marianne." Tommy had that instinctive belief, possessed by all of us, that butlers are endowed with all sorts of uncommon faculties. But Hubbard did not bat an eye. He stood as benignly as Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

"Is she expecting you, sir?" he asked.

"No."

Tommy had developed a most wonderful talent of being able to detach himself from all that was going on, if the time and place were right. Buzz—a locust in the trees was singing of the waning summer and of the crickets soon to chirp on clear cool nights. Tommy seemed to be somewhere among those sounds, watching himself standing by the door.

"No, she doesn't expect me," Tommy Michael said.

Hubbard hesitated. It was hard to reach decisions as easily as one had once, now that the world was upside down.

"Miss Marianne has another caller, sir." Hubbard paused and coughed.

"I supposed she would," said Tommy. "I can't very well come again. Will you give her this, please, Hubbard?"

He awkwardly unbuttoned the upper left-hand pocket of his blouse and produced a pencil and a card. Just as he did so Hubbard permitted himself to bat an eye.

"You know me, sir?" he asked with just the slightest difference of inflection.

"Yes," said Tommy, "but you wouldn't remember me. Give Miss Marianne this. I'll wait for an answer."

He handed Hubbard a visiting card across which he had written a sentence. Then he replaced his pencil and buttoned up his pocket.

"And you can read it out here if you want," he said.

It had come over Tommy Michael all at once that his whole history was written on that bit of cardboard, all the aching of his back and head, all rebuffs and loneliness. The coal gas of a score of furnaces was in it, and the grease of waiters' trays, and the cold of misty mornings.

"I told you I'd come by the front door some day," he had written. And beneath in square engraving was his name:

THOMAS JEFFERSON MICHAEL

You see, he had finished a journey over a long black road, and had finished it all alone, and he always knew that he would never have finished it if it had not been for Marianne. He would never have had that phlegmatic patience which holds the anvil quiet. Over that road he had come—now, is there any use to laugh—with Marianne Jellett to guide him, like a will-o'-the-wisp against the black, always—always Marianne.

XIX

OF COURSE Marianne would never have understood what Tommy Michael had done and seen. Perhaps even those of us who came to know him better could never exactly visualize what happened. When Tommy Michael spoke of the years before he finally rang the Jellett bell, his face would alter. You might have thought someone had struck his face; it would grow so taut and thin. His nerves were always taut. His pride was always smoldering, although you might never have thought it, when he walked across the Harvard Yard, fresh from the Michael's Harbor High School, slender, rather pale, in a threadbare overcoat, decorated by a mourning band upon the arm.

If a bitterness always lingered like the aftermath of an ugly taste, he never complained when the taste was strongest. It was always Marianne—always, always Marianne. That was why Tommy Michael went there in the first place, because, though they told him it was a rich man's college, Marianne had told him she was fond of Harvard men. It may have been that very warning that Harvard was a rich man's college which sent him on his way. Only when it was all over did Tommy realize it was a fallacy. Harvard was no more a rich man's college than the world was a rich man's world. There were the same gradations, and in the end there was hardly anyone who did not find his level. Only later did he realize it was not a rich man's world, but a world of spirit, which lingered in the cloudiest day, untouched by the clanging of the surface cars on Harvard Square. It was in the tolling of the college bell, in the clattering of dishes, in the voices and the shuffling feet. It was in the coldest autumn night and in the languor of the spring. There was something of the past which had never died, far older than the Michael house, and yet as bright as new.

Back in the strange region, known only to the serious, where Cambridge nearly touches the dead level of three-deck tenements, was where Tommy Michael landed. It was a street of lean frame houses, all of them unbeautiful in line and nearly all painted in the stone grays and drabs which Cambridge loves. It was a lean and dusty street, even in the sun of an autumn afternoon. The leaves were falling from the trees, making hissing futile noises as the wind eddied them on a concrete sidewalk. The shrubbery upon small patches of lawn was already bare of leaves. Tommy, a straw suitcase in his hand, clad in a rumpled suit, was standing on a front porch. A thin lady in a sensible woolen dress, with a face made acid by plain living, was looking at Tommy. He remembered that she held a copy of the Atlantic Monthly, the place marked by her forefinger.

"Yes," she said, "I'm Mrs. Schoule. So you're the boy they sent? You don't look very strong."

"No," said Tommy, "but I'm strong enough, I guess."

"Well," said Mrs. Schoule, "you may be strong, but you don't look sturdy. I don't want anybody who gets sick."

"Don't worry," said Tommy. "I won't get sick."

Mrs. Schoule fetched a deep sigh which sounded like the autumn wind.

"Of course you won't mean to get sick," said Mrs. Schoule, "but you probably will, and then I'll be the one to fix the furnace. I'll have to show you about it myself. I don't want more than one shovel of coal on it in the morning and two at night. That will be more than enough to keep the pipes from freezing." Mrs. Schoule paused and sighed again. "Your room's upstairs—two flights up," she said, and sighed once more.

He followed her up two narrow flights of stairs. Here and there a photograph of an Italian primitive stared at him sadly from the shadows and spoke of higher things. Mrs. Schoule halted at a room beneath the eaves.

It was more of a prism than a cube, because the roof cut it nearly in two. There was a cot bed, a bureau and a small table with a gas lamp upon it, whose green rubber pipe ran like a serpent toward the wall. Out of a single window, jutting from the eaves, Tommy could see the roofs of more houses and small back yards.

"The lamp will keep you warm," said Mrs. Schoule. "Here's your towel, and I don't want you to use the bathtub. When you fix the furnace you're to light the kitchen fire for the maid. Then you can get your own breakfast—your dinner and supper will be outside."

"Yes," said Tommy.

"And I don't want any carryings-on," sighed Mrs. Schoule. "I had a girl who got into trouble once."

"No," said Tommy, "you needn't worry, Mrs. Schoule."

Mrs. Schoule looked at him. He followed her glance. Mrs. Schoule was now looking at that great gold watch chain that hung across his vest.

"You must be in by ten," said Mrs. Schoule, "or you can't get in at all. . . . Is that your watch chain?"

The bleakness of the room closed upon him, and the bleakness of Mrs. Schoule.

"Yes," said Tommy, and he tried to smile. "My father gave it to me once." A terrible loneliness had seized him, filled with a longing as sharp as knives. He hated the street and the gray houses. He hated Mrs. Schoule. Back at home the elms would be whispering in Michael's Harbor, whispering in the autumn breeze, and the sun would be setting, giving the water a softness which was never in the sky. The automobiles would be in a long line at the station platform to meet the evening train. There would be people at the post office waiting for the mail while the sky grew a darker blue. "Hey, Tom!" he could hear them saying. "'Evenin', Tom!" And instead, like some caricature in a Dickens novel, Mrs. Schoule was speaking.

"I think," said Mrs. Schoule, "I'll ask you to let me keep that chain for the next two weeks."

"Keep it?" Tommy started. "Why?"

Mrs. Schoule fetched another sigh. "Until I'm sure you're honest," she explained. "I dare say you are. I don't mean to be personal, but I have to be careful with strangers in the house."

Then Tommy was alone in that bare room. His straw suitcase was slumped on the floor. His overcoat lay across the bed like the skin of an aged animal, Tommy Michael's face was red as fire. For a moment he stood motionless, looking out the window, and then he raised his fist and

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In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI

Portrait, by Argnani, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty salon in Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's own loveliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.

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"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Paris

Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods in both Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

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shook it toward the sky, a hackneyed gesture, yet as full of pathos as when the world was new.

"I'll show you!" muttered Tommy between his teeth. "I'll show you before I'm through."

Already Tommy Michael was becoming as hard as nails; he was not speaking of Mrs. Schoule. He was speaking to the world that hemmed him in, and if it had been a wordless thought it would have been as plain, as it mingled with the other thoughts and prayers above the city's smoke.

"You wait!" muttered Tommy. What would Marianne have thought if she could have seen him there, his whisper stumbling across a sob? "You wait! I'm not started yet."

Then Tommy was on his knees, wrenching open his suitcase. He rose with a photograph, which he propped up against the wavy mirror of his bureau, in a silly way perhaps, cheapened by a million repetitions, but who has not done it once? It was a picture of Marianne, looking at him with a half smile on her full red lips. For it was Marianne with Tommy—always Marianne.

XX

NOW why they ever took to Tommy Michael, he could never guess, but they were good boys. Though it required months for Tommy to understand them, he always knew they were good boys. Sometimes it rather frightened him when he realized he might never have known it if he had not been an assistant to Duncan Ross at the Harbor Club, where there were other boys like them, to whom life seemed entirely amusing.

They were emerging from a tobacco shop when he saw them first, five or six of them in raccoon coats, bowing beneath the dejection of early morning. Tommy looked at them as he might at foreigners, and they did not look at him at all. First, there came a tall boy with very black hair and a placid, languid face and deep blue half circles beneath his eyes.

"I don't know why," he was saying, "my head doesn't seem to stand the strain as it did when I was younger. . . . Sherwood, just as a friend—a schoolboy friend—will you please stop blowing smoke in my face?"

The name made Tommy stop, and there, sure enough, was Sherwood Jellett, also in a raccoon coat, shorter, with sandy hair. A glow of friendliness made Tommy smile. Sherwood's was the only face among a whole new world that he had ever known before. It made Tommy think of a hundred different things.

"Why, hello!" said Tommy Michael.

Everyone had stopped. Tommy felt their eyes upon him, languid and indifferent, but Sherwood knew him. The peculiarly elaborate indifference of Sherwood left no doubt of that.

"Hi!" said Sherwood. . . . "Come on, fellers. What are you stopping for?"

He walked by Tommy without another word, and all the rest walked too. Their overshoes made a flapping sound, like wings, as they walked, leaving Tommy to look after them. That was something which Tommy never forgot because he was not the sort to laugh, or philosopher enough to understand the eccentricity of youth that revels in its arrogance. Sherwood was not the man to guess that many a night Tommy Michael would awake with a vision of Sherwood's pale, uneven face. Every inflection of Sherwood's voice would come back through a hundred nights. For Sherwood had added a remark in loud clear tones which Tommy had to hear:

"Well, why do I have to be nice to everybody? Do you know who he is? He's the professional's assistant at our golf club. Isn't there a time and place for everything?"

Tommy Michael was not the boy to laugh. He did not have the balance or the thickness to his skin. Yet, if it had not been for Sherwood, those others would never have given him a thought. If it had not been for Sherwood they would never have been his friends.

The very next morning Tommy saw the tall one coming toward him; the one with the dark circles under his eyes, whose head could not stand the strain. Though Tommy wanted to run away, there was no place to run, and the tall boy remembered him. Tommy could see him smile.

"Hello," he said. "I hear you teach golf."

Tommy stopped and looked at the raccoon coat and started to move on. No one ever needed to snub him more than once.

"Is it any business of yours if I do?" he asked.

The tall boy shrugged his shoulders.

"I knew it," he sighed. "I knew that you'd be mad. I'm the one who always gets the blame. Why is it I should always get the blame? I wish you'd tell me why. I can't. My head won't stand the strain."

Tommy paused. Tommy was rapidly forgetting what it meant to laugh.

"What's the matter with your head?" he asked. The tall boy made a weary gesture.

"It's the responsibility," he said. "I continually have to struggle beneath a burden of responsibility—not that I'm not glad or proud to struggle, but sometimes it's a little hard. Do you find it so?"

"Find what so?" asked Tommy.

"Don't!" The tall boy raised his hands pleadingly. "Don't ask me questions. I never can answer questions in the morning. That's my trouble. My head won't stand the strain."

"Then what do you want?" And Tommy had begun to laugh without knowing exactly why. It seemed to Tommy suddenly that something dark had left him.

"I want you to know," said the tall boy, "that we're not all like Sherwood Jellett, just as a matter of pride, you understand—just pride. Between you and me, Sherwood isn't quite—what shall I say?—not quite. He never was—at St. Swithin's or any other school—not quite. And there's another thing. I don't know why the burden always comes on me, but it does. I want you to give me golf lessons. It's purely my own idea. There must be recreation, mustn't there?"

"Don't you get enough?" asked Tommy.

"No." The tall boy shook his head again. "Not of the proper kind. We all of us need something to keep us out of trouble in the afternoons. Purely my own idea. My name's Melburn and I want you to teach me golf. I've got a net to put on front of the windows, and a jute mat. Will you come down this afternoon?"

That was how Tommy Michael met Winthrop Melburn, whose head could not stand the strain, and all those others who gathered about him once. That was how Tommy learned to look anyone in the eye before he was finally through, and how to wear a hat and coat. Of course, it was luck, as Tommy often said—all luck—which might not have occurred again in a hundred years, for Tommy was no fool. He had learned long ago that the answer for everything lay inside himself. They liked him for what he was, and that was all. It was astonishing to think of it, but somehow it was true that Tommy Michael more closely resembled the graduates of St. Swithin's School than he did those other boys who tended furnaces and struggled toward a goal.

Tommy wondered sometimes why he never lost his head in those hours he spent in warm, soft rooms. It had nothing to do with his will. Rather, everything that went before seemed to keep him moving, regardless of what happened, so that all that time, whenever he looked back, had an unreality which was something like a dream, and all those times which were so much more distant seemed more real. The slamming of a blind upon the Michael house at night was louder than the breaking furniture in Winnie Melburn's room. The sound of his Aunt Sarah's voice was more distinct than all those others, when

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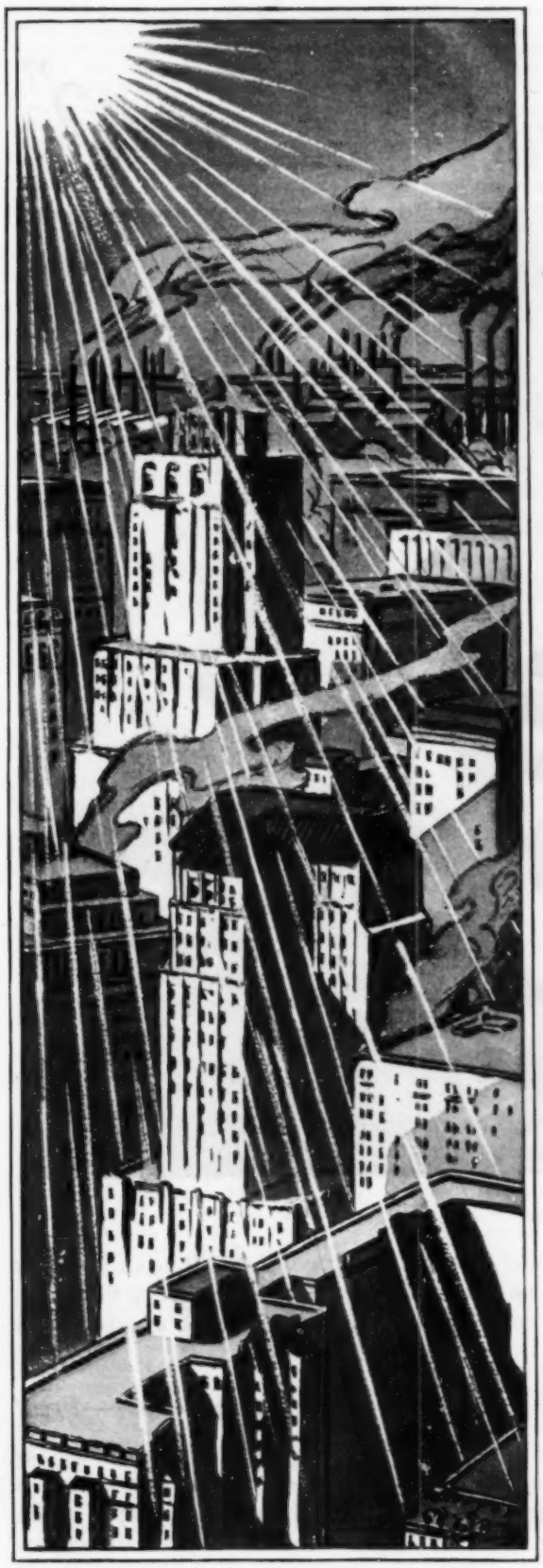

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"I'm reducing — *can I eat Candy?*"

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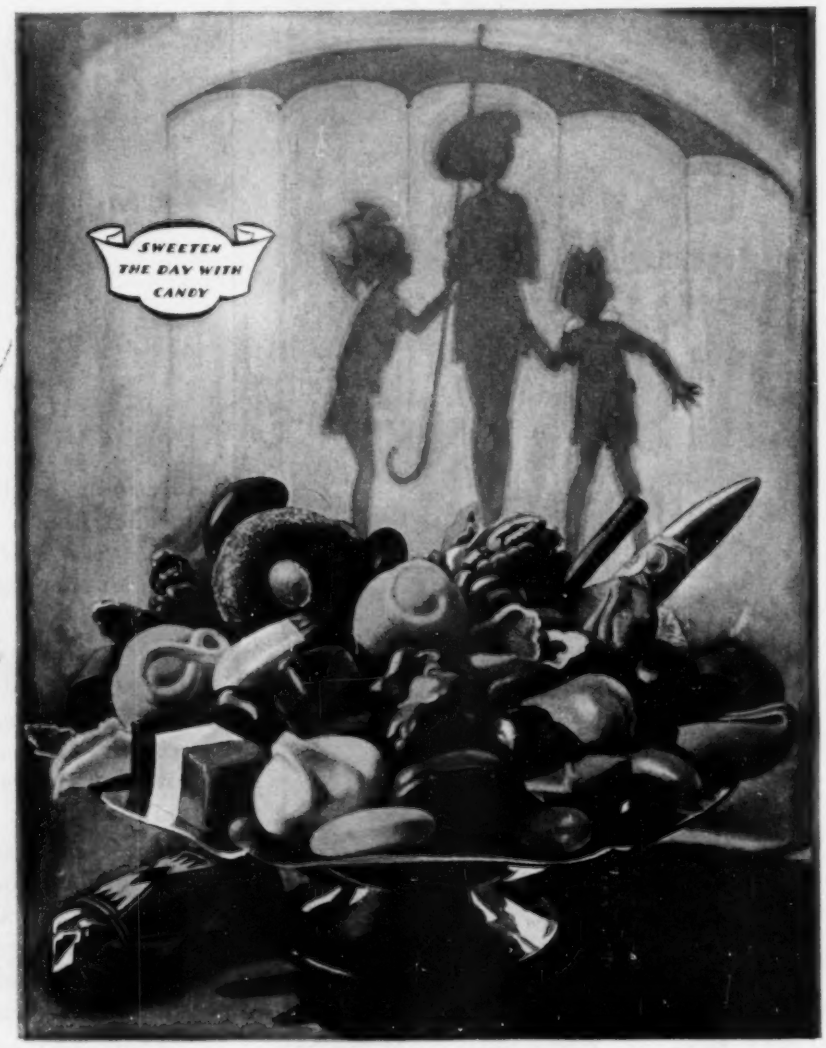

Candy makes a wholesome, welcome, light dessert. It will vary your menu.

In the first place, if you are undertaking to reduce considerably, consult a physician. Don't go at this thing in a haphazard way. If you do, you are likely to do yourself serious physical damage.

Second rule, and this is for people who are only a trifle above normal: Eat the foods* that are necessary to health, then eat what you want—in proper quantities, of course.

Third rule: Remember that no food you eat has any magic fattening or reducing property. All foods you eat can be converted into fat and stored as fat in your body. Your reducing problem is simply to eat less than you "burn up" every day.

By "burn up" is meant simply this: Every move you make, every beat of your heart, burns up food just as your motor burns up gasoline. You are burning food all the time.

Now candy has this great advantage—it is a "quick-energy" food, that is to say it is ready to burn very soon after you eat it. When the blood lacks its normal proportion of sugar, you get "fatigue-symptoms"—you are tired, nervous and headachy. Candy quickly replenishes the blood sugar, and thus controls "fatigue-symptoms."

Therefore you can use candy in a reducing diet with an excellent effect if you use it as a *part of the diet itself,* not as an extra. This is to say, if you are already eating more food than you burn, you are getting fat, and if you add any other food to that, you will get still fatter.

*These are the foods which will give you the right amount of vitamins, mineral salts, proteins, carbohydrates and fats.

But if you calculate your diet and make candy a part of it, you will reduce and the candy will be very useful in helping you to do it comfortably.

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Many mothers have a prejudice against candy-eating by their children. Sometimes they even forbid it altogether.

Experts on child-feeding agree that this is all wrong. As a matter of fact, the craving that children have for candy is just a natural expression of an intense bodily need. Children need quantities of energy. Candy supplies it. Candy is a splendid "quick-energy" food.

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(Continued from Page 158)

everything was done. Though Tommy could shut his eyes and call off the names, they were like the shades that Dante and Vergil saw beside the Styx. He could understand them, but their lives were so far from his, and their thoughts were all so far. Winnie Melburn, with his dark hair and his pale face, and Charley Lothrop Jones, who drove his car into the river, and Percy Wright, who was arrested for fighting a policeman—he could go on for fifteen minutes calling their names, and they would only be like the names on a plaque of bronze commemorating something which was past.

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Hey? Who's that?"

"Jones!" said Tommy in a louder tone—"Charley Lothrop Jones. He's asked me to spend a week with him. That's what I was saying."

It was one of the last times he ever saw her. She was seated in her bedroom in that black walnut chair he remembered when he was a boy. It seemed to him, even that last time, that neither Aunt Sarah nor the chair had changed, though everything else was changing. Mrs. Jiggs had wrapped her shawl tight about her shoulders. Aunt Sarah's stick was still close beside her chair.

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Charley Lothrop Jones? Well, what's that you said about him?"

It was growing harder to make Aunt Sarah understand. Tommy could almost suspect that Aunt Sarah took a pleasure in making it difficult.

"He asked me to spend a week with him and play golf."

"He did, hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, you needn't shout about it."

"I'm sorry," said Tommy. "I didn't mean to shout."

"Didn't mean to, hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, you needn't take on so about it then. It ain't so remarkable, upon my word."

"I didn't say it was!" cried Tommy. Aunt Sarah still possessed a gift of stirring anger, although she was so old.

"Ho-ho-ho," said Aunt Sarah. "You act as though it was. You act as though you weren't a gentleman and as good as any of 'em. Ho-ho-ho! Don't you forget you're going to own the house, once I'm under ground."

Was there ever anyone who stuck to an idea as tight as his Aunt Sarah? He could understand how she might love the house, but it was more than that. It gave him a sensation not far removed from awe to see Aunt Sarah fixed in her belief, up to the very end, that the Michael house was splendid, though the water was coming through the roof and its chimney had fallen before a northeast storm. To Aunt Sarah, though her eyes were dim and though everything was fading, there was something in the Michael house which had never grown old for her and was still as bright as when everything was new.

Marianne was the one who was surprised when she heard he knew Winnie Melburn and Percy Wright and Charley Lothrop Jones. It was the nicest thing that happened in a long while when he told Marianne, because Tommy always knew that Marianne loved him then.

He never saw her except on that beach at night. She made him understand that it would do no good to see her anywhere but there. Say what one might, there was a high romance in those still nights that made the spirit rise to rare and dangerous heights.

There were difficulties to be overcome, for all Warning Hill was very gay. There were parties at the Jellett house, and visits down the shore. All sorts of strange young men were calling for Marianne—young men in automobiles with roaring engines. Up at the Harbor Club, Tommy could see them come and go, with sharp misgivings. Sometimes it seemed wonderful that they were able to see each other in those flashing, noisy days. It was Marianne who managed—always Marianne.

Behind a loose stone in the Michael gateposts Marianne would leave a note, or she would pass him at the Harbor Club with a quick nod and a whisper. Marianne had ways of arranging everything—hundreds of little ways.

You had the most remarkable illusion that you and she were sharing a marvelous secret which you alone could see. There were a thousand secrets for everyone there was when Marianne went by. There were whisperings in the rustle of her dress and dancing in her eyes. But Tommy Michael always knew that they were all for him.

"See"—her eyes would say—"I want to tell you something."

"Whisper"—her dress would go—"whisper, whisper."

Now those were the times that Tommy could remember best. He could remember the way his heart would beat when Marianne went past, because he knew she loved him, and somehow inside him all the things they said were locked away, as you might lock letters in a box. And perhaps somewhere just beyond the borders of human consciousness, there lies a space where all words go that were spoken once on dark still nights, those banalities which seemed so splendid once and later were as monstrous as the lines of a schoolboy's poem.

"You know them?" How quickly she turned her head that night! "They're friends of yours—Winnie Melburn and Charley Jones and all those other boys? You're not joking, Tommy, are you?"

"No!" A suspicion flashed across him, and it made him start. "Marianne, you didn't think I'd lie to you, any more than you'd lie to me?"

"Oh, Tommy!" gasped Marianne. "Of course I don't—only—only ——"

"Only what?"

She was sitting very still, looking at him through the dark, and yet he knew that her spirit was dancing like firelight, forever beyond his grasp.

"Only it's so remarkable," said Marianne. He knew what she meant, and that old pain surged over him to which he had never become inured.

"Marianne," he asked, "is it any more remarkable than—than you and me?"

"No," whispered Marianne. "Oh, Tommy, I think you're ever so wonderful. You know that. I wouldn't be here if I didn't think so. I wouldn't have said I had a headache just so I could come."

Then he heard his own voice: "Marianne, you do love me, don't you, Marianne?"

"Yes." How often she had told him that! "Yes, of course I do."

"And that's the only thing that matters!" How often Tommy had said so! "It's the only thing, I guess. Don't you forget some day I'll call for you right at your own front door."

Those were the days when everything was changing. There was tar upon the roads. The automobiles were going faster and the music was playing a restless tune. There was a dance called the one-step which was driving the waltz to cover, like some rare animal unfit to cope with a new struggle for existence. A one-step tune was running through everything, chiming into thoughts and changing the very sound of life. Tommy himself could hear it. He did not know how much he had changed until his great-aunt Sarah died, leaving him the house at Michael's Harbor and thirty-five hundred dollars in the bank. It seemed to Tommy that a rope had been cut away which had held him to a shore. He did not know until much later that it was his boyhood and his youth he was leaving, as one leaves a land forever that grows fairer and still fairer as it approaches the horizon's rim.

They were sitting in easy attitudes in Winthrop Melburn's room when Tommy came walking in that last year they were together. It was two weeks after his Aunt Sarah died. They called to him in lazy, pleasant voices. They made remarks about his new overcoat and his new brown hat.

"Is anything the matter?" someone asked. "Look at him! He ought to be at home with Mrs. Schoule."

A year before, Mrs. Schoule had become a joke. One by one they had come to call just to look at Mrs. Schoule, but they were all good boys. They did not bother to admire Tommy's more sterling characteristics but accepted them with weary resignation, as they accepted all that smacked of energetic virtue.

"Don't worry," said Tommy. "Please don't any of you strain yourselves. I'm through with Mrs. Schoule!"

"Through with Mrs. Schoule?"

"Yes," said Tommy. "Through with Mrs. Schoule."

"Through with Mrs. Schoule?"

"Listen," said Tommy. "I wish you'd all shut up."

"We won't shut up," said Winnie Melburn. "He's through with Mrs. Schoule."

"And what's more," said Tommy, "I want to know if you won't come out for dinner. I wish you would. You've all done a lot for me, and I want to do something."

"Don't!" said Winnie Melburn. "Please don't make me cry!"

"Well, you know you have," said Tommy. "If it hadn't been for you ——"

He stopped because everyone was begging him in strangled voices please to stop.

"Won't you shut up?" said Tommy Michael.

"All right," said Winnie Melburn, "all right, but don't take Sherwood Jellett along. Don't be big-hearted and take Sherwood Jellett!"

Maurice, who ran the basement dining room in that hotel which the young gentlemen frequented most, looked at Tommy questioningly, because Tommy had not been there before.

"Champagne," said Tommy Michael, and looked at Maurice in just the right way, as old Simeon Danforth might have looked. "I'll leave the brand to you."

And then, ever so much later, he and Winnie Melburn were in a taxicab. Tommy never knew how they got there, or where the rest had gone. He only remembered that his head was very light and singing with soft laughter.

"Where's all the rest?" asked Tommy.

"You're tight," said Winnie Melburn. "They're all in cabs behind. Where're we going now?"

"I don't care," said Tommy. "Anywhere at all. Just as long as it's somewhere bright."

"You're tight," said Winnie Melburn.

"I don't care," said Tommy. "So are you."

"Oh, well," said Winnie, "does it matter?"

There was a silence and then they both began to laugh, but Tommy's mind was very clear.

"Winnie," said Tommy, "I want to ask you something."

"Then stop talking—ask it," Winnie said.

Tommy placed his hands very carefully, one on each knee.

"Winnie," said Tommy, "suppose I wanted to marry your sister, would you mind?"

"Who?" said Winnie. "You?"

Winnie Melburn's eyes were on him. He could feel them in the half light.

"Yes," said Tommy, "me."

"I get you," said Winnie. "No. Why should I mind?"

Tommy leaned back in that swaying cab. He seemed to have traveled a long distance. It seemed as though he had always been jolting along a road.

"I guess"—said Tommy, and his voice grew stronger—"I guess I've shown you then."

"You're tight," said Winnie. "Don't be so vague, because it hurts my head. Showed me what, I want to know?"

"I don't know"—and perhaps Tommy Michael didn't—"but you and everybody—I've showed you just the same."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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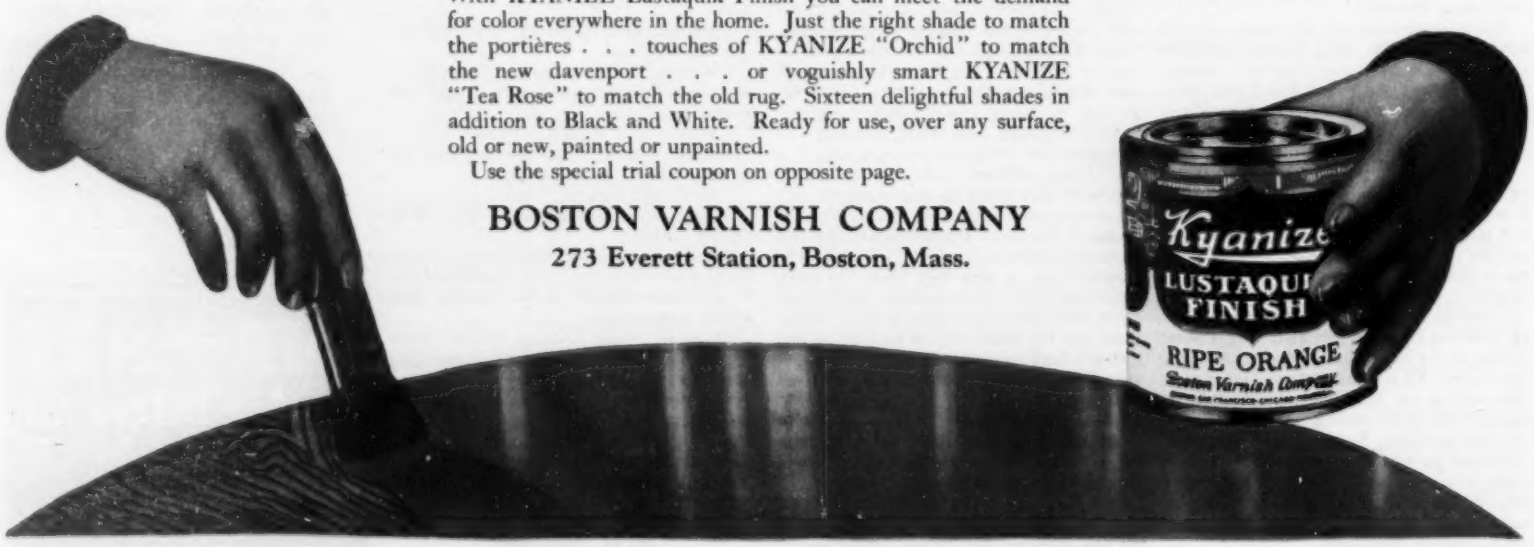

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in cash awards to cigarette smokers
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WE SAID "10 TO 1" WHAT DO YOU SMOKERS SAY?

RULES

Read the instructions carefully—send in your letter not later than July 15th, 1929.

1—Any cigarette smoker can enter except employees of Luden's, Inc.

2—Write on one side of the paper only—do not use more than 200 words, including your slogan or jingle.

3—Mail to Cigarette Slogan Contest, Luden's, Inc., 210 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa. Write your name and address plainly.

4—The letter must be postmarked *before* midnight, July 15th, 1929.

5—Prizes will be awarded for the most convincing explanation of the smoking test and the cleverest jingle or slogan giving the results. Not more than 1 prize to 1 person.

6—All contestants agree to abide by the decision of the judges. Names of winners will be given in this publication and checks mailed to winners as soon as a decision can be reached after July 15th, 1929.

7—If you want to participate and have not tried Luden's Menthol Cough Drops, you can get a sample package, *free*, by writing to Cigarette Slogan Contest, Luden's, Inc., 210 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa.

Cigarette smokers discovered this new use for Luden's. We made our own tests before we advertised: "*One* Luden's to every *ten* cigarettes—makes the *eleventh* taste as good as the *first*."

As the idea spread across the country, cigarette smokers began to make their own experiments. Some found the greatest smoking enjoyment and throat comfort with 1 Luden's to 7 cigarettes—others said the ideal combination was 1 and 5—but all agreed that Luden's Menthol Action was an aid to cigarette smokers.

To settle this "national argument" we are asking cigarette smokers everywhere to make their own tests with Luden's. For the most convincing experiment and the cleverest slogan, we are offering *those who smoke cigarettes $1,000 in prizes—also, those who sell cigarettes $500 extra in prizes.*

Make your experiments. If you *sell* cigarettes you can ask a customer to do so for you—or you can do it yourself. Then tell us in not over 200 words just how the test was made; also write a jingle, or slogan, as to your opinion on the results, for example:

"To make your smoke taste mighty fine
Use a Luden's with every nine."

"Luden's Menthol Action proved to me
I'd improve smoke taste by 1 to 3."

PRIZES

$1,000 to Cigarette Smokers.

$200 for the best test description and slogan or jingle.

$100 for the 2nd best.

$50 for the 3rd best.

$25 for the 4th best.

$10 each for the next 30 winners.

$5 each for the next 65 winners.

(99 prizes in all)

$500 to those who sell cigarettes

$100 for the best test description and slogan or jingle.

$75 for the 2nd best.

$50 for the 3rd best.

$25 for the 4th best.

$10 each for the next 10 winners.

$5 each for the next 30 winners.

(44 prizes in all)

LUDEN'S

In the triple-sealed yellow package

5¢

FALL GUYS

(Continued from Page 25)

The latter I knew would have to have either the struts or the wing beams sawed. It was so well made that I might not get enough dissipation of forces as I bumped a wing or hit the under carriage or bored into the ground with the nose.

But the more I figured, the fewer conclusions I arrived at. I must see the actual conditions under which each one was to be done before I could tell just how hazardous the whole thing was. Again, the personality of each of the different types of ships entered into it. I would have to fly every one of them and become acquainted with them before I could tell just what could be done with each one.

It has been my observation that you can take two ships of identical make, having the same power plants and apparently rigged in the same way, yet one will be a real pleasure to fly and the other just a labor. Of one thing I was sure: The arrangement of the stunts should be mine. There was no psychology in this; just common sense.

I took the receiver from the hook and got my number.

"Hello, Bill; Dick Grace talking. I think I've figured those stunts over enough. I'll take the job."

The contract contained the usual liability clause releasing the company from any claims that my "heirs, descendants or assigns" might have in case of a fatality. Of course I was guaranteed hospital care and funeral expenses, and I came under the workingman's compensation law, which allows five thousand dollars for death and lesser amounts for permanent injury. Subsequent events proved that a contract does not always mean so much, for the company showed a generosity not usually found in industries which employ thousands of people.

I was told that I might be gone on location at Kelly Field, San Antonio, anywhere from three to six months, so I packed all my belongings and put them in storage. After I had sold my car I felt perfectly foot-loose.

A Disconcerting Bump

At Kelly Field I watched my ships being unloaded. There were two Fokkers and two Spads. They were placed in Hangar No. 2, and a ground crew was assigned to me. My hangar was not the only one which was busy. Squadrons of DeHavilands, Douglas O 2's and Martin bombers were waiting. A squadron of the latest type of Army fast-pursuit ships, were brought from Selfridge Field, and camera ships were flown from San Francisco. Twenty-four hangars full of ships would be used in making the picture, Wings.

What a thrill as those units took the air for review by the commanding general, squadrons of three passing the reviewing stands in perfect formation. I was proud to be a small factor in the making of this picture. The labor, time and money that such an undertaking required were stupendous. I never had been connected with such a production, one in which the individual played such a small part.

There were many revisions to be made before the Spad was ready for its death. Spads have a big gas tank situated directly under the feet, which feeds by pressure. If I should go over on my back and the tank should break, I'd be due for a bath of gasoline. So I wanted a small tank installed on the top wing which would feed the motor by gravity.

The linen had to be stripped from the fuselage so that the *longérons* could be taped. And then, as long as these last members were of wood, I believed that a square arrangement of steel tubing was advisable at the top and bottom of the cockpit to keep it from collapsing at that important place.

Lastly, I needed a new arrangement of the safety belts, for I had found that the one webbed one around the hips was no protection against hitting the instrument board with the head. This sudden bump is disconcerting at times, because it breaks the neck. We have found this out by observation of crack-ups in this type of ship. Peculiarly, often there is no other injury.

Although I had been told that the company had had six hundred Mexicans working every day for a couple of months on the battlefield, it never dawned on me that it could be such an immense set. Almost as far as the eye could see, the country was devastated. Shell holes twelve feet deep and three times that in diameter pitted the whole place, and I made a mental note that I could kiss myself good-by if I ever struck in one of them.

Barbed-wire entanglements were of real wire, the posts were of cedar, sunk two feet into the ground and protruding almost four above. I was relieved when Wellman said that a twenty-five-foot section of fence would be built from balsam slabs, which are very light and break easily. Also, instead of wire on those posts, he would have yarn or rope strung. It sounded good—if I could find the small section, traveling at least a hundred miles an hour and at the same time controlling the ship for a crack-up, which in itself is no mean job. Besides the technic of handling the stick, it was necessary for me to start an automatic camera, cut off my switch, close the throttle, turn off my gas tank, hit an exact spot and protect myself during it all. The best safeguard is to do the stunt as you have it mathematically figured, and, if you haven't struck a wrong balance, nine times out of ten you'll pop up without a scratch. The tenth time I never let occur to me; when I get to nine I start all over again. It's the only sure way to beat that law of averages.

To make matters worse I had to head right into the cameras, and there were to be twenty-one grinding on the stunt. If I missed, I knew that cinematographers' salaries would go up in Hollywood, because I'd take half of them with me to photograph the squadron of the dead. Not only that, but I noticed that the head cameraman, Perry, had placed his parallel directly in line with the spot. That meant that I could not change my mind; that once I decided to do the dive, it had to be a success. Half of the troupe would be grouped around that parallel and I knew that Bill Wellman and Lucian Hubbard, with other officials, would be on top of it.

An Organized Wrecking Crew

The emergency fire apparatus of Kelly Field was given us and we decided to have three men with large extinguishers to rush in, should the ship catch fire. Harry Reynolds, Ross Cook and Captain Campbell, the British ace, were in charge of the rescue crew.

They were given ten men, each of whom had but one instrument of rescue. This was to avoid confusion should I be injured and pinned in the broken wreck. Included in the group was one man with a four-foot pair of cutters, another with an ax and others with pliers, hammers, wood and hack saws, steel cutters and hatchets.

There was an Army ambulance in charge of a regular physician, and as an added safeguard a hospital airplane.

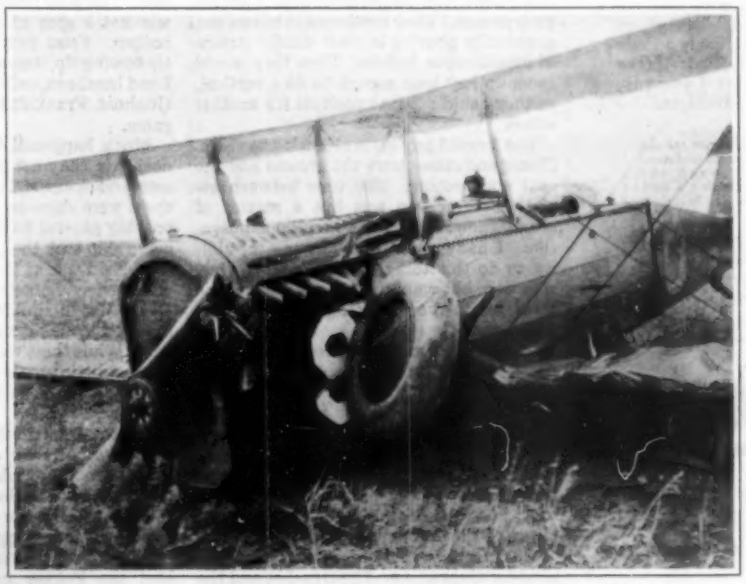
Final instructions were given to each of these groups not to start except at the command of Wellman, who would signal Reynolds when it was safe to enter the crack-up zone. Also, none was to enter it, except in case of fire, until the cameras stopped grinding. If I were all right I would know that for this stunt, at least, I had not needed their help.

The crews were ready and the ship would be on the next day. All I had to do was to wait. But that waiting is nerve racking, as I found out later. A week passed. I had tested the ship and had hangared it until I was given the word. In the meantime I organized a pinochle game with Frank Tomick and Gunboat Smith.

During this period one of the flyers tried to make a turn too quickly and lost his flying speed. He immediately crashed and was killed. The type of ship he was flying was not much faster than the one I was to crash. The nature of the ground into which he plunged was not so hazardous as hitting posts and shell holes. I began to wonder.

A couple of nights later we got together and proposed a toast to our departed comrade, and after we had drunk him on his way someone proposed that as long as I had a crack-up coming they should all have a drink to me. Lieuts. Cornelius and Thad Johnson were with us and we decided that they ought to have a toast, too, because they were flying the Army pursuit ships which were supposed to shoot me down. They were truly both daring airmen and were instrumental in organizing the Army's famous Three Musketeers, which later came to grief. Thad was killed after escorting Colonel Lindbergh on one of his trips and Cornelius met his at San Diego.

While we were having this last toast the telephone



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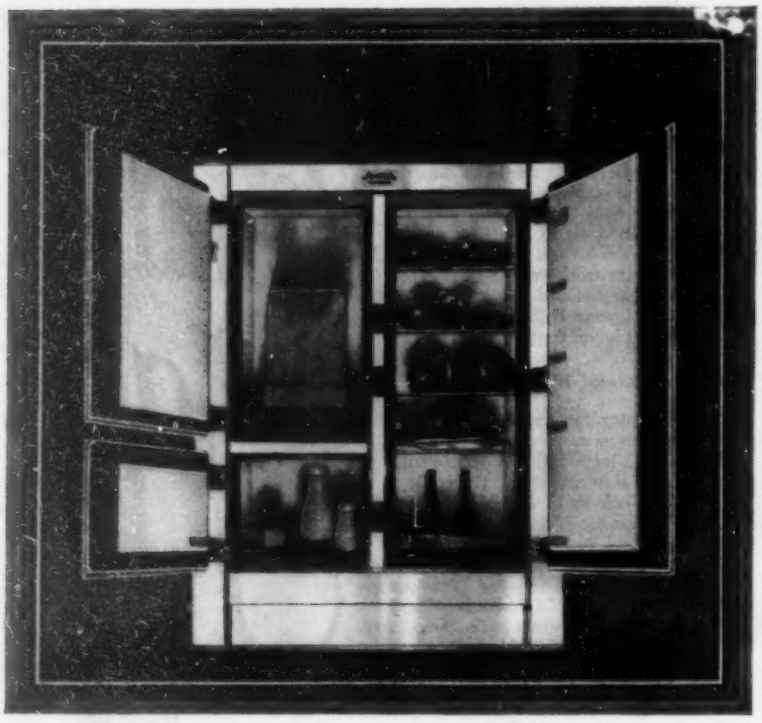

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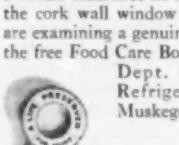

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with their new FOODEX *food insurance*

"Tells you where each food keeps best"

rang. It was Bill Wellman. He informed me that the crack-up would be the next day between eleven and twelve o'clock, and to hold myself in readiness.

In readiness! I had been ready for weeks. Now that I knew, I could go to my suite and get a good night's sleep, and strangely enough I did.

Purposely I did not start for the battlefield until ten o'clock. I did not wish to look over the ground and live over the stunt again and again before it was necessary. So Gunboat and Frank and I sat down to our cutthroat pinochle and became so interested in it that we forgot time. At 10:15 we had to quit, leaving nobody with a game. A great crowd was there when we arrived, and as I passed through it I could hear the odds against me. Some were betting five to one that I'd be killed; others had bets of ten to one that I'd never walk out. I bet on myself.

Already at Kelly Field my little baby Spad was warming up. It was raring to go—even to its own funeral. I got into the seat and adjusted the safety belts. Then I turned up the motor and the little ship tugged at the blocks. The two P-1's with Cornelius and Thad Johnson were also roaring in a test, and farther down the starting line I saw a squadron which was to escort me to the battlefield.

A mechanic rushed from the hangar to the starting line. It was the order to take the air. Again I gave the gun to the motor to clear out the barrels, and I fastened my chest safety belt. The wheels left the ground. Simultaneously the two P-1's took the air, and then the escort squadron.

We were now over no man's land and the squadron split in all directions, leaving me alone with the two supposed German ships which were to shoot me down.

I dropped to an elevation of eight hundred feet and took off my goggles. I could not wear them, because the splintering of the lenses might cut my eyes. When in proper position I dropped them and was pleased to see that they fell directly before the main parallel. That was my signal to those on the ground that I was ready, that the next time I buzzed over the spot it would be to a crack-up. Then I awaited my answering signal and got it immediately—a red flag from the tower.

Thrills for the Spectators

I maneuvered to position for the right glide that would bring me to the spot where I was to shove the little ship in nose first. When I had it I glanced back to see if the two German scouts were on my tail. They were, and how! It almost seemed as if I could reach out and touch them.

With a shove on the stick I nosed my Spad earthward and at the same moment felt a peculiar whiz. One of the Germans had passed over me so close that I felt his prop stream. They continued to harass me, apparently pouring in their deadly stream of machine-gun bullets. Then they would zoom up just long enough to do a vertical, so they could get into position for another attack.

But I could pay little attention to them. Closer and closer were the ground and the spot approaching. The time between me and this crack-up was but a matter of seconds now. Yet I felt a peculiar exhilaration. I had supreme confidence—the ability to do this thing and walk out. They who were but watching it were getting the thrill, and I who was doing it was the confident one.

Glancing at my air-speed indicator I noted that I was making a hundred and ten. That was too fast, so I cut down on the throttle. Now I was making ninety, but that was too slow. I was settling.

The German trenches were beneath me as I gave it a little more gun. There was just no man's land between me and the spot. It was now time for me to get busy. I started the automatic camera just as one of the Germans hissed one of his last good-by dives at me. The trenches and the spot for me to go in was less than six hundred feet away. I had to allow at least two hundred of that for the crack-up. It dwindled to five and snapped to four, flashed to three and exploded to two. Two hundred feet. Well, I'd allow another fifty. I'd give them a real close one. Just ten feet from the ground! Just ten feet to go. Speed—ninety-five miles an hour.

I jerked the stick over to the right, giving just a slight left rudder. The wing dipped and the fuselage swayed to the left. In this position I knew the ship would be a cinch to go on its back.

With a dull thud the wing hit and crumpled, then the landing carriage crashed. The poor ship tottered over to the other wing and broke that, and the thing started over on its back.

As it did I ducked my head forward. It was my one measure of protection, but it happened to be just the right one. With a terrific crash something wedged between my flying coat and the back of the seat.

Missing the Soft Spot

But the last move of the ship was over. There was no more débris or dust or propeller splinters flying around. Again I smiled as I wiggled the rudder. Then I unfastened my safety belts, holding to the sides as best I could, because I was upside down. To have fallen would not have hurt me, because there was just six inches between my head and the ground. I jumped into a shell hole as directed and waited until the explosions ceased around me.

When it was all over I climbed out, and then I got a few surprises. I had intended to land close to the cameras and I hadn't missed. The nearest one was seventeen feet from the wrecked plane. What kind of nerve must a cameraman have to see an airplane traveling at a hundred miles an hour crashing into the ground so close to him that when it's through he could almost reach out and touch it? But I had missed the areas with the balsam posts and had hit into the cedar posts. I wasn't so surprised to find I'd missed that little spot, but I certainly was to find that I had pulled or torn fourteen of those posts from the ground.

Then I wondered what had wedged between my coat and the back of the seat, and that's where I got my real thrill. In going over on its back, the ship had plunged into a maze of posts, two of which had gone completely through the fuselage. One had penetrated the cockpit just eleven inches back of my head! Had I not moved forward when I did, it would have carried that important member of my body down to where my feet ought to have been.

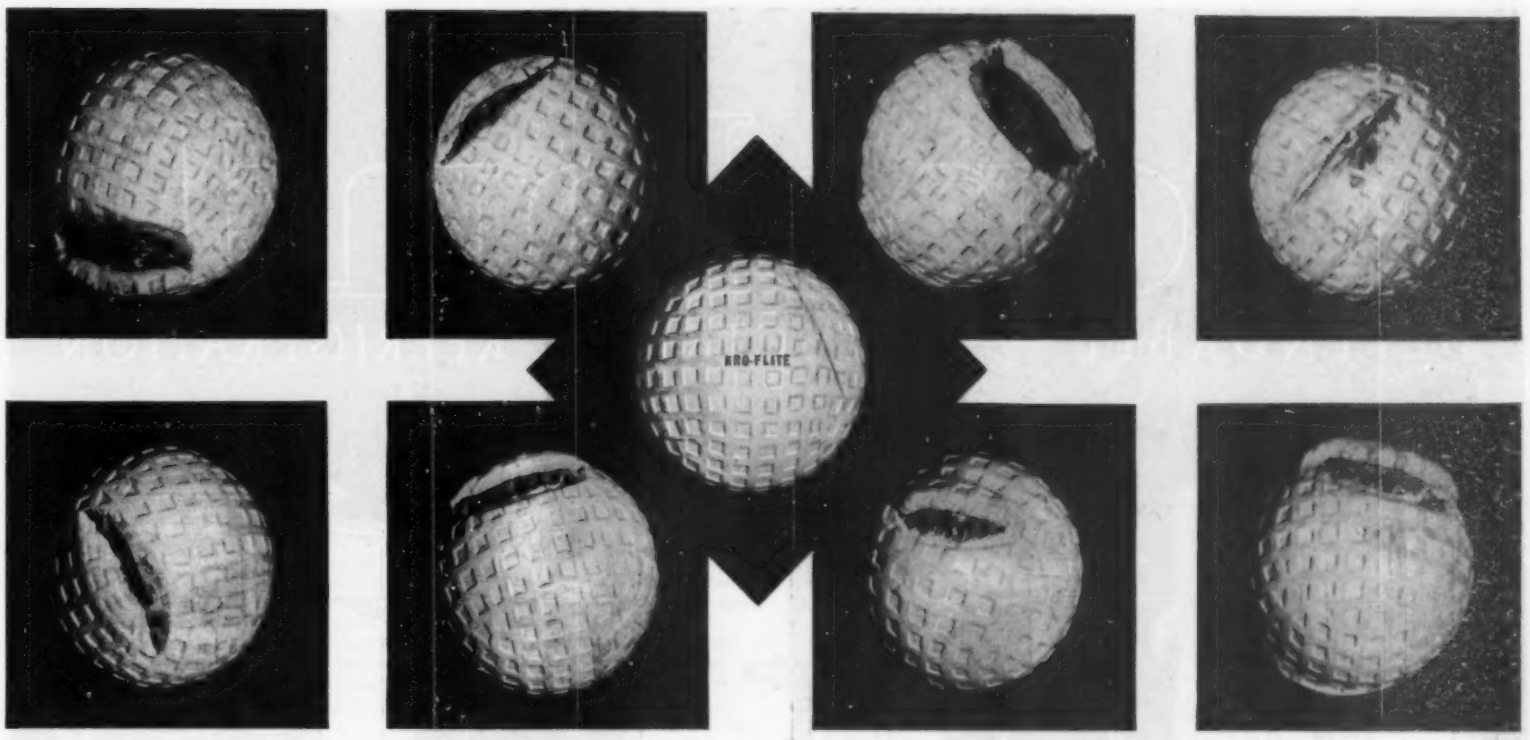
I noticed one more thing. The tail of the ship hung in space, over the edge of one of those twelve-foot shell holes. If I had slid on my back as I hit, it would have been too bad. The poor little ship was dead. There was not a spar or rib in it that was not broken. From propeller to tail, and wing tip to wing tip, it was splintered and broken. I had luncheon, collected my bets, and then Gunboat, Frank and I finished our pinochle game.

Much happened besides a game of pinochle in the next few weeks. There were more crack-ups. There was dog fighting, there were ships on fire and there was the one big general battle scene. On this day every ship took the air and the sky over the battlefield was as if infested with a plague of locusts. Squadron after squadron of DeHavilands and Douglases passed over, followed by the cumbersome Martin bombers. While these were dropping their loads the fast little scouts darted in and out like wasps, strafing the trenches or putting on air duels.

On the ground the machine-gun nests sputtered out their apparently deadly fire while armored tanks clanked their way over trenches and shell holes. The big guns spurted their blasts and the smaller guns backed up their bigger brothers' voices.

When the smoke cleared away we scheduled the Fokker crack-up. Three days

(Continued on Page 169)



THESE ARE ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NINE BALLS THAT TOOK THE TEST. THE NAMES ARE PAINTED OUT ON EIGHT OF THEM. OTHERWISE, THESE ARE THE EXACT RESULTS YOU WOULD HAVE SEEN HAD YOU BEEN AN EYE WITNESS TO THE TEST.

THE GUILLOTINE *settles the question of which is the most durable golf ball*

. . . . and proves the KRO-FLITE the sturdiest ball in the world

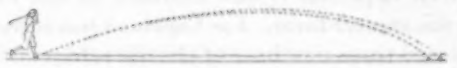
WHAT is the Guillotine? It is the laboratory equivalent of a viciously topped iron shot. It is a heavily weighted steel knife that drops on a golf ball with all the force of a powerfully swung club.

It is devised so that the knife hits a ball exactly as a club head does on a topped shot. Coldly scientific, free from all human variance, it plays no favorites. It is the most relentless and revealing golf ball test that can be made.

The nine golf balls shown above took this Guillotine Test. One is the Kro-Flite. The remaining balls are eight of the best-known golf balls the world produces. On each of these eight, the falling blade of the Guillotine cut completely through the cover. All eight were hopelessly ruined.

But in the Kro-Flite, the Guillotine met its master. On this stout-covered ball, the knife left a barely visible dent. After this terrific abuse, this Kro-Flite could easily have played more than the 72 holes for which Spalding guarantees it. The Guillotine has never yet been able to cut a Kro-Flite ball—it has never failed to cut any other.

Try Kro-Flite yourself. Test it for durability and measure it for distance against any other ball in the world. Your Professional, or Sports Dealer will supply you.



ABOUT DISTANCE

Spalding makes two golf balls—"Spalding" and "Kro-Flite." The one which bears the name "Spalding" is recognized by over ninety per cent of golf's leading stars to be the world's longest golf ball. Yet the ball which bears the name "Kro-Flite" is only a trifling distance behind this longest of all balls—a fact established time after time in driving machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England. This amazing Kro-Flite is the only ball ever to combine maximum durability with first-class distance.

KRO-FLITE *each* 75 *cents*

made by Spalding

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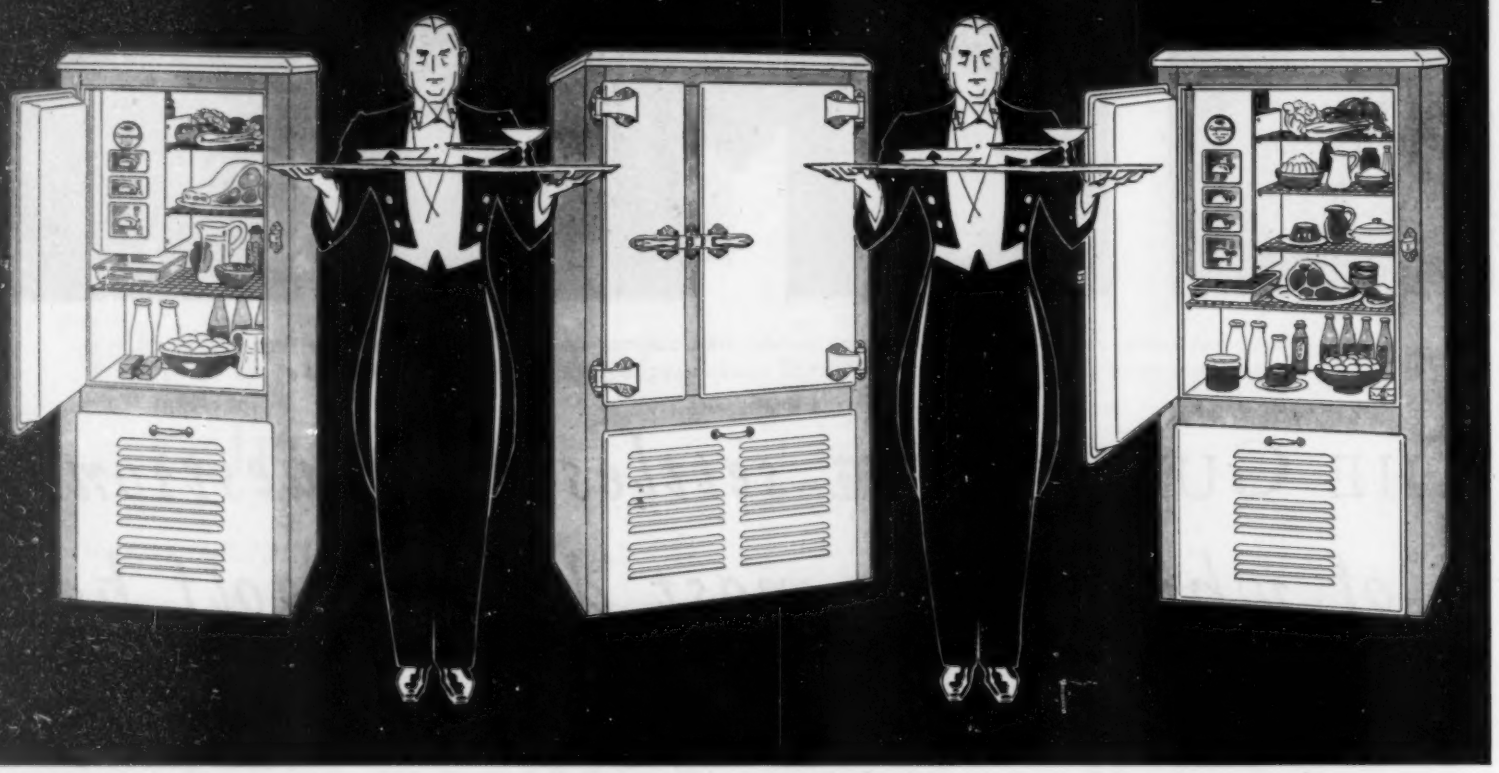
Copeland

DEPENDABLE — ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION



MODEL CS-5—All-porcelain, gray and white; over 5 cu. ft. storage; 8 sq. ft. shelf area; 108 ice cubes, 6.93 lbs. ice; 3 trays, 1 double-depth.

MODEL CS-9—All-porcelain, gray and white; over 9 cu. ft. storage; 15½ sq. ft. shelf area; 162 ice cubes, 10.6 lbs. ice; 4 trays, 2 double-depth. Note massive, deep-etched hardware.

MODEL CS-7—All-porcelain, gray and white; 7¼ cu. ft. storage; over 12½ sq. ft. shelf area; 162 ice cubes, 10.6 lbs. ice; 4 trays, 2 double-depth.

Long famous for the quality of its products, Copeland is now destined to rise to even greater favor. For Copeland has introduced three new lines of electric refrigerators . . . in particular, an all-porcelain, medium-priced line, far and away the most conclusive evidence ever given the public of Copeland's ability to supply outstanding value. Think of this luxury, for as little as $245, factory: genuine porcelain—body of cabinet in gray, enlivened by pure white top, doors and louvres; massive, specially designed hardware, deep-etched and automatic in operation; 2" and 2½" highest quality insulation; one-piece porcelain interior, with rounded or cove corners for easy cleaning; soft-closing doors, guarding against temperature fluctuation by double-compression gaskets; staunch, woven-wire shelves, double-tinned for endurance. Consider these features of convenience and efficiency: more ice cubes and more ice than you will get from any other make of electric refrigeration at comparable cost; at least one double-depth dessert drawer in every model; Coldtray for crisping salads, chilling foods or storing ice cubes; shelves at the proper height to require no bending over; the total absence of drain pipes; vegetable bin in base, if desired. Consider, too, the enviable position of Copeland in the electric refrigeration industry—Copeland's splendid reputation for designing and building superlatively well, and for producing efficient, economical, *quietly operating* units. Then go to your Copeland dealer and verify all these facts. There are other complete refrigerators, and separate units for present ice boxes, from $180 to $720 at factory; also units for commercial refrigeration, and multiple installations for apartments. But we especially commend to your attention the new Copeland all-porcelain, medium-priced "CS" models, available in *five*, *seven* and *nine* cubic feet storage capacities and supplying from 108 to 162 ice cubes at one freezing. Investigate Copeland — inspect and examine the new Copelands — for that is the only way to get the whole truth about the amazing value in electric refrigeration which Copeland offers today.

Beauty, Quietness, Value are outstanding in these newest all-porcelain medium-priced Copelands

FREE

WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW — BOOKLET — MAIL TO COPELAND, 650 LYCASTE, DETROIT

(Continued from Page 166)

later, the ship was on the line ready for a test with its complete crack-up paraphernalia.

The crews were assembled and given practically the same instructions as in the previous cases. There was but one difference. This time the day for the stunt was to be kept a secret, because in other hazards, we had had a hard time to control the crowd.

I said that the ship was ready for the test. We thought it was, too, until I took it up for a final hop. The mechanics expected an O. K. after a short flight. So did I. It seemed to respond in every way. It climbed, dove and banked to my satisfaction.

So I decided to do a little hedge hopping, but I had no more than nosed the ship down when I developed a miss on about four of the six cylinders and just barely managed to limp back.

One of the Army's expert mechanics got into the seat and, when the blocks were under the wheels, gave it the gun. It answered perfectly for the five full minutes he held it wide open. He gave me a peculiar look as he handed the thing over to me for another flight.

Again I was off, but this time it started to miss when I was but seventy-five feet from the ground and at the end of the field. I just barely managed to slip at right angles and land with the wind, contrary to all the rules of the field.

Again the mechanic came over. He had not heard the miss. Nevertheless, he changed from one type of spark plug to another and again tested the D 7. It turned up its full amount of revolutions without a suggestion of a miss.

I sensed his feelings. He thought I didn't like to fly the thing, and in one way he was right. This ship which continually let me down began to get on my nerves. It was not the type of plane, for nothing flies sweeter than a D 7 in perfect working order. But I felt no confidence in this one.

I took off, banked at a low altitude and turned with the wind. That brought me back to the starting line within a few seconds, and, just as I thought, it lasted until I was in a half bank into the wind and then started sputtering and coughing like a consumptive.

The Property Man's Mistake

Of course I was forced down, and as I taxied into the hangar, still missing, both the mechanics and I knew that they were in for some snappy work.

They changed timing gears and bored holes under the oil rings. They even changed pistons. New wrist pins replaced the old and the bearings were refitted. But it did no good. Practically a new motor was built. Yet out of eleven flights I had eight forced landings.

And the more it let me down the more I cussed it. It would be a keen pleasure to bump this thing's nose into the ground, to hear that crunching sound as the motor pushed up against the gas tanks and the wings folded. I deliberately planned to smack it in as hard as I could without injury to myself.

Finally we all got disgusted with its eccentricities and shoved it into the hangar, where it sat with its motor covered.

The orders came for the next day. But I was not able to sleep before this crack-up. My nerves seemed pitched unusually high. At one in the morning I got up and wrote letters. At five I was still writing. Then only was I able to drop into a troubled doze.

When I arose it was almost eight o'clock and I hurried to Kelly Field. But there was no occasion for any rush—someone had forgotten to order the clouds. The rest of the picture was filmed with fleecy white vapors, and such were necessary as the background for this crash. I was disappointed. I had come ready and prepared to have it out with the Fokker. Anyway, I would fly the luckless thing over to the German airdrome.

I climbed quickly to three thousand feet. With such altitude it was possible to find an emergency field anywhere except in one ten-mile stretch. The motor took its usual course. It bucked and back-fired until I thought I'd be lucky if it didn't catch on fire before we arrived. Certainly I was thankful when I planted its two wheels and skid on the short German field. This time I said nothing about the miss.

We waited for clouds, but not one appeared. The sky was as clear as the blue of a robin's egg.

I was anxious and so was the company. Every lost hour cost thousands of dollars. The sun retired behind the sagebrush and greasewood in a perfectly clear sky. The next six days were the same. By this time I was at the point of nervous exhaustion.

Ready to Settle a Grudge

This was worse than being a prisoner waiting in his death cell. At least he knew absolutely when his time was up.

We tried to make clouds. Quantities of shells were volleyed into the heavens, but they formed only slight rifts against the blue.

I formed a habit of staying up until two o'clock or after, so that when I did retire I would be so physically and mentally tired that it was impossible for me to stay awake.

Then one morning I awakened and there they were. I did not wait for a telephone call. This was the day for which I had lived almost three weeks. I shaved, took a cold shower and had a good breakfast, yet felt weary as I eased myself into the back seat of the car.

Nor did I feel any better when I reached the field. Mechanically I went through the placing of the rescue crews. Listlessly I gave orders that the wing struts of the D 7 should be sawed. Reynolds, Tomick and I went on a last inspection tour. We checked the first-aid division, saw that each man had his instrument of rescue, placed the chemical fire wagon and the men with extinguishers.

After that I drained all of the gas out of the ship and poured back just two gallons, as a further protection against fire. A report was then sent to Wellman that I was set.

Climbing into the cockpit, I adjusted the belts. I knew that I was to be injured. Again came one of those few presentiments in my life. Only Wellman seemed to guess.

"You're sure you feel all right?" he said.

"Absolutely," I replied.

"Because if you don't, we could delay it a day or so," he continued.

"After all these weeks of waiting? Not for anything in the world. Are you ready?"

"I'll give you the red flag. Any time after that. Only be sure to time your start with Johnson's dive for you. At that time you must be about seventy-five feet in the air."

Thad was supposed to be Dick Arlen, one of the heroes of Wings, who crept to the German flying field, stole a ship and then, banking suddenly, dropped down on an enemy who was taking off in pursuit of him.

"Contact!" I ordered, and the big motor broke forth.

There came a peculiar exultation. I was not the uninterested person of a few minutes previous. I was raring to go, anxious to tear the Fokker's nose into the dirt and wreck it so they would touch a match to it where it lay, rather than gather up the débris.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Grace. The third will appear next week.

Where *Raw Materials* can be Bought and Handled at Lowest Cost . . . .

New Orleans is a primary market for lumber, cotton, sugar, rice, oil, and salt—all of which are grown, produced, or mined in large quantities within close proximity to the city. It is likewise the primary market for importations such as coffee, molasses, bananas, jute, sisal, and many other commodities. Conversion from raw materials into refined or finished articles, at source of supply, has the economic advantage of enormous savings of transport and handling charges.

Favorable Labor Situation

Unusual Transportation Facilities

Mild and Equable Climate

Gateway to Latin-America

Build your Factory in the South's Greatest City . . . New Orleans not only is a market for raw materials, but it is a transportation center (second port of the U. S.) with nine trunk railroads and ninety-one steamship lines having regular sailings to the leading ports of the world. The Mississippi-Warrior Barge Line, operated by the Federal Government, offers a saving of 20% on freight rates to all points on the rivers served by it.

New Orleans is one of the large financial and manufacturing cities of the Country. Efficient labor is available for all needs. The great Mississippi Valley offers a wide market, and the developing trade with Latin-America, to which New Orleans is the natural gateway, offers even greater possibilities for the farseeing manufacturer.

An industrial survey has been made of the city by a nationally known engineering firm. Write for a copy.

NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE
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NEW ORLEANS

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2. *Lee new shield-back (pat. pending).*
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Lee OVERALLS

SHIELD-BACK · HIGH-BACK · LOW-BACK
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UNION-ALLS · · · OVERALLS · · · PLAY SUITS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Father Absorbs the Influence

Richard Secrist, Jr.,
13 Holingbroke Hall,
Suburbia College.

DEAR DICK: Please excuse me for not writing for the last month and a half, as I have been very busy at the office. But it doesn't mean that I haven't been thinking of you often and wishing I were with you.

I hate to bring this up every time I write to you, but I am wondering if you could let me have a check for fifty dollars. My finances are very low, and I need some money for office supplies, and so on. I hope you won't think I've been throwing my money away on theaters and night clubs and all that sort of thing, because I've been leading a very quiet life.

I think I can make the money go for quite a little while, because, as I've said, I was never much of a person to blow it on amusements, and so on. My friend Charlie Johnson spends six thousand a year on clothes alone, but I don't believe in that sort of stuff. Work hard and live within your means—that's my motto. If you can telegraph the money, so much the better, and, as I said, don't worry that I'll dissipate it foolishly. I miss you terribly.

Love, DAD.

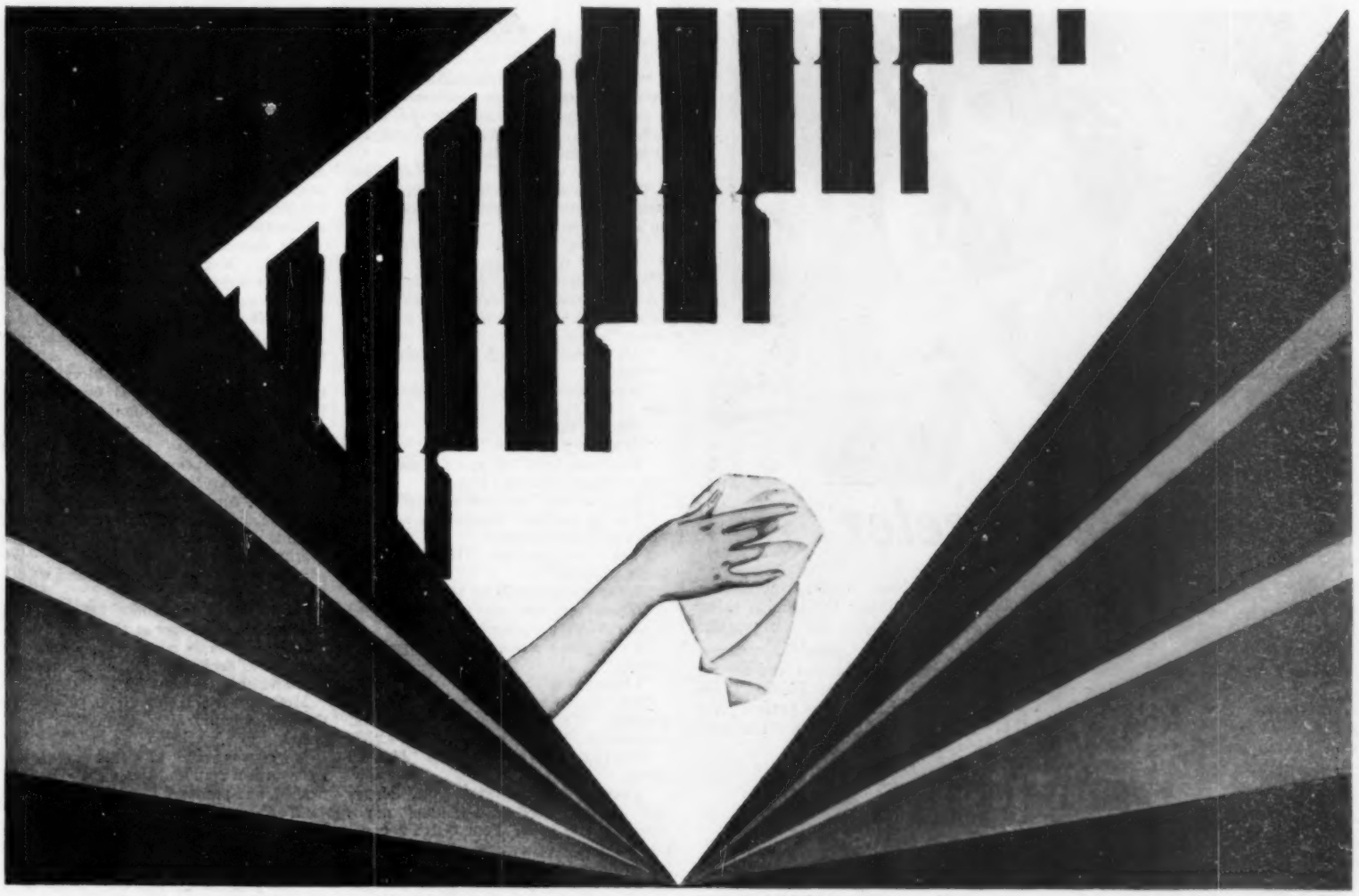
P.S. If you can stretch it to seventy-five, so much the better. —PARKE CUMMINGS.

DRAWN BY R. V. CULTER

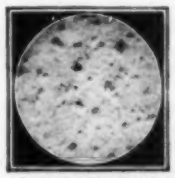
On Every Family Tree

UNCLE JIMMIE PHILLIPS is the family perennial bachelor. The matchmakers of the family declared an open season on Jimmie when he graduated from high school, but up to date his scalp has suffered only from dandruff. Large hunting parties have been formed and elaborate traps set—the bait ranging from second cousins to Vassar roommates who were awfully sweet girls but hadn't somehow met the right man. After the smoke of each attack had cleared away the debonair Jimmie always emerged with a never-touched-me look in his eyes and not even a tail feather missing. Lately, however, the gun-shy Jimmie has ceased to be quite such a magnificent trophy and he has been allowed to pursue his maverick existence in peace.

Old Grandma Sykes says: "What gets me is how the family is constantly shoving women at Jimmie and yet when somebody catches him out with a female of his own choosing everybody thinks the worst."



A PAINT ENAMEL
EASILY KEPT IMMACULATE
WITH A DAMP CLOTH



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken, non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

THOUSANDS have found in Barreled Sunlight a labor saver comparable to the vacuum cleaner and the floor-polisher.

This satin-smooth paint enamel actually seals itself against dirt. It has no pores to hold dirt embedded. A damp cloth instantly removes every smudge —without injuring the finish.

Barreled Sunlight has a rich depth all its own and is guaranteed to remain white longest.

Extremely easy to apply — flowing freely from the brush and spreading evenly. No unsightly "laps" or brush marks!

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat Finishes. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted any shade. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer or painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight, which is lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-M Dudley St., Providence, R. I. Branches: New York — Chicago — Philadelphia — San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers.

You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight any shade you wish. It is an "all-oil" product and blends readily with any good oil color, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

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25-M Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Information desired on use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: Check

☐ Homes ☐ Large Buildings ☐ Factories
(Enclosed find 10¢ for sample can)

☐ New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."

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When tongue or breath tells of acid condition, it's time for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose.

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Sales Offices:
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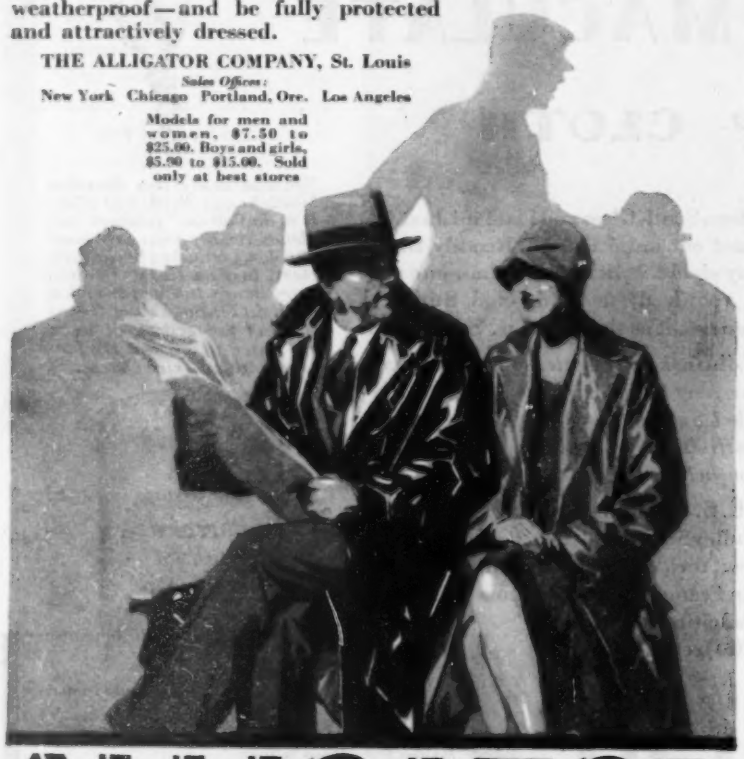
Models for men and women, $7.50 to $25.00. Boys and girls, $5.00 to $15.00. Sold only at best stores



ALLIGATOR

FOR BUSINESS OR PLAY—ALWAYS GOOD FORM

AIREDALE BLOOD

(Continued from Page 19)

"Plenty," McCool explained. "Now we're beginning to get somewhere."

Jack Meggs waited another two weeks to learn where he was beginning to get, and at last demanded details.

"When do we fight?" he asked McCool.

They were at dinner together in a small restaurant near the gym. McCool looked up and smiled.

"Good kid," he said. "I like that."

"What?" said Meggs.

"That 'when' thing," McCool explained. "A lot of the boys want to know who. That doesn't hit so hot with me. I like the 'when' babies better."

"All right," Meggs said doggedly. "When?"

"When we're ready," McCool assured him.

"When'll that be?"

"That's my business."

"I've been livin' off you for six weeks now," Meggs reminded him.

"It's a record," McCool assured him.

"I'm no sponge," Meggs said sullenly. "I want to get started."

"Yeh?" said McCool. "How'd you like to get stopped?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"If you start now, that's what'll happen to you. You'll get stopped. Plenty!"

"I told you I was a mug," Meggs said bitterly.

"I heard you."

"Aw, what's it all about?" Meggs demanded. "I'm not goin' on spongin' off you forever. You haven't got any dough."

"I'm payin' the bills, ain't I?" McCool asked.

"That's what I'm kickin' about," Meggs said. "If you were fat I wouldn't mind. Your ring's in hock. Your watch is gone. I don't know if it's soaked or sold or what. It's gone anyhow. You're out around nights pickin' up a little fingerful o' sugar wherever you can get it, steerin' for joints, shootin' craps—I don't know what all."

"You Ritzing my room-rent racket?" McCool asked.

"Don't play dumb!" Meggs exclaimed. "Since when do I care where money lived before it moved into our house? I'm sick o' bein' two left feet, that's all. You're out hustlin' for nickels an' dimes, an' all I do is sleep an' eat an' train. For what? What am I trainin' for?"

"For me," McCool said.

"What are you goin' to do with me?" Meggs asked. "Put me in the parlor or somethin'?"

McCool inhaled deeply and blew the smoke out slowly through pursed lips.

"This is a funny racket, kid," he said. "A good golfer can blow a few tournaments and still be a good golfer. Babe Ruth can have a long batting slump and still be rated a first-class hitter. A jockey can go sour for a whole season and then get back into form and pick up where he left off, but if the best fighter in the business drops a few he's a bum. He's got to go back to the beginning and start all over again, smacking down the loogans for cruller money. That's why I don't want to shoot with you until I'm sure we can hit and keep on hitting. I may be wasting my time and money, but I'm going to make a champ out of you or a sucker out of myself. Get me?"

Meggs nodded. "If you're satisfied, it's all prewar with me," he said doggedly. "Whistle the tunes you like, and I'll dance to 'em, whatever they are."

Fourteen months later Jack Meggs fought Andy Wilkins for the welterweight title at Madison Square Garden. He stepped into the ring that night with a record of thirty-seven consecutive victories, all earned with the skill and power of a left hand that had become a symbol of perfection in the boxing world.

The last word Andy Wilkins heard from his corner before the bell rang was: "Watch that left."

The two fighters faced each other in the center of the ring and fiddled for a moment. Suddenly Meggs struck. The blow was an overhand right that caught the champion fair on the point of the jaw. It was a murderous smash. Everything Meggs had went into it. Had it missed it would have left him off balance and wide open. It was an unexpected gamble and it won.

The champion's knees bent. His hands dropped. Meggs smashed him. Left, right, left, right, and left again. Ten seconds later he was the new welterweight champion of the world, and Dude McCool was ducking between the ropes on his way into the ring, yelping triumphantly.

It was McCool's night of glory and he made the most of it. Within an hour after the victory he was in Marsico's on Forty-ninth Street, playing host to a large, mixed body of celebrants. Immediately about him were a number of sport writers.

"Am I smart?" McCool demanded exultantly. "Am I? Everybody in the country watching that left, and we won it with a right. Say, we'd been polishing up that overhand right for three months. We planned to win this on a punch, and we did it. Am I smart?"

Shouts, laughter, drinks. McCool had reserved the third floor at Marsico's for the party—three large rooms with a dozen or so tables in each; half a hundred guests—men and girls.

McCool rose and held up his glass. "To the new champ!" he shouted. The crowd yelled.

Meggs was seated at a table across the room with a man and two girls. He rose, flushed, and proposed a counter toast.

"To the guy that made me the champ!" he cried. "Dude McCool!"

More shouting. A confusion of laughter and talk.

"The greatest kid that ever pulled on a glove," McCool was boasting to the sport writers about him.

"Good to his mother?" one of the reporters asked cynically.

"Would be good to her if I told him to be," McCool declared.

"Oh," said another. "Takes orders."

"Any I give," McCool bragged. "In the ring or out. Anywhere, any time, about anything."

"Who's the girl with him?" someone asked.

McCool looked across the room and scowled. "A little tramp from a musical show," he said scornfully. "I forget her name."

"Jack much of a lady's man?" one of the fight writers inquired.

McCool shrugged. "I never let any of 'em hang around long enough to bother," he declared. "Soon as I find him getting too thick with anyone in particular I just step in and split them up."

"He stand for that?" someone asked incredulously.

"He does what I tell him," McCool insisted. "About everything. In the ring and out. That's why he's a champ instead of a tramp. Why, say! When I first got this boy ——" He was off on a long, intimate account of their meeting and subsequent association.

The girl, described by Dude McCool as some little tramp from a musical show, sat for more than half an hour with an untouched glass of wine on the table before her. Her name, which McCool had been unable to remember, was Marjorie Grant. She was a quiet-mannered girl with a good figure, grave blue eyes, and close-cropped crow-black hair.

An insistent group demanded Jack's company for a round, and detained him for congratulations and advice. When he returned to his table Marjorie Grant was missing.

"I think she ducked," the other girl at the table said when Jack inquired about Marjorie.

"Ducked?" Jack said. "What was the matter?"

The girl shrugged and made a grimace.

"Search me!" she said, indifferently. "Didn't like your party, I guess."

Jack hurried downstairs and found Marjorie at the check room by the street door, just putting on her wrap.

"You won't mind, will you, Jack?" she asked. "My head aches and I'm a little tired."

"I'll get my hat and run along with you," he said. "We'll go some place where it's quiet."

"Oh, you mustn't do that, Jack," she protested. "This is your big night. It's your party. Why ——"

"I don't want any part of it unless you stay," he said earnestly. "You sore about anything, Marjorie?"

She shook her head. Sighed. "It isn't that, Jack. I—oh, you know. Everybody up there is all set for a big whoopee. I just don't fit in. That's all. You run on back and have your party and ——"

"What do we care what the rest of 'em do?" Jack argued. "I'm sober. I've been takin' ginger ale right along. Come on back and we'll just play we're alone up there. Let the rest of 'em drink their heads off. What do we care?"

"I don't mind," Marjorie said. "I thought I'd be kind of a nuisance to you, sitting up there with all the crowd getting stewed."

"Nuisance!" Jack said feelingly.

She smiled and laid her head on his arm. "Nice kid," she said tenderly. "You are—just as nice as you can be."

They returned to their table on the third floor. The man and girl with whom they had been sitting joined the group at the bar. The party grew wilder. Bits of song. Loud arguments. McCool still telling the story of his discovery and management of the new champion. His face was flushed now; his speech thick.

"Best kid that ever drew on a glove!" he said emphatically. "Does what he's told—that's why! That's all I ever needed. Give me any good strong game kid that'll do what I tell him all the time, in the ring and out, and I'll make a champion out of him. That's me!" He looked owlishly across the room, squinting to clarify his vision, and raised his voice.

"Ain't that right, Jack?" he called.

Jack was leaning far across the table, talking earnestly with Marjorie Grant. All about him, shouts, laughter, loud talk. He did not hear McCool's call.

McCool scowled. He muttered an oath and got unsteadily to his feet.

"I'll wind this up right now," he muttered. "That little tramp's been around too long anyhow. Watch this, you fellows. This is going to be good."

He crossed the room, slightly unsteady, stopped at the table where Jack and Marjorie were sitting. Jack looked up and laughed.

"Hello, Dude," he said jovially. "Boat beginning to rock a little?"

"Never mind that stuff," McCool said truculently, staring at Marjorie. He leaned down, his face close to hers and spoke. "You're in show business, aren't you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Stay in it," he snapped.

Meggs rose. "Say, listen, Dude," he began.

"You aren't in this," McCool interrupted him roughly. "I'm your manager, ain't I? Yeh. Well, this is part of my job. See? This little fluff's been around long enough, and I'm going to give her the street. She's been ——"

"Dude," Meggs cried sharply.

"You keep out of this," McCool snarled, turning on him. "I'm not going to have you gettin' mixed up with any little ——"

"Stop it!" Jack shouted.

No more talk or laughter in the room. Everyone silent, watching, listening.

"Had the title two hours now, and you're going to high-hat me, huh?" McCool said angrily. "I made you, and if I feel like it I'll break you! I say you're going to give this frill the air or ——"

Meggs smashed him on the mouth. McCool dropped, lay on the floor for a moment, and struggled up, his lips bleeding, his eyes wild. He began to swear. Meggs took him by the throat.

"You keep a decent tongue in your head while my girl's here, or I'll kill you," he said furiously.

Friends came between and parted them.

Meggs, white with anger, trembling, spoke to Marjorie Grant.

"Come on, kid," he said huskily. "Let's get out of here."

McCool screamed oaths at them as they started from the room. Meggs turned.

"I'm through with you!" he shouted at him. "I'll never fight for you again!"

"I made you and I'll break you!" McCool raged. "I took you out of the gutter and made you a champ. And when I get done with you, you're going to be back where I found you—in the gutter. Do you hear that? In the gutter where you belong!"

At eleven o'clock the next morning Jack Meggs and Marjorie Grant were married by the justice of the peace in the Municipal Building.

A reporter awakened McCool with this information. Still dizzy with wine, and tortured by a headache, he accused Marjorie of being a greedy little gold-digger who had married Meggs for the money that goes with the championship.

This charge was phoned to Meggs, honeymooning in Atlantic City. He countered by repeating that never again would he fight under McCool's management.

"I don't care whose management he fights under," McCool was quoted in answer to this. "I'll take a third of whatever he makes for the next two years. There's that much I'll guarantee this trick wife of his won't grab."

"I'd rather pass up a million-dollar purse than cut McCool in for one single dime of it." That was Meggs' reply to this. "I'll quit the ring before I'll make money for him, after what he's done an' said. If he wants to make a living out of the fight racket, he'll have to get himself another boy."

"I'll do that little thing," McCool assured the reporter who brought him this last statement. "I'll get me another welterweight an' I'll put him right where I put Meggs."

A week later the sport pages carried the announcement that Dude McCool had bought Bud Lannihan's contract from Dan Lowrie. Lannihan was a promising youngster who'd done well as a lightweight, but had outgrown the division. He was now a welter.

"This the boy you're going to put in Jack's place?" McCool was asked.

"Bet I'm not, and sleep in the street," McCool said.

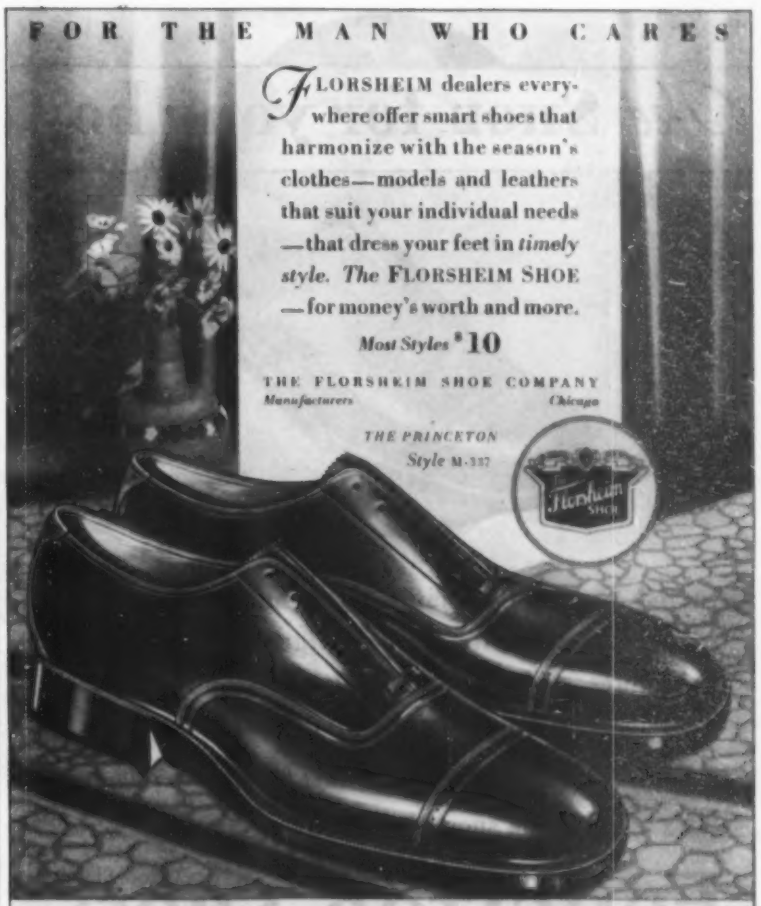
Meggs lay idle for five months, his lawyers dickering the while with McCool for the purchase of the two-year contract he held with the champion. McCool, busy all the while campaigning Bud Lannihan, at last named a stiff figure and the condition that Meggs must agree to meet Lannihan in the first battle he fought.

Meggs, with the profits of the championship yet a matter of prospect, agreed to the condition, and went into debt to get the sum named for the release. Once free he went into training for his fight with Bud Lannihan minus the services of a manager.

"No more of those boys," he declared. "I've had my fill of them."

He got a sustained thrill of joy out of his training for the Lannihan fight. Every blow he landed on a sparring partner was an easement of his repressed hatred for McCool. He scarcely thought of Lannihan. It was McCool he was going to fight.

The face of his former manager was never altogether absent from his memory during any waking moment. As the night of the fight drew near he worried for fear he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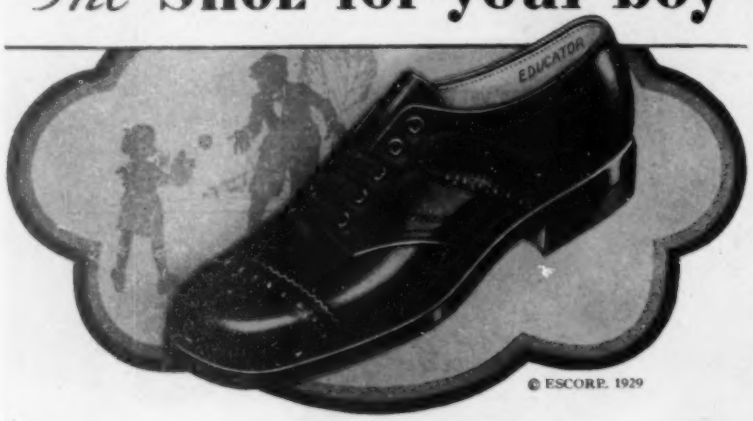

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would not be able to restrain himself when McCool came to the center of the ring with Lannihan while the referee gave his instructions.

"Mustn't be a fool," he coached himself. "I don't want to get myself in a jam, socking him there. I'll beat that boy of his. Then I'll get McCool later. I'll get him on the street sometime. I'll get him somewhere. I'll get him!"

In his dressing room the night of the fight, and later, on his way to the ring, he kept cautioning himself. He must not let the sight of McCool stir him to rage. With the roar of the crowd beating on his ears he ducked through the ropes, stood straight, and nerving himself, looked across to his opponent's corner.

His reaction to his first sight of McCool shocked him. No anger. Instead a curious weakening urge to wave his hand and smile. He scowled instead, and McCool sneered in answer. Meggs realized that his knees were shaking, and sat down on his stool.

A fight writer at the ringside laughed and turned to his telegrapher. "If looks could kill, McCool would be a corpse," he said. "Boy, I want a gun handy any time anybody gives me that much of a bad eye."

"Can you blame him?" the telegrapher asked.

"Not a bit," said the fight writer. "Guess a man can't hate anybody quite as hard as the friend he's split with."

The introduction. The session with the cameramen. The ring cleared of all but the two fighters and their handlers; the meeting in the center for the instructions. Jack Meggs and Dude McCool within a yard of each other. Jack stood with his legs rigid to keep his knees from shaking. Nothing in him of the hate that had burned so hot all these months. Just that curious weakening wish to be friendly. He despised himself for the feeling and struggled to regain the sense of enmity.

"When I tell you to break, break," the referee finished his instructions. "Shake hands now and come out fighting."

Meggs touched gloves with Lannihan. Dude McCool, standing behind Lannihan, looked Meggs in the eye.

"Back to the gutter," he snarled. "That's where we're going to send you tonight. You haven't made a dime out of the championship I steered you into, and you never will. What d'ya know about that?"

"Listen," Meggs said harshly. "I'm goin' to knock this boy of yours so cock-eyed cold that you'll get pneumonia in your own chest carryin' him down to the dressin' room."

"Cut that," said the referee sharply. "This is no speak-easy."

They went to their corners. The managers and seconds ducked out of the ring. The bell rang.

Jack Meggs turned mechanically and moved toward Lannihan in fighting position. He was not thinking of Lannihan. He was not thinking of the fight. He was not thinking of his wife. He was not thinking of the fact that he would be broke if he lost the fight. He was not thinking of anything. He was only feeling—feeling for all the world like a little boy unjustly scolded by a beloved elder.

A light left jab jarred against his nose. He shook his head slightly, blinked and became on the instant a fighting machine, neither thinking nor feeling about anything outside the ring.

"He's a good boy," he said to his chief second as he sat on his stool during the minute intermission after the first round. "I can take him, though."

"You made a monkey out of him that round," his chief second assured him. "He can't do a thing to you as long as you keep him off. He's murder in close though. Look out for him."

Meggs nodded. "Good body puncher," he agreed. "He hit me one pip."

The second was Meggs' round by a wide margin. He danced around Lannihan, jabbing, jabbing, jabbing, and tied him quick and tight in the rare clinches.

The third was somewhere near even, due to the fact that Lannihan cornered Meggs several times and pumped stiff, short, damaging jolts to the body.

"Keep away from him," Meggs' chief second warned him again. "He's murder in close."

"I can tell you about that!" Meggs said, panting. "He can sock when he gets in close!"

The fourth round Meggs kept Lannihan off, jabbing him dizzy with the rapierlike left McCool had taught him, punishing him with left hooks to the body and several solid right uppercuts to the jaw.

"That's knocking his ears loose!" Meggs' chief second told him, chuckling as he worked on him after the round. "He owes you for a boxing lesson."

Meggs nodded. Across the ring he could see McCool bending over Lannihan whispering instructions in his ear. Sudden anger warmed him. It was, however, no return of his hate of McCool. He was mad at Lannihan! Mad because he envied him. He was jealous of him. Lannihan was sitting where he—Meggs—belonged; listening to instructions that only Meggs' ears should hear.

"I'm going to knock him off this round," he growled to his chief second.

"Don't be stupid," the chief second urged. "You're out ahead a mile. Hold your lead and play safe. You go mixin' it with him, you're liable to run into one."

"I'll get him," Meggs insisted. "Right now!"

The bell rang. Meggs rushed and mixed. The crowd stood howling. The punches of both men were far too fast for even the trained eye to follow. At last they fought into a clinch. The referee broke them. Meggs rushed again. They came together, slugging. Take one to give one, and take another to give another!

Ripping away with both hands in close, Lannihan sank a short wicked left to the wrist, just under the breast bone. A spasm of torture brought Meggs to his senses and robbed him of strength. With a supreme effort he managed to clinch and stay on his feet.

He was licked. He knew that. Hate of McCool returned to him, bitter, futile. McCool had beaten him. Some powerful influence left over from their old intimate association had worked on Jack's judgment, stirred him to folly, made him a victim of McCool's new fighting tool.

He felt the referee tugging at his arms, working to pry him loose. His hands dropped to his sides. Dimly he was conscious of the referee's form passing in front of him. He spread his feet wide and fought to stay erect. His hands hung helpless. He could not raise them. He could not see Lannihan. Everything in front of his eyes was a bright blur. Helpless and blind for the moment he threw back his head and laughed. Laughed aloud.

"How'd you like that ride?" he called tauntingly to the opponent he could not see. "Pin your ears on tight, kid! We're going to ride some more! Come on, let's give 'em a real fight!"

He laughed again, expecting the finishing blow any instant. The bright blur in front of his eyes was dissolving. He could feel the pain of returning strength flowing through his body, but still he could not raise his hands. Three or four seconds more unpunished and he might be able to get through the round.

Suddenly he laughed again. The laugh was genuine this time. A voice of hysteria. He had thought of McCool and the occasion of their first meeting. That night he had stalled the Swede with a laugh! How stupid to attempt repeating that strategy with McCool in Lannihan's corner!

Lannihan was moving toward him. One punch and it would be over. And then, shrill above the roar of the crowd, he heard McCool's voice: "Stay away from him! Look out! Stay away from him! He's stallin'! Stay away from him!"

(Continued on Page 177)

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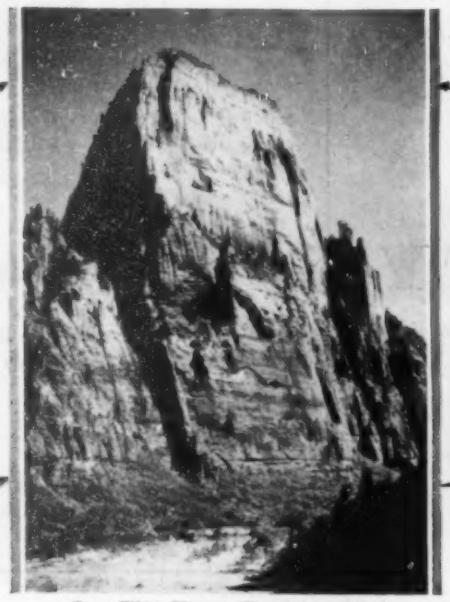

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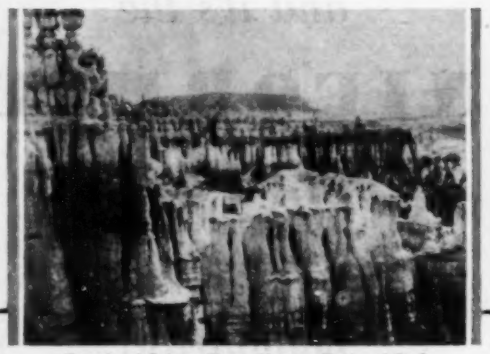

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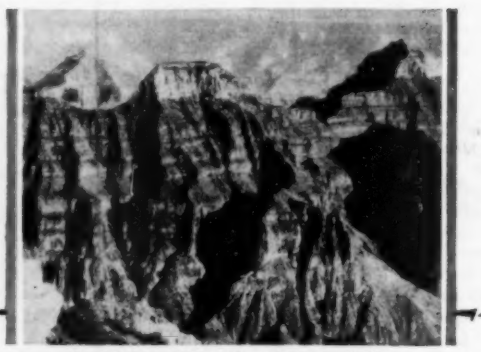

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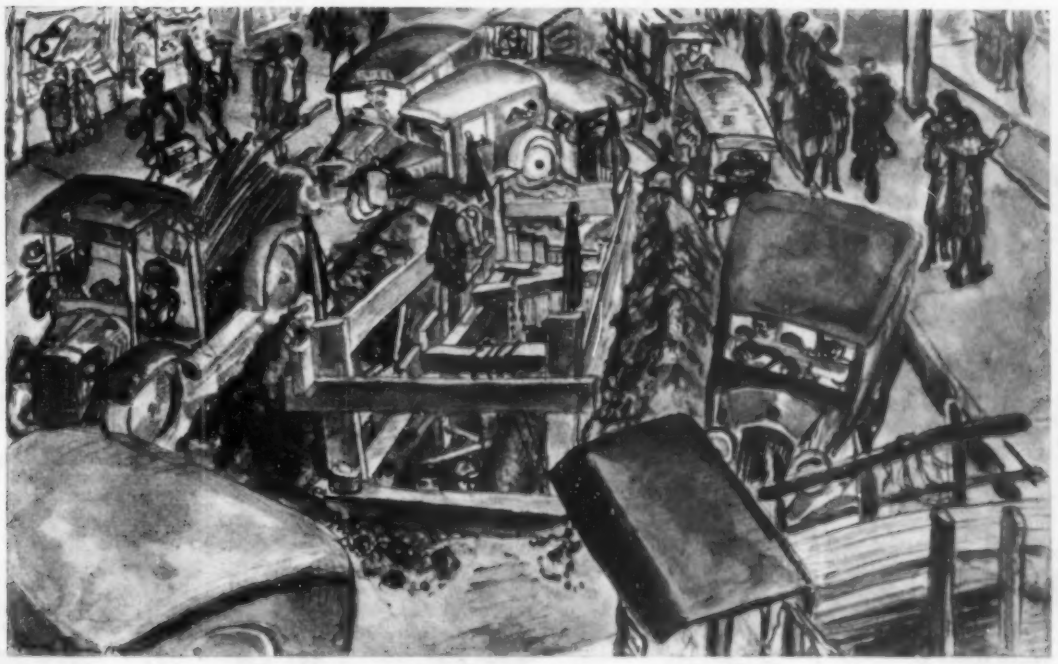

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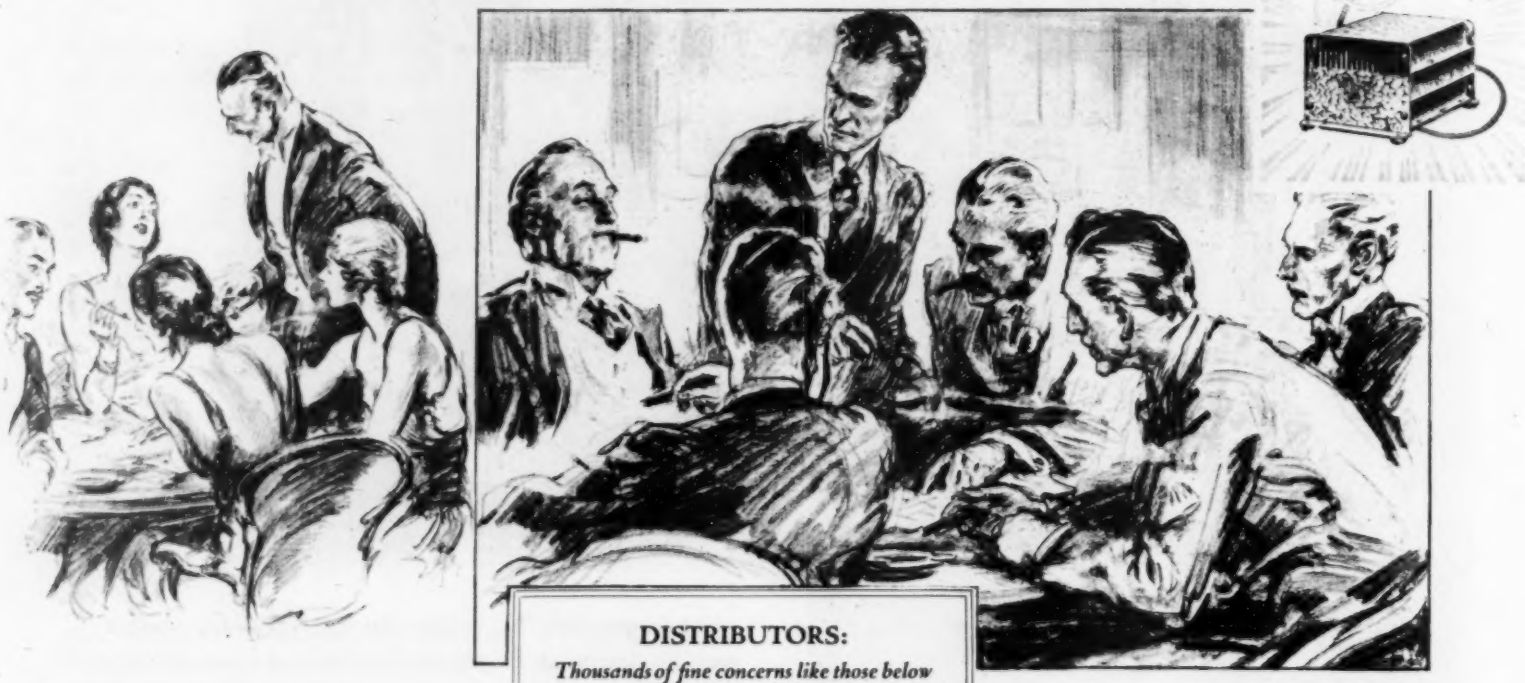

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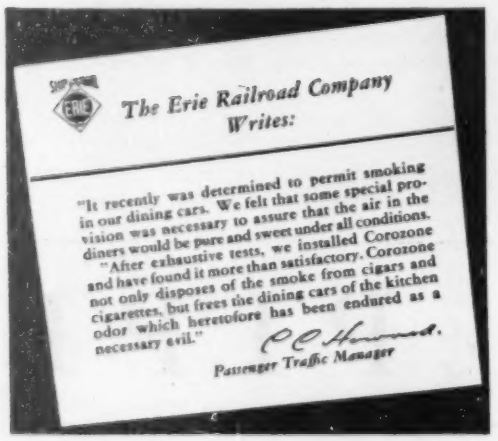
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Corozone is very moderate in cost. Any home or business can afford it. Measures only 5 x 4 x 8 inches. Quickly installed. Merely plug into any A. C. electric light socket and flip the switch. Needs no attention. Requires no service. Portable—can be moved at will. Costs even less than an ordinary electric fan to operate and lasts for years.

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Boys who ride America's Finest Bicycle know exactly why it's "the best there is."

The MOBICYCLE $45
without extra equipment

The SUPER MOBIKE $50
Completely equipped with the latest and best of everything, and other models fully described in our catalog in colors.

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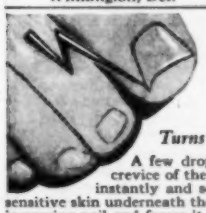

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BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
ECONOMICAL—INEXPENSIVE

(Continued from Page 178)

new salad forks. Let's get together on this now, fellows. Thank you."

"Most Excellent Brother Arkon."

"Brother Featherstone."

"I just want to say a word here about the cultivation work that was done this year. Some of you guys try to shirk everything around here, and I'll admit I'm one of them sometimes, but that doesn't say I can't see when I'm wrong. Most of you guys spent your time in the movies while the delegation was being rushed, and a lot of you didn't come back to school early enough. There were only twenty here last council. Then a lot of you think you've done your job if you wear a varsity letter and look important, or if you borrow the old man's car for a week and park it out front. Well, I just want to say that I'm sorry I didn't take more of an interest in the good work that was done. And I just want to say that two of our brothers felt the sacred urge of the old fraternity and discharged their sacred duty in a—er—very sacred way. Fellows, we've got twelve of the finest postulants on the campus and, fellows, we've got those men because two of our brothers felt the sacred trust and urge to go out and get them for the crowd. Fellows, I want you to give a vote of thanks to Brother Sloan and Brother Faulkner!"

There was a furious outburst of finger snapping to denote approval and enthusiasm. When it subsided somewhat, Brother Faulkner's hand was seen to be raised toward the dais.

"Most Excellent Brother Arkon."

"Brother Faulkner."

Mr. Faulkner stood up and surveyed the circle. "Brother Arkon and brothers," he said, "Brother Sloan and I appreciate your backing in our work and all that, even if we consider that we only did our sacred duty. We have certainly got a fine delegation, and I want you to believe that you must have helped us because I'm sure we couldn't have done it all ourselves. Now the job is apparently done, but I want you all to look back for a moment to your own frosh years, if you will, and remember that it isn't done yet! No, fellows—we've still got that sacred trust to discharge. These twelve men are new in college and they've got to be made a credit to it and to the House. They've got to be made into men! Their families have got to see that this fraternity has had a hand in making them men—a big hand, and you've all got to help. It's awfully easy for the sophomore disciplinary committee to boss them around and just have paddle parties and all that, but that's not enough. Remember, fellows, they're young and have to be shown. They have to be helped in their studies. They have to be shown what's right and what's wrong. If they start running around at night, for instance, they may all flunk out at Thanksgiving. We don't want that. Now there is a postulants' meeting after council tonight, and it might be a good idea if we had one for half an hour or an hour or so every night between eight-thirty and nine or nine-thirty for a week or so just to get started. Brother Holmes might talk to them one night on math—explain the frosh course and tell them what to expect in it. Brother Jedder might talk on chemistry, and so on—help the boys get started, you know. Now I want to put that in the form of a motion. I move that tonight the sophomore chairman tells them that there will be an hour's meeting every night. Brother Sloan and Brother Arkon and the sophomores can talk tonight on the general job. Then beginning tomorrow night a committee of the six high-mark men, to be appointed by Brother Arkon, can talk in rotation on the obligation of getting started right in the curriculum. Then if there is any of the time left over it can be spent as a study hour."

"I second that motion," said Brother Holmes.

Thirty heads bowed solemnly and thoughtfully in assent and the council was dissolved.

At eight-thirty, as Postulants James, Frost, Arnsworth and Trubee left the phone booth in succession after calling the same number and speaking a few sad words, Mr. Faulkner lit a cigarette carefully and nodded to himself when the door of the postulants' room had closed on the assembled neophytes and their mentors.

As Mr. Faulkner threw his match away Brother Holmes touched his arm. "That was a sensible motion, Stu. I'm going to make out a math-skid for the boys and give it to them tomorrow night."

"Good boy, Stubby. It'll help them a lot."

"Do you want to come up and help me fix it up, Stu?"

"I'd like to, Stubby, but I've got half a dozen things to do and I want to turn in pretty early. I've been working pretty hard this week."

"You sure have, Stu."

Brother Holmes gathered up some books and started upstairs. As he turned the landing Mr. Faulkner stepped out into the darkness.

They sat in the porch swing, Judith and Stuart, with the sad, blue darkness of a New England autumn between them.

"I thought," he said, "that I'd just drop in a moment before your date came, to tell you how much I appreciated your help in picking the delegation."

"I'm glad you came, Stuart. I should have told you to come anyway, because it was just four of your freshmen who wanted to come over and dance. They couldn't get away at the last minute. They telephoned me."

He smiled. "I suppose the sophomores kept them in tonight or something. Seriously though, Judith—you'll have to help me with that too. They're fine boys and we've got to keep them fine. These first few weeks of school are awfully important. They'll have to get their feet on the ground, so the best thing you can do to help us and them is to tell them not to run around too much and to get to work and study hard."

"Oh, dear—and the whole delegation has been dating me for all the rest of the week."

"Never mind." He patted her hand. "Stuart'll fill in—Stuart'll fill in. Besides, they're just children, more or less, and you don't want to be bothered with them."

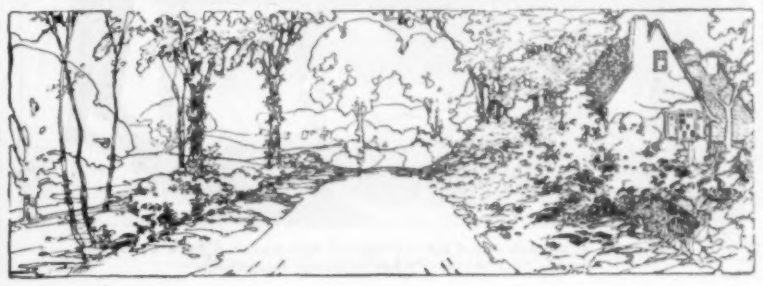
There was silence for a long moment, then:

"You know," he said huskily, "there's something pretty fine about the old fraternity. I mean, taking youngsters into the fold and showing them the paths of righteousness. It's a pretty noble obligation—and sort of darned sacred. It makes a fellow think about life and all that—and believe me you ought to be proud you helped."

"I am, Stuart."

There was a long, long, long silence.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Let's go down to Nifty's and have a lead shot."



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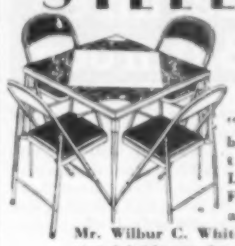

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BOOKSTORE BEHAVIOR

(Continued from Page 15)

Pickwick Papers and Vanity Fair were first issued in parts. The most beautiful books in parts were the sporting novels of Surtees, with their color plates by John Leech. The price per part was a shilling. Then came the Victorian novel, in three large volumes, bound in cloth and lettered in gold. It was called the three-decker. Jane Eyre, Lorna Doone and Adam Bede were famous three-deckers. And finally there came "the cheap and nasty novel of today," as A. Edward Newton says sadly, "written on a typewriter, printed and bound by machinery, sold by hundreds of thousands and forgotten as soon as read." The man who brought about the change from the three-decker to the one-volume novel of today was George Moore. This is how it came about:

The three-decker cost thirty-one shillings and sixpence, which meant that only the very rich could buy a novel outright, so lending libraries sprang up all over England, and Mudie, with his libraries, became more powerful than any publisher or group of publishers. He prescribed the length of the novel, the price and how the author should handle his material.

One day an old lady wrote to Mudie that a novel by George Moore, A Modern Lover, had offended her. Mudie warned Moore that no books like that would be allowed.

"But don't you think," Moore argued, "that the Lord is just as interested in the amours of a servant girl as in the indiscretions of a duchess?"

It developed into a historic battle. The libraries were closed to Moore, but he struck back a staggering blow when he wrote a one-volume novel that would sell for six shillings. This was A Mummer's Wife, and it was such an immense success that four editions appeared within a year. It proved that people liked to buy and own their own novels.

From Milkmen to Millionaires

And so the lending libraries lost their power and the three-decker disappeared and the one-volume novel came in—no doubt, a very good thing, but I am afraid it has hurried us into the age of tabloids. Tabloid novels, tabloid biographies, tabloid science! I bet anything that soon someone will make a tabloid of Gibbon's Rome and it will sell like hot cakes, and the flibbertigibbets who read it will think complacently: "Now I've read Gibbon. Yes, now that's out of the way."

We see all the collectors. Who are they? They range from milkmen to millionaires. Everyone knows of the Hoe collection, the Morgan library, the library of the late Collis P. Huntington, of Mr. Owen Young. I know a broker who has a splendid lot of Keats and Shelley. I know a bootlegger who has perhaps the finest library of nineteenth-century-fiction first editions in this country. I know a dealer in plumbers' supplies who has a library of first editions unexcelled in the world. Jerome Kern just sold his collection for $1,729,462. Shelley's own copy of Queen Mab with Shelley's manuscript revisions brought $68,000. Mr. Gabriel Wells bought it after a skirmish with Doctor Rosenbach, who bid $67,000. The latter is sometimes called The Alice in Wonderland Doctor Rosenbach, because it was he who paid something like $70,000 for the original manuscript of that book. By the way, I wonder if any child ever reads Alice in Wonderland? Never heard of anybody under forty that liked it.

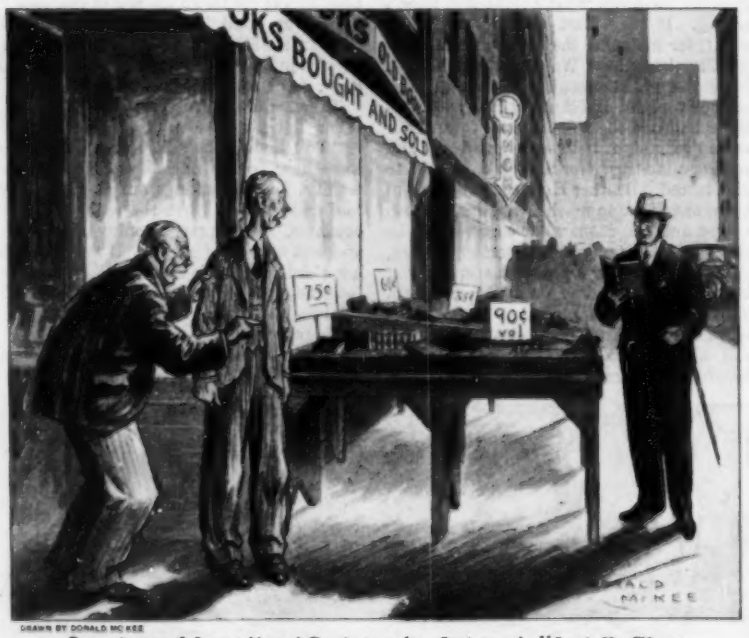
Priceless Mistakes

The true collector sometimes seems a little maniacal. His first editions must be perfect. He must have something that nobody else possesses. They must be in their original boards, uncut, unwashed. They must have the proper advertisements if any were issued in the original, and the proper errata. For example, Keats' Endymion should be in full gray boards with a paper label and four leaves—I think four leaves—of advertisements, and should have the one-line erratum; if the five-line errata, it is still the first edition, but a second issue; the supposition being that the one-line erratum was the first off the press and in the hands of the dealers. Though how in thunder anybody knows is beyond me. They don't know, but they assume, and the assumption is probably correct.

But while the millionaires wrestle for the possession of books that cost thousands and are more than a hundred years old, there is a lively and growing competition for first editions of quite recent novels. For example, if I had only had the sense to buy first editions of Galsworthy as they appeared I could now sell the lot for a staggering price. Just one novel, The Man of Property, sold the other day for $390.

The first issue of the first edition is the most valuable, provided it is a good copy—that is, one that has not been cut or

(Continued on Page 184)



Proprietor of Secondhand Bookstore (to Assistant): "Jack Up Those Prices in a Hurry. That's Doctor Rosenbach!"

Modernize your Bathroom

START with the most beautiful and least expensive fixture—an all-mirror style medicine cabinet. Nothing will give you more pleasure or add greater distinction to your old bathroom. The "Georgian" model, illustrated above, has a lovely plate glass mirror, artistically etched, which completely conceals the cabinet.

MORTON MEDICINE CABINETS

11 models, to recess or hang on wall. Installed in a few minutes. Made of steel. White enamel finish permanently baked on. Sanitary—easily kept clean, lasts a lifetime. Deep and roomy, with plate glass shelves. Priced from $6. Sold by leading lumber and building supply dealers, plumbers, etc. Mail coupon for FREE BOOKLET showing new styles in medicine cabinets.

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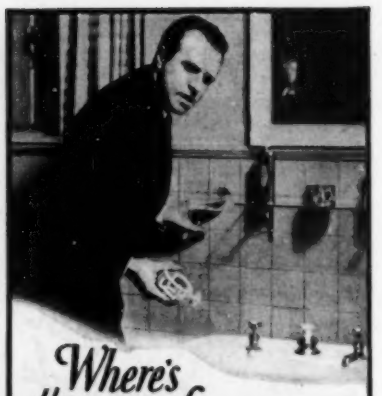

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For loose tiles, cracked porcelain or enamel, use Plastic Wood White Waterproof Tile Cement, a special preparation that dries to a flat white. At the same prices as Plastic Wood.

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Gone are kitchen worries—when KitchenAid prepares the food

Irksome tasks are performed like magic by the Vegetable Slicer

There is no more reason why modern women, in modern homes, should *chop* and *beat* and *mix* by hand, than there is for cleaning rugs with a broom or bending over an old-fashioned washboard when clothes are to be laundered.

Where KitchenAid is used, electricity performs *every* irksome task connected with food preparation. With equal ease . . . never tiring . . . it will whip potatoes to creamy fluffiness, or beat the white of a single egg.

It is difficult to say which of the many advantages of KitchenAid women value most highly. Meals for two or meals for ten, in the smallest home or the largest, are prepared in a fraction of the time . . . and with fewer utensils to wash. At every step, precious minutes are saved which total quickly into golden hours of leisure.

Certainly, too, every owner welcomes the relief that KitchenAid brings from aching arms, tired backs, "kitchen nerves." Indeed, KitchenAid . . . because it is used a score of times every day . . . saves more actual hours of physical labor than any other household appliance.

But perhaps most appreciated in KitchenAid homes are the greater healthfulness and added savor of foods. Ingredients are more thoroughly prepared and more perfectly blended in the initial stages . . . recipes "turn out" uniformly better . . . many new and delightful menus are made possible.

The new model KitchenAid was introduced recently. If you wish to read its fascinating story . . . and are interested in knowing of our unusually liberal Household Budget Plan, mail the coupon below to The KitchenAid Manufacturing Company, 502 Olive Street, Troy, Ohio. Subsidiary of The Hobart Mfg. Co., builders of food preparing equipment for 30 years.

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At the snap-of-a-switch, KitchenAid mixes dough—mashes potatoes—beats eggs—cuts shortening into flour—creams butter—whips cream . . . mayonnaise—strains fruits—sieves beans or peas for purees—chops meat—grinds coffee . . . cereals—shreds cabbage . . . nuts—slices fruits . . . vegetables—extracts orange juice—chips ice—freezes ice cream. All these things and more.

KitchenAid has a beautiful lacquer finish . . . is compact and sturdy . . . light in weight and easily handled . . . occupying only one square foot of space. KitchenAid plugs into any electrical outlet and operates at a cost of but one cent an hour . . . may be purchased either with or without cabinet.

Electricity—and the Food Grinder—save both time and labor

(111)

I am interested in knowing more about KitchenAid. Please send your pamphlet, "Extra Help in the Kitchen," to:

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KitchenAid
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Frank Donnellan in charge of United Artists Wardrobe and Mona Rico (right) using Energine to clean spots from delicate gowns.

ENERGINE Helps to Keep the Movies Clean

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ENERGINE Cleans Everything

Nothing can take the place of *Energine* for quick removal of dirt

For a quarter of a century *Energine* has been used with success by millions of people. Insist on *Energine*. No substitute does as well.

Druggists everywhere sell *Energine*. 35c for 10 oz. can; 60c for 20 oz. size. Slightly higher prices abroad.

Largest Selling Cleaning Fluid in the World

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No Experience Needed

Just arrange with us to become a Curtis subscription representative. The coupon brings all the details.

Cash for Spare Time

(Continued from Page 182)

washed—which means this: When a book is rebound, a binder who does not know his business, and too many do not, will cut off a fraction of the margin of the leaves to make the book look neater. This is an absolute crime. It cuts right into its value. In the same way a book that has had its pages washed has had its value seriously impaired.

Some first editions seem to have been literally read out of existence. We have had men out searching for a first edition of Lorna Doone for two years, combing England and America for it, but with no luck. Jerome Kern had a Lorna Doone which sold for $2400. The Little Minister is almost equally hard to get. In the same way The Compleat Angler and Pilgrim's Progress instantly became so popular that the first editions were read to shreds. As for children's books like Oliver Goldsmith's Little Goody Two Shoes, there has never been even a smell of them.

The autograph hound is a pest whose annoying ways we can witness only too often in our shop. Some authors are patient and enduring with them. I have always admired John Drinkwater because he turns them down. He is such a good-looking, pleasant-looking English gentleman that they approach him boldly. But he refuses with formidable dignity.

Walpole's Political Prediction

"Why should I autograph a book," he would say afterward, turning to me, "for someone whom I don't know or don't care anything about?" Why indeed?

We all used to love James Gibbons Huneker—that jovial, exuberant, witty man. He'd come in with his hands in his pockets, and standing there, he seemed to twinkle all over. How the autograph hounds pursued him! I heard him say wearily to one girl: "What shall I write—from Bright Eyes to Bright Eyes?"

When he returned from his last trip abroad he was much changed, looked sick.

"How was the beer in London?" I asked.

"Bad," he answered. "Not fit to drink." He looked very badly as he sat in a chair talking to one of the men. Just then a vapid youth came in the shop and asked for a copy of Steeplejack Huneker's autobiography.

"I would give anything if I could get the author to autograph this," he said.

"There he is," I said, pointing, and could have cut off the hand that did it; for this youth's eye lit up with a merciless gleam and he pounced on his prey. Poor Huneker gave him a sick look and somewhat laboriously wrote his name. I have never forgiven myself for inflicting this annoyance on so sick a man. Three days later he was dead.

I said to the girls in the back of the store, "Quick! Go out in front and take a look at Gene Tunney."

They rushed out pellmell and saw a bareheaded young man who looked startlingly like Tunney. But it wasn't he. That very afternoon the real Gene Tunney came in—the only time he has ever visited the place—I said again to the girls: "Go and look at Tunney." But they laughed at me.

What did he buy? The world hangs breathless on that. He bought a copy of De Profundis, by Oscar Wilde. This is as it should be. All tense young persons who have vowed to become intellectual cut their teeth on Oscar Wilde.

He had a healthy red flush under his skin and a remarkable pair of eyes—the fighter's eyes—that is, they have an animal quality that makes you feel that this man would take a terrific beating. This sounds sentimental, but it's a fact.

Jack Dempsey has never been in, but Billy Duffy, a well-known fight manager and his second during the fight with Sharkey, came in and bought a current novel entitled The Come-Back, and sent it to Dempsey. This was just before his last fight with Tunney.

Celebrities, celebrities! The place is overrun with them. Hugh Walpole, affable and nice, has a clever tongue and never loses an opportunity to wag it. He is immensely entertaining, though I can't remember anything he ever said except the statement that H. L. Mencken would some day be President of the United States.

Charlie Chaplin came in one day, so neatly dressed, melancholy and dapper, his well-brushed thick gray hair frosted and slightly curled and wonderfully barbered before his ears; quiet, excellent tailoring and a sad face.

And when he went out of the store and turned to go down the street, to my astonishment his feet gave that comically melancholy flourish that has become so famous in his pictures. He bought The Anatomy of Melancholy.

Maude Adams has something uncanny, wraithlike about her. She appears by magic from nowhere. I have never yet seen her come in nor have I ever seen her go out the door. She just vanishes. She reads travel books, books about far-away places—Arabia Deserta and such things.

One day I was admiring Whitney Warren, that extraordinarily handsome, striking man, whose clothes are eccentric, but with an inimitable perfection. His shirts have a subtle handmade and expensive looseness at the base of the neck; his hat brims are subtly and beautifully wider than most hat brims.

"There goes the last aristocrat," I said to Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson.

"You ought to see my husband," she replied.

Baron Rosen was a pathetic figure. He was the Russian ambassador before the war. The revolution had left him without a country. He was more than seventy and wore beautiful tweed suits, and when he came in he would always salute first and then shake hands.

"Here is a book on Russia," I heard an inexperienced young clerk saying to him.

"Yes?" Baron Rosen replied with the softest and most resigned irony. "Oh, yes. I've been there." He was always wanting books on the war that had not yet been published—letters, biographies, political revelations. He anticipated their publication greedily and was a bit impatient when we told him they were not available.

The late Maj. Gen. Sir Charles Townshend came clumping in with his ankle bandaged, a magnificent barrel-chested Britisher.

"Went through the war without a scratch," he replied to my solicitous inquiry, "and I come over here and get this at a dance." And then he added, with a typically British haw-haw, that because he was such a beastly bad dancer he had been kicked.

Best Sellers and Old Favorites

Carlotta Monterey has excellent literary judgment. So has Martha Lorber. Billie Burke, whether you believe it or not, likes poetry. She once bought of me a fine first edition of Keats in the original boards. Carol Dempster buys fine sets of Thackeray, Jane Austen and Meredith. I really believe she likes to spend an occasional evening with "my books," as no doubt the movie press agents have claimed a thousand times. Valeska Suratt used to come in and order Bibles.

The books that have been most asked for in my time are The Economic Consequences of the Peace, by Keynes, Strachey's Queen Victoria, Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children, Papini's Life of Christ, The Americanization of Edward Bok, and The Sheik.

But what is interesting is that the sale of the new books is as nothing compared to the steady demand for the old ones—for Dickens, the Brontës, Hardy, Trollope, Thackeray and the rest, for Macaulay and Matthew Arnold. And strange to say, even Carlyle, that ponderous and wordy one, is still read enthusiastically. So are Suetonius and Plutarch, Plato and Homer.

And so is poetry. People apparently really like it. We sell more sets of Keats,

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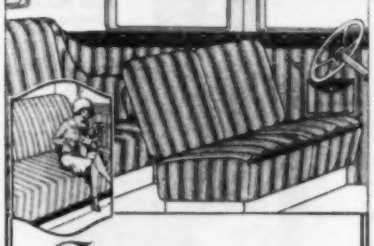

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Shelley, Tennyson and Browning every year, and the demand is not steady; it is increasing.

And in this connection I must tell you about a certain moving-picture star. She came in one day. She has the most resilient and marvelous body, the most earth-spurning tread of any man or woman I have ever seen. Well, she said to me: "I want some of the poets, nicely bound."

I said "Any particular poet?"

Well, sir, she couldn't think of a poet! She rested a forefinger against her chin and squinted her eyes to the ceiling in an agony of concentration; groping, groping; trying to think of the name of a poet. In the back of her mind she vaguely remembered that there was a poet. But who was it? Suddenly she caught it.

"Ah!" she cried. "Keats! Keats! That's it—Keats!"

After all, who am I to twit her with this? I've always thought myself that if anyone ever wrote worse drivel than Shelley, it was Keats.

You think of bookish people as being for the most part dyspeptic-looking individuals peering through spectacles. But, you know, there is a hearty, sporting, convivial atmosphere about many of them.

A. J. Bowden, the famous bookseller, was one of these. Once a sanctimonious member of the trade said to Bowden that he did not look like a bookseller or talk like a bookseller; he did not even smell like a bookseller.

"Do you want to know why I am a bookseller?" replied Bowden, "It's on account of its refinin' influence."

An enormous part of our business in this store concerns the sale of colored-plate sporting books. Now, a sporting library is a very swagger thing to have. The cornerstone of it is a set of Surtees, illustrated by Leech, in parts—the original form, and so more valuable—or in cloth. A Surtees in parts fetched $7500 at the Anderson Galleries a while ago.

And these book-collecting sportsmen are as fussy as the worst pedants. For instance, the first number of Mr. Romford's Hounds, by Surtees, should read on the cover: Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds, and the other numbers just, Mr. Romford's Hounds.

At the Magazine Stand

The Life of a Sportsman, by Nimrod, and illustrated by Henry Alkens, was issued first in dark blue cloth and has four mounted plates; the second issue was in red cloth and usually has three mounted plates. The only difference between them is $1000. You must be finicking about the proper advertisements, the proper inserted slips and the proper fly speck on Page 131. And mighty interesting reading they are! I've never read a word of any of them.

"Have you The Sporting Magazine?" a customer will ask.

"No, sir," the nice little college graduate will reply, "we do not carry magazines," and thereby perhaps loses us a sale of several thousands. Because The Sporting Magazine is one of the most famous works in existence. It is a magazine that ran in England from 1792 to 1870. There are 156 volumes of it. The magazine, bound in book form, records every horse race, prize fight, cock fight and duel in those years, and no first-class sporting library is complete without it.

Alas, in the days of Surtees and John Leech, hunting was the sport of gentlemen. Now it seems that nearly all the new-rich brokers hunt, and it's surprising and somewhat saddening to think how few of them break their necks; for there is nothing worse than the new-rich sporting man. But when you think of it, what could be worse than the old sporting men? That's right. I suppose nothing could be worse.

I must say a few words about salacious books. When a book is suppressed or going to be suppressed, there is an overwhelming demand for it. This is hard to understand, because at other times there is no public at all for *risqué* things. I often wonder, does this mean that the suppression of a book whets the desires of the ordinary book buyers who don't care a fig for obscenity? Or is it that an entirely different throng of people come in for it?

He Didn't Like

I have come to the conclusion that there is a public for the off-color thing, but I don't think it is a public that buys books continually.

Many rich people plead poverty. I sold some very fine sporting books to a wealthy Yankee. They amounted to several thousand dollars.

"Let me pay for these in installments," he said. "Money's kinder tight just now." Knowing the financial standing of this man, I said, with a lordly wave of my hand:

"Pay any time you like. Don't care if you never pay." Whether he took me literally or not, he hasn't paid yet, and that was more than two years ago. And I liked that man!

There are people who will buy a two-dollar detective story and bring it back, quite dirty, weeks later, and want it credited. Sometimes they bring back books we did not sell to them in the first place, and insist upon having them credited. And so we do. A woman with a temper can rule a continent.

A woman stepped out of an expensive limousine; she had a chauffeur and a footman, and pearls around her neck. She brought up to me a soiled novel and insisted that it be credited to her.

"Here is a woman with a limousine and $500,000 worth of pearls who wants this two-dollar book, very dirty and worn, credited," I said in full earshot of her. She was not abashed.

THEY TELL ME THERE'S A REGULAR PLAGUE OF IT IN INDIANY
I HAD SO LET HER GO. SHE NEVER SWEPT THE BOOKS OUT OF CORNERS NOR FROM UNDER BEDS
PLEASE DON'T SHAKE YOUR RUG IN OUR WINDOW
WE MUST SPEAK TO THE GROCER. I FOUND A BOOK IN THE BUTTER
WHEN I GET HOME NIGHTS I'M COVERED WITH THEM
FALLING OFF THAT PILE OF BOOKS ONTO THE WOOLWORTH TOWER YESTERDAY DIDN'T DO MY RHEUMATIZ ANY GOOD
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DRAWN BY G. B. INWOOD

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What book was it? Well, it might have been The Sheik. That had the most extraordinary sale of any book that I have ever known. All kinds of people seemed to want it, to crave it, year in and year out.

You would think that the people who come in to buy trash could all be identified by their looks—that is, that they would all have the fatuous look, say, of a dying cow. But this is not so. From my observations, there are two kinds of people who buy trash: Empty-headed people and brainy ones. Corporation lawyers, bankers, attorney-generals buy the trash. I think they use it as a soporific, to go to sleep on or to while away hours of chronic insomnia. But such people buy light novels that are really very good, like Oppenheim, J. S. Fletcher, John Buchan—that is to say, detective and adventure stories that are good for one reading, but that you would never want to read again.

The other buyers of popular novels are that vast group of people who are in the very first stages of culture, who are just beginning to read novels, who have just emerged from the yellow-journal-reading class. But if you give them time, I find, the asinine formula-made, cowboy romances that they like so much begin to grow a little flat; they'll turn to something better.

Remote and bookish as we are, we see more real life than you would think.

There was a celebrated unsolved murder—a chorus girl was strangled by thugs. Now it interested me that the gentleman whose name was connected with the case had for the past several months been buying expensive books on philosophy from me—for which he always paid cash—and sending them to another lady.

A Race of He Men

I have seen young people disintegrate under my eyes, due to too much New York. A charming, elfish, red-haired girl who used to come in and buy poetry, who wrote poetry herself and would read it to me—and it was good too—came in one day and acted very strangely; for one thing, swearing horribly, which was utterly unlike her. I urged her to go home and go to bed. She went home and jumped out the fourteenth-story window of a Park Avenue apartment.

Yes, and I have observed that there seems to be a falling off in the number of precious young men—the Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm, Walter Pater, Arthur Machen young men. They flourished a few years ago, but they are disappearing fast—a change all for the better. The present literary young men—particularly the playwrights—seem to run to a new type, a sort of self-instigated he man and brute, scrappy, bad mannered on purpose.

Anything to Fill Space

There is a new and rapidly growing class of rich lowbrow women. They must be bootleggers' wives. They live sumptuously on Park Avenue, and are glittering with jewels; I know one of them who has an ermine bedspread. They have that beauty-parlor look which only imperfectly masks a poor digestion. Well, we show them everything and they think it is fine. But immediately we tell them the price of a good first edition they are astounded. "My goo'ness! Just a plain book?" And they go over and spend the money on some department-store novelty jewelry. These women often buy books by the yard. I do not exaggerate here. "I want to fill a six-foot space; something in blue"—and so on.

But all this vulgarity is more than compensated for by the people from the South and the West and the Northwest who come in. They are all right; they are the ones we like to see. I can always tell by their accents what state they come from.

"You are from Alabama," I say.

"Why, yes! How did you know it?"—almost blushing with pleasure, as though I had given them a fine compliment. They are all nice—all. I mean, with their sociableness and anxiously considerate manners, they are a treat after some of these high-strung, New York know-it-alls. And give me the provincial's respect for books and libraries. Why, they still think that Dickens wrote good novels! And they're right. Give me the people who buy books, perhaps at a sacrifice, and who cherish them year after year and add lovingly to the store, going, perhaps, without food and clothes to do it. That is the spirit!

By the way, the only book I own is: The Everlast Boxing Record.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1929.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pa.
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
W. D. Fuller,
Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of February, 1929.
[Seal] W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1931.)

Paul Hauck
Nebraska

What's In This Column For You?

Let's put that question another way: What would you most like to have this spring or summer? A little vacation? A motor trip? New clothes? Something for the kiddies?

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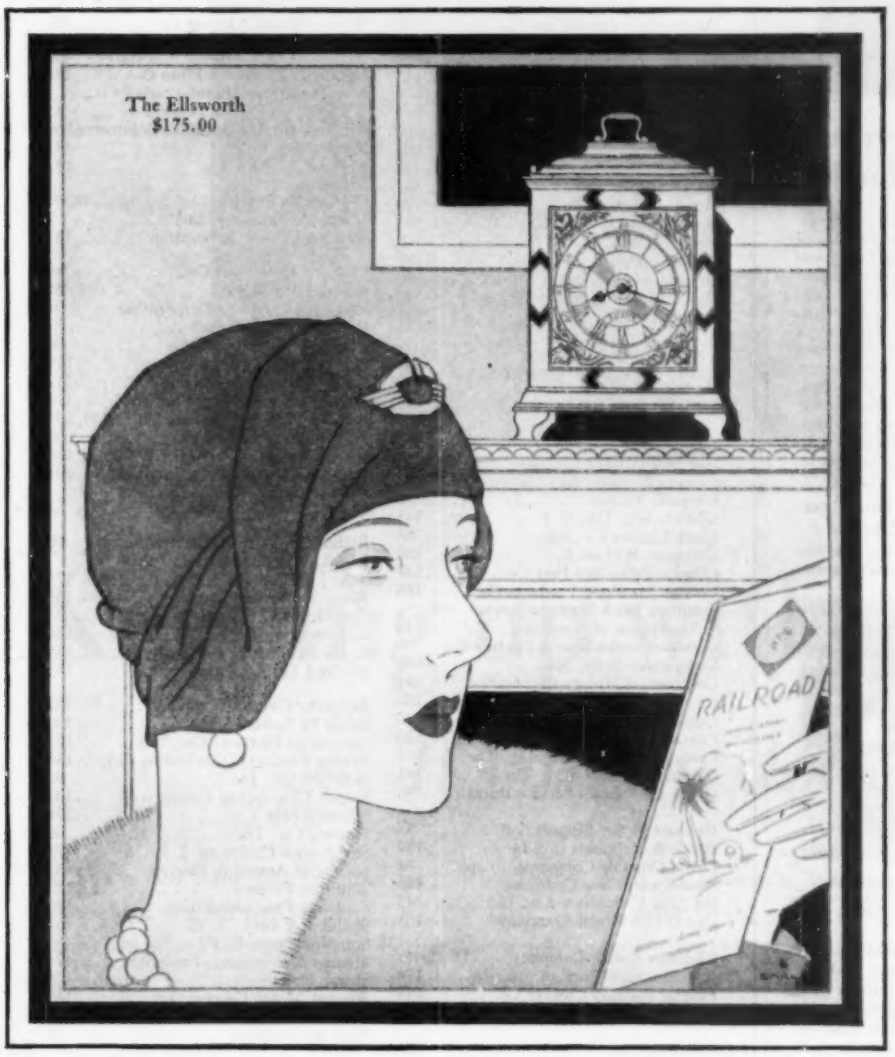

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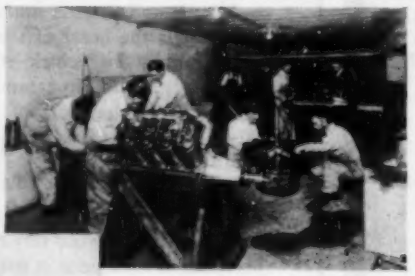

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Keeping up with the *Joneses* . .

It can be done sanely

TO buy a new thing just because the Joneses have bought it is a bit reckless.

Jones can afford to experiment. Perhaps his neighbors cannot. But a wealthy Jones family in a community can be a real benefit. Prudent neighbors can see the good things — the worth-while things — the Joneses have bought and plan to own them also.

It was the Joneses who first saw the need of a porcelain bathtub and later of more than one bathroom. It was the Joneses who converted the buggy shed into a garage.

It was Mr. Jones who first accepted four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, knock-free gas — things at which the average citizen shied. It was Mrs. Jones who started the neighbors talking about the self-regulating cook-stove, about the appliance that washes the breakfast dishes, and about the machine that polishes floors.

It is the Joneses' readiness to accept new things to make living easier and less arduous that encourages manufacturers to invent, to improve, and to tell about these improvements in printing. And it is the willingness of people to read booklets describing things that the Joneses buy, and to work to increase their incomes so that they too may have these things, that gives to every rank of American society a better standard of living.

Something is made today. Tomorrow some merchant or manufacturer tells about it by means of good printing.

Possibly the Joneses accept it too soon. However, if people were not interested in and receptive to the printing that convinces the Joneses first, none of us might be able to ride faster than a horse can trot in front of a buggy.

{ better paper ~ better printing }

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's (STANDARD) Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding — that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

To save gasoline do this - -

- - - - and the knife edge will do the rest

YOUR eye is focussed on saving gasoline. So we have focussed the camera's eye on the one sure way you can do it.

In the illustration above, a mechanic is setting the low speed adjustment on the carburetor for a leaner mixture. As you know, this is bound to save gasoline when driving in traffic.

But please bear this in mind:—In order to use a leaner mixture, the mechanic *first* installed a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs. These plugs have knife edged firing points which bring to every motorist new advantages that sound almost too good to be true.

First, the spark jumps far more easily than with blunt edged points. This makes starting easier. Second, the knife edge forms not merely a hair-thin spark, but a broad, ribbon-like spark capable of firing leaner mixtures. This saves gasoline. It is the same principle as Benjamin Franklin's lightning rod—applied to spark plugs. These knife edged firing points are made from a very expensive alloy which guarantees durability.

During the past year, Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs have enjoyed the largest increase in sales of any spark plug. For word-of-mouth advertising is spreading the good news from motorist to motorist. . . .

—that here is a new type plug that pays for itself over and over again in gasoline saved

—that here is a plug which defies spark plug paralysis—a common menace caused by gradual carbonization of the insulator or by rapid corrosion of the firing points.

—that here is a plug which gives new power to the engine . . . new pep to the pick-up . . . new sparkle to the motor.

—that here is a plug which gives these benefits not merely for a few thousand miles but usually as long as you drive your car. Robert Bosch Plugs have been adopted by hundreds of leading business firms after they had kept comparative test records of results.

Read below our money-back guarantee. Then ask your dealer to install a set of the right type of Robert Bosch Plugs in your own car. Or write for free booklet "The Story of a Knife Edge that Saves Gasoline."

Pyro-Action Plugs are made for passenger cars, buses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc. Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
3601 P Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.

ROBERT BOSCH
Pyro·Action
SPARK PLUGS

The Original Bosch — ROBERT BOSCH PRODUCTS

An Extraordinary Guarantee

"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your passenger car for 30 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to their superiority, you can return the plugs and get your money back."

Dealers: Write nearest distributor for information:

ALLENTOWN, PA. Electrical Devices Co.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Automotive Electric Service
BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Auto Elec. Sales & Serv. Co.
Archer Bat. & Elec. Co.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Auto Elec. & Car Co.
BOSTON, MASS. S. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Reuter Auto. Elec.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Magneto Repair Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Pedrick Parts Corp.
CAMDEN, N. J. Camden Stor. Battery Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Illinois Auto Electric Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Motor Car Service Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. West Side Ignition Serv. Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO Tri-State Ign. Corp.
CLEVELAND, OHIO Cleveland Ign. Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS J. J. Gibson Co.
DENVER, COLO. Brown Bat. & Elec. Co.
DETROIT, MICH. Motor Car Service Co.
EL PASO, TEX. Standall Electric Co.
ERIE, PA. Briggs-Hagenlocher, Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA. Atlas Elec. Serv. Co.
HARTFORD, CONN. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
HOUSTON, TEX. Chain Battery Systems, Inc.
KANSAS CITY, MO. Elec. & Mag. Serv. Co.
LANCASTER, PA. Ignition Eng. Service
LEXINGTON, KY. Kentucky Ignition Co.
LINCOLN, NEBR. Parkhurst Auto Elec. Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL. Mag. Sales & Serv. Co.
LOUISVILLE, KY. Koch Auto Elec. Co.
MEMPHIS, TENN. Motor Batteries Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Fowler Elec. Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Reinhard Bros. Co.
MIAMI, FLA. Clayton Bat. & Eng. Co.
NEWARK, N. J. Tire Trading Co.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Suhren, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Manhattan Ign. Corp.
Bronx: Empire State Ignition Corp.
Staten Island Arc-Man Elec. Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Havas & Shields Co.
PHOENIX, ARIZ. Spaulding Auto Elec. Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA. Keelan-Lyons Co.
PROVIDENCE, R. I. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
READING, PA. Berks Auto Ignition Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. Starter & Ign. Serv. Co.
ROCKFORD, ILL. Eric J. Gustafson
SALINA, KAN. Motor Service Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Furrer & Uster
SCRANTON, PA. Umberger Ignition Service Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS, MO. Motor Elec. Service Co.
TAMPA, FLA. Electric Service Co.
TORONTO, CAN. Auto Starter Co., Ltd.
TRENTON, N. J. Holmes, Inc.
TROY, N. Y. Ehrlich Electric Service
TULSA, OKLA. Electrical & Magneto Co.
UTICA, N. Y. Utica Gear & Auto Parts Corp.
VANCOUVER, CAN. Battery House Ltd.
WASHINGTON, D. C. Miller-Dudley Co.
W. PALM BEACH, FLA.
Sutcliffe Auto. Elec. Serv.
WILKES-BARRE, PA. Watson Stabilizer Co.
YORK, PA. H. A. Spangler & Co.

The Poets' Corner

To a Child

STRANGE is the earth to you who tread
It lightly, and with lifted head,
And eyes that look on shining things
That touch my life with shadowed wings.

Strange is the earth to you who know
The starry road where angels go
With dim, hushed voices, breathlessly,
Between time and eternity.

But in your footprints, as you pass,
Open white flowers in the grass,
And I kneel down, when day is done,
And kiss them swiftly, one by one.

—Mary Dizon Thayer.

The Day We Met

ALL we now feel was in your eyes
When first you looked at me.
We tried to flee and to be wise;
We wanted to be free.

We knew if once our lips should meet
We'd be forever bound.
We guessed a kiss could be as sweet
As these that we have found.

Oh, if we'd only fled that day
When carelessly we met,
We'd still be nonchalant and gay,
We'd have our freedom yet.

You were an eagle in the sun,
I was a gull at sea.
But now our flight is lost and done
Since first you looked at me.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

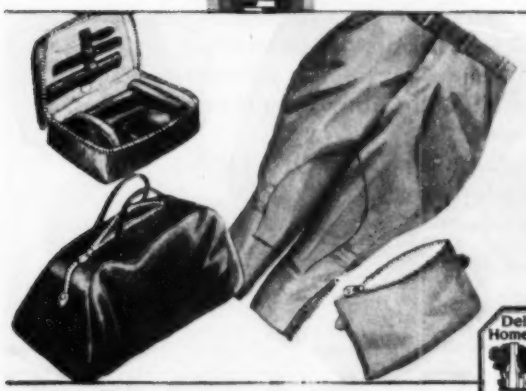
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

The lightning rapidity with which Talon Slide-Fasteners open and close, pleases men—and women too—

Speed! Action! You get both in Talon Slide-Fasteners. A swift, gentle pull, and grips, golf-bags, etc., are open, their contents instantly available. You've seen these quick, convenient Talon Slide-Fasteners on bags, luggage, overshoes, etc., but they are not restricted to these alone. Today Talon Slide-Fasteners are the accepted method of fastening on frocks, for women and children; work and sports clothes for men and boys; utility items for household purposes, etc. There are literally hundreds of Talon-fastened articles and garments that you can buy ready-made or make at home yourself, using Talon Slide-Fasteners which you can buy at any notion counter.



Knockabout Bag; Riding Breeches; Tobacco Pouch; Men's Toilet Kit; equipped with Talon Slide-Fasteners.

Delineator Home Institute Endorses Talon Slide Fastener

Buy Ready-for-Service Talon-Fastened garments and articles, or make them at home yourself

Trim, convenient, Talon Slide-Fasteners are featured on the clothes smart people wear—on the fashion accessories they use; and now Talon Slide-Fasteners are available for all kinds of home-sewing use. Unlike all old-fashioned fasteners Talon Slide-Fasteners prevent gaping edges, because each tight-gripping coupling is machined and matched with almost a fine watchmaker's care and precision. Flexible, unbreakable, they can be run through a wringer and still they will work smoothly and quickly. Rustless, they launder or dry-clean perfectly.

Identify these fasteners by "Talon" or "Hookless" on the slider-pull. If your department or general store does not stock Talon Slide-Fasteners for home-sewing, write us. Send us your name and address and we will mail you an illustrated catalog giving the names of companies making Talon-fastened articles.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, 623 ARCH STREET, MEADVILLE, PENN.

The Pioneer Manufacturers of Slide-Fasteners

TALON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE ORIGINAL

SLIDE FASTENER . . .

© 1929 Hookless Fastener Co.

Food Merchants Say:
McCray Equipment Means Profit

A RETAILER in Detroit recently remodelled and rearranged his store. His business was greatly increased. The merchant gives entire credit to new McCray equipment, and to the McCray man who suggested the improvement. In all principal cities there is a McCray expert in profitable food retailing. Let him help YOU make more money.*

MR. MERCHANT: You have just two ways to make more money in food retailing. First, *sell more goods.* Second, *cut down your expenses.*

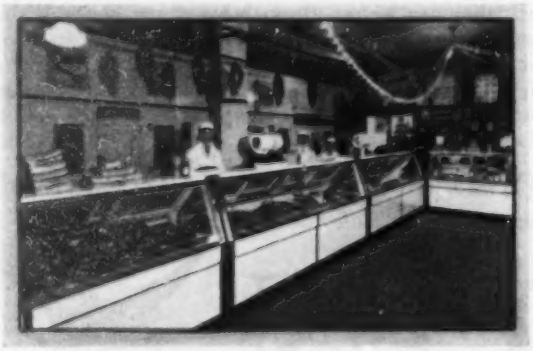
McCray refrigerator equipment helps you sell more goods. It keeps perishable foods wholesome and tempting in their original freshness and flavor. It brings satisfied customers back again and again. It enables attractive display, which creates more sales, brings new customers.

McCray refrigerator equipment cuts your expenses. It practically eliminates spoilage losses. And it costs less to operate, whether you use ice or machine refrigeration.

Thousands of food merchants everywhere know these facts by experience. Ask McCray users in your community. They will tell you what many have already written to us—*that McCray equipment is an investment that means bigger profits.*

*Name on request

The illustration shows the interior of a market in Detroit in which four of the new McCray No. 105 refrigerator cases afford wonderful display.



McCray No. 411, pictured above, is the most popular of all models for use in the grocery store. It provides ample storage space for perishables, including one section for a small stock of meats. Pure corkboard insulation, in staunchly built walls, keeps cold air in and warm air out. Convenient doors speed service.

Machine refrigeration of any type may be used in the No. 411 as well as in all McCray models. Cooling units can be installed immediately, without changes. McCray dependability and efficiency insure satisfaction and economy whatever refrigerant is used.

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
For
Grocery Stores · Meat Markets · Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals · Institutions · · Florist Shops · Homes · · · ·

Remember, that McCray builds refrigerators, coolers, and refrigerator display cases of various types and sizes to meet every refrigerator need, in stores, markets, hotels, restaurants, clubs, hospitals, institutions, florist shops and homes. Forty years' experience in quality refrigerator manufacture is embodied in every McCray.

See the new models at your McCray salesroom. Or write direct to the factory for literature and information regarding equipment to meet your needs exactly. No obligation to you in either case.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR SALES CORPORATION
Dept. C, Kendallville, Indiana
Salesrooms in All Principal Cities *(See Telephone Directory)*

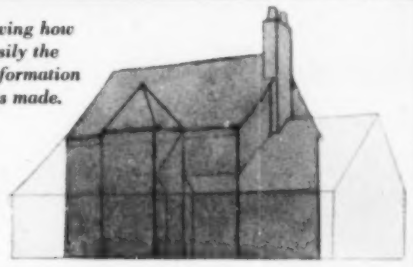
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

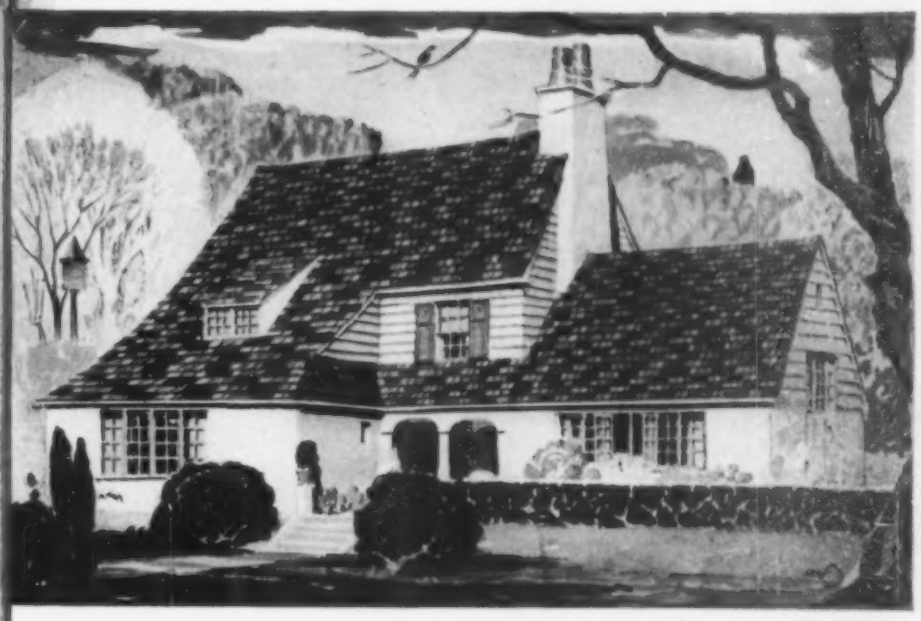
It's *the same house!*

——MODERNIZED

inexpensive—and a good Investment



Showing how easily the transformation was made.



Two colorful shingles—the red cast Speedlay, and the green cast. The latter is shown on the house above.

ASPHALT ROOFING
BUILDING FELTS
VARNISHES
FLOORTEX
GYPSUM PLASTER
ASPHALT SHINGLES
ASBESTOS SHINGLES
LACQUERS
NAPARA RUGS
PARTITION TILES
LINOLEUM
BUILDING PAPERS
PAINTS
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM BOARD
FIBER WALLBOARD
INSULATING BOARD
BEAVER BOARD

FOR years it stood there on the corner—that ugly little house built in the years of "gingerbread" architecture. Then came a new owner who saw the opportunity for remodeling and bringing the old house into step with today's trends. Now look at it! Here is an up-to-date residence: roomy, attractive, colorful—a real investment, and a homey, liveable place.

Protect Your Investment

To the modernization of innumerable American homes, the Certain-teed Products Corporation today devotes its activities. Certain-teed products are enthusiastically endorsed by thousands of builders and contractors and specified by a growing host of architects.

Among these products are: Mineral-Surfaced Shingles, Roll Roofings, Asbestos Shingles, Linoleum, Felt-Base Floor Coverings, Plasters, Gypsum Products, Building Blocks, Wallboard, Insulating Board, Beaver Board, Paints, Varnishes, and many other building materials.

Easy to Have a New Roof, An Extra Room, Charming Decorations

Do you know the moderate costs of renewing a home with these fine products? For instance, Certain-teed has just originated and put on the market a new and different shingle called Speedlay—"the beautiful way to greater protection." This provides a four-color roof of varied shingle widths and is laid in half the time of many other shingles.

Certain-teed produces the world-known Beaver Board and Plaster Wallboard for transforming waste spaces into extra rooms. There are Certain-teed paints and varnishes for bringing your rooms, walls and furniture into step with the modern color trend in homes.

Remember this—a run-down home is costing you money every year—loss on your original investment. Put the Certain-teed lines to work for you by protecting that property. See your nearby Certain-teed dealer—he can advise you on your building problems.

Certain-teed Products

to maintain and modernize the home

Have *you* entered the Eastman $30,000 Prize Contest?

One of the 1,223 cash awards can easily be yours

PROBABLY you have already heard of this big event for amateur picture-takers. But have you made any pictures for it yet?

If you have said to yourself, "What's the use of entering? I can't win. I'm no expert with the camera," you're making a big mistake. The winners in this contest are going to be men and women just like yourself, people who, if you asked them, would say they had little or no photographic ability.

Look at No. 12 of the conditions down below. You'll see that technical skill is a minor factor in this contest. What the judges are looking for are interesting *pictures.*

GRAND PRIZE $2,500—For the best picture of any type in the following classifications.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—$11,400 will be awarded for the picture showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given for the best child picture from *each state* of the United States and *each province* of Canada, making 114 prizes in all. District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money, you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at from, say, two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals, either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still life subject in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms; silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

THE JUDGES: *Amelita Galli-Curci, Ethel Barrymore, Howard Chandler Christy, Clara Briggs, Hector Charlesworth, James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer and Kenneth Wilson Williams. For the two monthly Child Picture Contests, the three last mentioned will be the judges.*

Enter this contest now! Increase your chance of winning by beginning to take pictures at once! *There is no limit to the number you are permitted to submit. The more you enter, the more likely you are to capture one of the big cash prizes. Clip the entry blank in the corner and* get your camera out today. *This may prove to be the most profitable advertisement you ever read.*

Read these simple conditions

1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

For a program of delightful entertainment tune in on the Kodak Hour each Friday at 10 P. M. New York time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name.....
(Please Print)

Street Address.....Town and State.....

Make of Camera.....Make of Film.....

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Enclose this blank with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that all entries in the State Child Picture Contest are so designated on the backs of the prints.